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THE  
FAMOUS  
HISTORIE OF  
the Renowned and Valiant

Prince ROBERT furnamed the  
BRUCE King of SCOTLAND &c.  
& of Sundrie Other valiant  
knights both Scots  
and English.

Enlarged with an addition of the Scot-  
tishe Kinges lineallie discended from him to  
Charles now Prince, together with a note of  
the beginniges of the most parte of the antiēt  
and famous Nobilitie of Scotland.

A Historye both pleasant and  
profitable set forth and done in heroik  
verse by PATRICK GORDON  
Gentleman.

At Dort

Printed by George Waters.  
1615.

At Adenburgh the twentie thrie  
day of december 1613.

This book seene and allowed and therefore  
may be published and put to the presse.

*Sanctandrous.*



**T**Heis is findrie Errours askep both in the Orthographe and want of single letters.  
But inspetiall their is two faults to my knowledge in the years the first in the 2. cap.  
the 5. Line of the last years to witt.

*Reed shours of blood in findrie pearts had bene*  
The 2. is in the thrid cap the 3. vers and the 2. line to witt.

*VVheir was the wounded Loyaltie now gone*  
This with findrie vther faults as *but*, whear it is reaine for without, (and vther Scots words  
which I haue rather chuld to pas, then loise a sound tuning line) I dout not but the reader  
will excuse in respect that this book was Printed in ane vther contrey wheir the setters  
did not vnderstand the Language.

To the most Honorable and most Ac-  
complished Erles, William Erle of Angus,  
and William Erle of Morton.



*Ight honorable & noble Lords*  
*presuming on the accustomed*  
*myldnes and affabellie for the*  
*which your L. L. haue not bene*  
*a litle famous, It hath imbold-*  
*ned me to lay the barren feild*  
*of my Vntructfull braine be-*  
*fore the powerfull Sunne, of*  
*your Perfections, whoes beame*  
*may Illuminat the dark shed-*

*dowes, Dispers the gros Vapores, and rype the enrypened*  
*Ears, that so you may receaue the increas of this my second*  
*Harvest, nether deserveth such a rare & excellent Fruet.*  
*anie les then such a fair and comfortable Summer, being*  
*the glorious actiones of that Illustrus and generus Bruce,*  
*which haueing bred in so sweet and ferteill a Soyll, hath*  
*made me ambitiouslie greeddie therwith to inrich my bar-*  
*ren felde, hoping that my insuffitencie (if once supported*  
*by the unremovable pillars of your Vertues) shall be able to*  
*resister the stormie Tempests of wind-blastring Sicophants,*  
*and beat bak the swarms of Poisone, sucking Wasps, so*  
*that the Seed preserued by your means onlie, shall yeeld all*  
*aeges the tymlic Harvest of your L. L. Eternall glorie, &*  
*being bound by such admirable worth & undeserved cour-*  
*tesie for ener to Rest.*

*Your L. L. most affectioned and*  
*humble seruant*

**Patrick Gordon.**

The p<sup>re</sup>face or rather an aduertisement  
to the Reader before he read this Poem of some  
spetiaill points to be obserued in the  
whole worke with the vse  
of some partes see-  
ming Fabolus  
therein.



Hearing to be tax of ambitious arragance for daring to  
midle with so rare a work I am onlie armd with the na-  
tural dewtie which I owe to my countrey the vant of good  
wil in the more excell<sup>t</sup> *Spirits* but aboue al the neuer en-  
ough praised vertues of that most admirable Prince *Robert  
Bruce* ambitiously desiring to immitat him, whose vn-  
qu<sup>e</sup>ntable loue & burning zeale towards his Contrey was such, as he being  
a Prince Roialy descended delicately brought vp, beloued and honoured of  
all men, of large and great reuenues both in England and Scotland: so that  
it was thought he had more contentment of mynd and more blisings heaped  
on him by heavens then any liueing in his dayes: Yet such was his loue to the  
libertie of his countrey, as forsaking his reuenues, leaving his wyf & chel-  
dren, abandoning al his royl delicacies, plesurs, and delights, he betook him  
self to armes wherein fortune had crofd him so far as it is sead he  
lost thertin Battels before he wan one, so that heauens seemd to threat-  
en wengence for the wilfull refusal of thees former blisings and  
first was he crofd with mis-fortun in warr, the lose of his brotheren, his wife  
and daughter being taken presoners, at which tyme his brotheren was cruell-  
lie execute his fiends become al his enameis and being persueit both of Scots  
and English was forsd in great miserie and powertie the space of thrie years  
to keip the montains wher herbs was his deentiest meais and water his  
strongest wyne not withstanding that he might still haue bene restored to  
al his former digniteis and much more, if he could haue suffered to behold  
his countreyes miserie, as they saw his, but such was his meachles loue to  
them although they hated him that still he lamented their caus more then  
his owin, & in his manie sorowfull discourses wold alwayes repeat these werds  
following.

Ni me Scotorum Libertas prisca moueret  
Non mala tot paterer orbis ob Imperium.  
*Robertus Brusius.*

THEIS verses written and subscribed with his owin hand in his Manual  
book which he alwayes carced about with him was extant within thes  
few years, but so sett doune all his workes and fortitude of mynd ware to  
tedious, seeing you shal find manie of them in the historie following and  
alho the old printd book besyds the owrtworne barborous speiches was so  
small composd that I culd bring it to no good method till my loveing freind  
*Donald farchersone* (a worthe gentil man whoes name I am not asham'd  
to expres for that he was aittles sater to me to talk this work in hand)  
brought me a book of virgine parchment which he had found amongst  
the rest of his books it was old & some almost inlegeable in manie pla-  
ces

The Preface.

ees wanting leaves yet had it the beginning and had bein sett doune by a  
monk in the abey of melros called *Pster fenton* in the year of god (one thou-  
sand thrie hundreth sixtie nyne, which was a year before the death of King  
*David Bruce*), it was in old ryme like to Chaucer but wanting in manie  
parts and in special from the field of *Bannochburne* fourth It wanted all the  
rest almost, so that it could not be gotten to the pres, yet such as I could reid  
thereof had manie remarkable taitlis worthie to be noted, and al so proba-  
ble agreeing with the trewth of the historie as I haue foloued it allweil as  
the other theris onlie two partes seeming fabolous the first is the *Baliols*  
Visioane which as it is of small consequence & doth ne euil, so doeth it chek  
and forbid a bafe mind to aspire, showing that a mightie & generous spirit  
onlie ought to be ambitious: the secound is the historie of the Kings which  
after I hade fullie accomplisd with the rest of the book, fearing it should be  
too tedious for the reader I haue taken it out & in the place therof insert thoes  
princes descended of the *Bruce* neither would I be offence for the adding  
of theis fragments for I know that some curious heads wil allege I wrong  
the vnione but farr be it from me to think, muche les to doo anie thing  
that may offend his *Royall maiestie* or seeme to hinder so blessed a pace of  
she which is seemeth that the heauins has called him to be the happie in-  
strument, my intension is onlie to eternize his predecessors & his own glo-  
rie being bound both by naturall love and dewtie to imploy my whole In-  
deuors theintowether doe I therein wrong the *English* but rather to my po-  
wer extolle their valour and with more mildnes modifie that which  
our wyters most sharplie haue writin Thierby to extinguish (if it be possibill)  
the euil opinion that hath bein so long ingrestid in the hearts of manie by  
reading of thoes old historieis hoping yet this my work may haply mak thois  
that treit of the sam mater to be forgotin by tyme being onlie desirous to  
steir vp euerie manes mind to the following of glorious actions: with that  
most praisie worthie and admirable wonder of mankind that heauen orde-  
ned *Sidrie* who sayeth that the hearing of the *Marsall* feats of arms betuixt  
the *Perse* and the *Douglas* stierd vp his spirit to the search of glorious acti-  
onis: and as for the Kinges descendit of the *Bruce*, comparing them with the  
constellations I haue foloued *Eurtas* who cheangeth not onlie theis por-  
traits names from names of *Gentils* giuen them by old *Philosophers* to na-  
mes of holie men in the *Scripture*, but also concludeth with a libertie to anie  
christian to name them after some good christian princes and yet that I  
should not seeme without reasons to aluede to theis princes more then to  
anie other I haue sundrie good arguments moeing me theirt o. First then  
I say if thoes portraits must neids be designed by their names, without the  
which *Astronomers* can not proceed in the cours of *Astronomie*, it is les fault  
that they be named after such christian princes as haue leiued in the light of  
the *Gospell*, acknowligeing the creator of all things *Trinitie* in *Yustie*, then  
after theis *Gentils* to whome god did not reuile him self and from whom  
the misterie of Saluatioune was hid; secoundlie the height of their royl  
station, the blessednes of their calling, the excellencie of their actions yea and  
ruin their werie forme seemeth too haue a correspondence with them Sim-  
patheising them so neirly, as they seemd to be the verie same Whom the eter-  
nal *Maiestie* hath meand by thes portraits Thirddie their is but the portraits  
of eleuin men and one woman and the twelf man some *Astrologians* aser-  
mith to be in the schipe *Argus* this agreeable with the number of the Kinges  
descendit from the *Bruce*, for counting him the first and prince *Charles* the  
last.

The ballie  
his vision  
not vnne-  
cessary for  
the Histo-  
rie.

The Histo-  
rie of the  
Kings pre-  
ceding the  
*Bruce*  
cheangd  
for thoes  
succeeding  
after him.  
This Histo-  
rie not offe-  
sive to anie

Sir Phillip  
Sidrie has  
saying.

Why the  
Kings dis-  
cended of  
the *Bruce*  
are Com-  
pared to the  
constellati-  
ons.

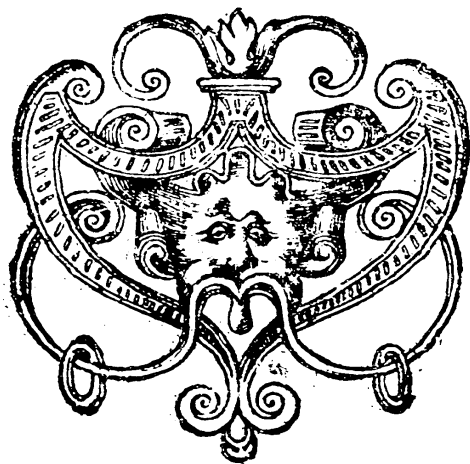
Refones  
why they  
are so com-  
pared.

## The Preface.

Iaft their is Iuft twelf and one woman *Queene Marie* : As for anie other poetik floures I haue prefumde on *Aristotill* his op'nioune, who faith that how trew focuer the hiftorie be, it ought not to be formed in Poefie. without invention, wharin that excellent and wife *Philofopher* hath faid muft trew for with invention the *Poet* muft bewife his work of invention he frameth the curious winding knots of his Garding, of invention he compofeth his colours: of invention buddeth his diuertitie of odoniferous flouris, as the onlie ornaments of his whole framme, of invention he forgeth links to make as it wer a chaine of his work, theirby making euerie parte to depend and hang vpon vther, and fo winding the reader in his laborinth delighteth the mynd without paine, which otherwaies should be a vallare full of diches wheer the traveller shold be forced to leap from on banck to an vther heauing no bridges to go ouer at his pleaſur & thoſe are the things wherof thou courtous reader should be aduertest, wiſhing the alwayes to reed my work to an end before thou take off nce & thē if neither the willingnes to pleas nor onwillingnes to displeas can ſatiſfie let my firſt fault be forgiven for Ignorance ſake and I never ſhall intend a ſecond, So ſhall I euer reſt.

*Thy ſilent Friend*

P. G.



## To the Author.

**H**Y ſugred wearſes, and thy ſacred ſonge  
Shall make thy neame (O Gordon) glorious  
Thou makeſt ſorgottin Bruce obſurd ſo longe  
Remend to riſe againe victorious  
Thou crownis him with a lanrell in thy ſtorie  
Thou greaces him, and he augments thy Glorie.

Thy greane heroik Muſe diſdanis to treat  
Of baſſand ſerwill loue, or ſond aſſectione  
But of a Kingdome, and a Contries ſtaet  
Of naturs cheifeſt worth, and hir perfectione  
Of Fortuns Champione, whom the world renounis  
For conquering Kingdoms, cities, touris, and townes.

Thoſe are the firſt fructs of thy rair ingine  
The braue beginning of a virtuous mind  
Prefaging plainlie what thou'lt prooue in fine  
Whoſe lamp ſkanſſe firſt doth many lights outſhine  
Long may thou liue whoſe lins braue Bruce adorne  
And let Bruce Ghoſt be glaid that thou was borne.

A. Gordone.

## In prais of the prais worthie Author.

**I**f Virgill wreat *Aeneades* long to prais  
Anchilis ſone whom he did not behold  
Octavian lykd his heigh and loſtie phrais  
And gaue the Mantuan monie myone gold  
The prais of Bruce (no queſtione) thou proclames  
To pleas and prais the faithes defender Iames.

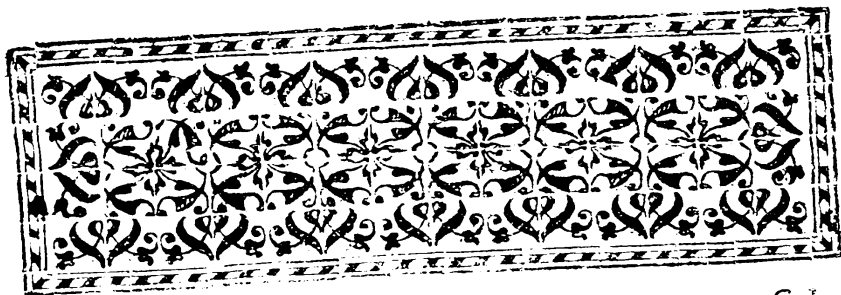
If Maroes figments leine in freſh requeſt  
Which he of Stiks Cocitus Serber pend  
Of Charon hell Eliſium and the reſt  
Thy ſtorie trew ſhall with the worlde tak end  
And to thy prais I darbe bold to ſay  
No lins prophaine can leine a longer day.

Ctage.

Aiiij

To





To his deare freend the restorer of the  
famous Bruce his storie.

**N**ot this age while thou of new restoirs  
The ruin'd storie of this famous King  
Thy noble spreet : in emulation gloirs  
Eu'ne in his praise thy proper worth to sing  
For lyke as he did re-erect his crown

By Longestankd Edwards subiltie brought down  
Right so (thy song) from darke obliuions graue  
Hath now restoir'd the glorie of his name  
Ingraving it vpon this column braue  
Which thou has sacred to eternall fame  
And placed heir till time begone to shine  
As monument of his heigh worth, and thine.

Id. Wrey

To the Author.

**I**f Alexander wish'd, (yet sigh'd) to see,  
That famous tombe, wher fierce Achilles lay  
Thow worthie chiftain, euer bled quod he,  
Had Homers penn, thy praises to display,  
And if Eneas danger, night and day  
And long some labours, bot he by sea and land,  
Are recompens'd, and more: and he for ay,  
Famos'd, be Maroes martial pen doe stand.  
Mak Alexander judge, fame shall avow  
Bruce hath his guerdone of a Gordon now.

M. Th. Michell.



The first Booke of

# THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF THE Excellent & most valiaunt Prin-

ce ROBERT Surnamed the BRUCE  
King of SCOTLAND corrected  
and enlarged by Patrik Gor-  
don Gentleman.

The Argument.

**T**he Douglas bears his Countries shame her fall  
And back returns from France with wofull Heare  
Viewing her woes her ruine wrak and all  
He much laments her lose in euer parte,  
When to a Kinght from dumps doeth him recall  
With whome he fights with valour strength and arte  
When each of life dispaire and death attends  
They ether knoe, the fight in friendship ends,

Caput. I.

**O**f Martiall deeds of dreadful warres I sing  
Of Potentates, sirc Knightes, & Champions bold  
Who to mantaine, o're threw a valiant King  
Most brave atchicuments well perform'd of old  
What flaming swords, blood, terror, death can bring  
Love, tyme, and fortunes wheele that still is rold.  
My virgine Muse doeth labour to bring forth  
Crown'd with the golden starrs which grace the North

Thos

*The Famous Historie*

Those Heroese old whose glory seems obscure,  
Of which in Fames steel tables nought remains,  
I offer on your sacred shrines most pure,  
whose strength my labours weighty swey sustains,  
Those antients worth in you doth liue secure,  
which once may be the subiect of my paines,  
wherewith my laies adorn'd shal flie along  
And make the earth enamored of my song.

Why heau'ns pow'd out such a deluge of woes  
which to the world my weeping muse doth sing,  
And how these sad tumultuous broiles arose,  
O who can tell since heauens eternal King  
After his wil earths Empires doth dispose,  
And fatal periods to all Rengs doth bring,  
Who shakes the earth assunder in his wrath,  
And melts the heau'ns with his consuming breath

But ô what wast involu'd those daies in warres?  
Was't not that age by force gouerning al?  
Which now is reuld by arte, or was't the starres?  
From whose coniunctions these mishaps might fall,  
Or was't helbred enuie that al things marres?  
Forcing themselves destruction forth to call  
No no it seemes eternal heau'ns decree,  
That fines owne weight, by fine ouer'throwne, shold be

But soft my home-bred muse fore not too high  
Least thou or'epas what erst thou did'st intend,  
Send passion hence, be modest flie enuie,  
With pow're deuine bring this great worke to end  
Thou eu'rie verse, each line, each woord, must trie  
In my fraile brest thy sacred furie send,  
That who so reads these lines for those respects,  
Maie praise thy deeds, and pardon my defects

To wit In that fairer Land where floweth al delight  
Fraunce That heauen on earth whose paradisian plains  
Had drawne the *Douglas* farre from Fathers sight  
Where he both arts and elloquence obtaines  
He stai'd till dreidful warr with thundring might,  
Soundes forth his countreis ruin, woes & paines  
Then fortune, fate, reuenge & glories spoile  
Inuites him home vnto his natie soyl,

And

*Of the valiant Bruse*

*1. booke*

And once arriuing heree he might behold,  
The murnfull monuments of death & teare,  
It seem'd that heauen & fortune had controld  
The *Fates*, & *Yone* by hoaried *Srix* did sweare,  
Those daies in vengeance bookes shold be enrold  
Those worthles times, al worthy time shold teare  
From memorie, as monuments of shame,  
The blotts of age and onely stains of Fame.

As one within a Garden faire in maie  
Seis flora deck'd in bewtis brauest pride  
Sweet smelling Roses fragrant, fresh & gaie,  
Pincks, Violets, and thousand flowers beside  
That parradice there onely seemes to staie.  
Yer *Pisces* coolling once faire *Phabus* side,  
That fruitful place by frost & hailes disgrac'd,  
So seem'd this pleasant land now quite defac'd.

For loe a straunger nation doth he sie  
Inh-bit all the countrey round about,  
And al his natie cuntry men did flie,  
Yielding to feare fate, fortune, chance & doubt  
Waste ruinde walls, tours, towns & hamlets be  
The meids and pleasant valleis in and out,  
Vntill' like d-ferts voyd, and quite forsaken.  
Abandon'd of their owne of strangers taken

And where he goes the ground did seeme to moorne  
Planing for lose of her deir naturall Brood  
The floodes their sweetest murmuring streames did turne  
From fair cleir cristall drops to crimfome blood  
From Forretts home the whisling winds Retoorne  
Dwice sounds of sorrows Melancholique Mood  
Thus in his Eares, Earth, water, winds, and Treis,  
Sad Musick make of sadder, Tragedeis.

To see so fair a kingdome desolate  
And snche a mightie Nation thus forlorne  
His Friends all lost him self disconsolate  
Tears, sighs, and grons made speiche Long time forborne.  
At last, those Doolfull words thus Intricat  
With sorrows deip his woful heart has torne  
Ah was I borne and must I leive to sie  
The Sone to shine on this Thy Infamie?

B ij

Al

*The famous Historie*

Ah now Poore Cuntrey wofull is thy fall  
But ah moire wofull is thy wretched State  
Thy Blis to Bail the heavens to soone did call  
But farre too swift now comes thy helples fate  
For cre vndone and no remede at all.  
Ah no remede, said I? yea though too late.  
Can heuens thy Croun of glorie from thy brow  
So soone teare of so famous stil til now?

Where was treue vallor found if not in thee?  
In thee was virtue neu'r by time outworne  
The source of Loue the Nurse of Vnitie  
Where Faith and Treuth were bred brought forth & borne  
Witts habitation Fortuns Constancie,  
But now al these euen these are quite forlorne.  
And in a dolful den thy Genius lies  
Howling for Blood & vengeance to the Skyes.

Hence cursed time more wold the knight haue said  
But he beheld a warriour at hand,  
His furniture and Armour sanguin red,  
A bunch of fethers, on his Crest did stand.  
Him wold this feare, fild, angrie Earle inuade.  
And in the other like desire he fand,  
Each other with tempestuous furie greet,  
So in the aer the bolting thunder meet,

Loth was each sp. ar to wond hisemie,  
Their wrathful masters message while they go  
Al shiuered, moorning through the aer they fly,  
Complaining of vnkindly discord so,  
While that the Champions chaft with anger be  
For each disdaines, a match in armes to know,  
Each takes the other for an English Knight,  
And seeks reuenge, with force, hate, rage, dispiht

Eu'n as two aged strong and sturdy Oakes  
Against a thundring tempest firmly stand,  
Or as two raggid Clifs of mighty Rocks  
Beare of the wasting surges from the land.  
So each abides the others pondrous stroaks,  
These onely two, trew vallor did commaund.  
Yea who so eu'r had sien that warlike fight,  
Feare would haue bred, both terror and delight.

By

*Of the valliant Bruce.*

*I. booke*

By thrusts and foins their bloes seconded be,  
Each waits occation, each aduantage spying.  
Each on the other hath a watchful Eie,  
Each shuns the fents, for open wards stil prying,  
Where p'ais were beyond, and buckles ty'd they lie,  
Yeat eithers foresight, others slight denying.  
Stil fretting in themselves, with rage and ire,  
That neither could, their conquest wist aspire.

Somtime their Swords, forth from their helm & shield  
Send fire sparkles, spangling all the Aier.  
Euen so the *Meteors* fighting lightning yeald,  
Beneath the Northern *Pole*, that doe prepare,  
To cleare the starrie firmamental *field*.  
With cold extream, pure, subtil, sherp, and raire.  
That els wold geall, the cloustr'd clouds aloft,  
And make a bad confusion straunge and oft.

As fast as haile, in sharpe and Iscie balles,  
Vpon the tiled houses doth alight,  
So thik, so fast each speedie blow down falles,  
batring their helms, and shields with furious might,  
They fighting, wisthe each others funerals :  
Four houres it was, since they began the fight  
Some lile wonds, had each of others woon,  
Yeat both as fresh as when they first begun.

Now was the Sun, declining, to the West,  
When both did seem of Conquest to dispair.  
And yet, the Knight vnknowne, wes lustiest,  
His Curage, and his strength, did still repair  
For as, a loytring Slaue, in Lasie rest,  
Has spent the day, that for his Task should care  
And tho, to lait, at last to work doth stand  
Repenting, that he took, so much, in hand.

Ev'ne so, the straunger Knight, did ferlie flie,  
Against his Foe, with Vn-resisted Might,  
And thogh indeed, he, some what Stronger be  
His Breath, induring, Longer, yet in fight,  
The Douglas, did that want with art supplie  
For, holding forth, his Suord, and Sheild, outright,  
He geuards him self, and bears, the others, Blo's,  
Now, Out now in, now heir, now thair, he goes.

B iij

Both

Both breathles now, both forc'd a while to staie,  
 Both leane upon their swords a while to rest:  
 The vnknow'ne knight, thus to him selfe did saie,  
 Ah, foolish man with madnes thus posselt,  
 Thy labor's great, great pains, great woikes, to daie.  
 With sorrows new, new woes, new cares increast,  
 Heated by heavin by faits, Long Coorist, ere borne,  
 Proud Fortune holds, Thy heighe attempts in skorne

Thy foile, thy shame, and thy disgrace receau'd,  
 Not onely thou, but all the world doth know  
 Fond man, of non but of thy selfe deceu'd,  
 What vallor canst thou boast, what strength can show  
 O thou, eu'ne thou, who once a kingdom crau'd  
 Ah folly great, ah great presumption, lo,  
 Ah shame, that're thou shold'it be sien or knowne,  
 Vanquish'd by one, ou'rcom, and overthrowne.

But so the Fates, and so, the heavin prouids  
 That thou, thy strength, and weaknes, might perceave  
 To Errors gros, Thy foolishhe Mind, Thee guids  
 Which to abait, what doth Remaine, to Crave  
 Lost is thy Crowne, lost be thy frends, besids  
 Chaifd from thy kingdome, hunted, like a Slave.  
 And savadge-like, thou liu'lt on herbs, and Root's  
 In Deserts wild, those of thy panis, ar fruits,

Then, fertill Scotland, fair, Adew, for Ay  
 Good was my will, and great, was my Desire  
 On thy blacks *Hemispheare* to bring the day  
 And to Restore, Thy Friedome, Crowne, Impire  
 But to my fond Attempts, the heavins said nay  
 Whill Thou'rt counfund, by *Iov's* wraith, hot as feire  
 Now, wo is Mee, (for my owne wois, I say not)  
 Bot O Thee fain, I wold remeid, and may not,

The Douglas, also, was perplexed so  
 For still him self, Condem's him self, of folie  
 Art thou returnd from France, (quod he) to sho  
 Thou vow'd, thy Syis revenge, A vow most holie  
 This mightie Task, when thou should vndergo  
 Thy first Attemp, Thy shame returneth follie  
 Why then, fond man if thou be ouerthrowne  
 Yeld not, but Die: and keip, thy vow on-knowne.

And

And if the heavins decree, Thy Ouerthrow  
 And that thy vow must still be vnperfected,  
 Yeat who the Victor is, faine would I know,  
 If but a priuate man, then I dispit it,  
 But if his praise, Fame, eu'rie where dorth blow  
 Then on my graue, these lincs shalbe ind tit,  
 Though chaunce, and fortune made him loose the fild,  
 He merits praise, whose courage scorns to yealde.

Where are my Predecessors deeds of old,  
 Which like a wall impregnable did stand,  
 And did like Pillers, firme, & strong vphold,  
 The wale, the peace, & fastie of the land?  
 Though non of those I boast, yet am I bold  
 The worthie name of *Scot*, for to demaund,  
 Whereof so manie Worthies still proceeds,  
 As makes their Contrey famous by their deeds.

Yea and this present Age, augments our Fame,  
 With warrlik knights, that al the world admires,  
 As machles *Wallace*, and the ualiant *Graham*,  
 The worthie *Bruce*, most glorious that appears,  
 If one of those it were, lesse were my shame,  
 My credit more, and more my fortune cleers.  
 Therefore to cleere this doubt he thought it best  
 His speech shold thus be, to the knight addrest,

Stout, hardie, valliant man at armes. quod he,  
 Before our comba end. I pray thee show,  
 Whom I ou'rcom, or who ou'rcommeth me,  
 Since non of vs, the quarrel yet dorth know,  
 No quod the other. Sir, that may not bee,  
 For that you made the challenge first, and so,  
 As challenger. your cause must first be know'n,  
 The *Douglas* answer'd that shall soone be showne

Vnles I err, you are an English knight,  
 I ame a Scot, and in defence will stand  
 Of Scots free libertie, and auntient Right,  
 So long as I can bear a sword in hand,  
 It may be so, quod he, but in my sight  
 You are too weake alone for to withstand,  
 So great a taske, craues more then one I feare,  
 Against great *Edward*, if you mind to waite.

*The famous Historie*

Quod, Douglas, tho I be alone you sic  
I were enough, for to Revenge, Oure harms,  
If I had Edwarde heir, as I have Thee,  
Al tho the Matchles Bruce, with Conquering Arms,  
Has thousands Mo, whoes valors, worth, shall flie,  
For dreed Revenge, with Trumpets, Loude, alar'ms  
Throgh all the Regions, of the English soill,  
And havok mak, with Rewin, blood, and spoill.

Yet know an other Querrell, for Oure fight,  
And my iust Caus, which iust revenge requiers:  
My Syre, that sometime, Erel, of Douglas highr,  
In Edwards prisson, spent, his Aged, yeers  
And their he deid, by wrong, without all Right,  
Whoes quietles blood, Blood-guilty Edward, beers  
For whoes sad Death, eu'ne Th'ou, thy life, must loise  
And with these words, he thunders on the Blo's,

Hold, hold, quod he, stay thy revenge, for schame,  
I am thy frend, no foe, nor English I,  
I am that Lukles Bruce, whose haples Name,  
Thou dus so much Exalt, and magnifie  
Whose froward Fortun, fate, and far-knowne fame,  
Is turn'd disgrace, to all eternitie,  
At these sad words, the Douglas stood, and gazcd  
Blushing, astonisht, speichles, and amazed:

At last he falls, before the warlik Prince,  
And says, my gracious Soveraigne thou may  
Pardon, my hastie fault, my Rude offence,  
Or, my, Death-worthie Crime, with death Repay,  
That Durst offend Thy worth, thy excellence  
Ah curld Tyrne, Ah blacke, and dismall, Day,  
No no sweit freind, quod he, Thy peace enjoy,  
Long may Thou liue, in spight of fates annoy,

And thus, when he had Raisd him from the Ground,  
He in his Arms, him Lovinglie, imbrac'd  
Whoes Love and Favour: alway, did abound,  
And alway did Indure, whill life did lest,  
Now both their horse, agane, at last they found  
And both, theme selfe, at last, from thence addrest,  
Both, vows, their Cuntries wo's for to Revenge,  
Both, to Indur, eazhe others, fortunes, strange.

Togidder

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

I. Booke

Together then they rid: a plaine throughout,  
Til in a forrest faier, themselues they fand,  
While night with sable curtens, Round about,  
Breaths darknes out, or shadding all the land,  
Vppon her lowring brows fate feare and dobt:  
And round about, in horror trembling stand,  
The duskie clouds, that threts a second flood,  
Such Seas there swelling clusters doth includ.

Cap. 2.

*The Argument.*

**T**He Douglas courtlesye Requirs the King  
For to unfold the caus of al his Greif  
Wherby he tak Occasions for to bring  
To outward view the ground of this mischeif  
He schewes the worthles Balwels haples Reigne  
That beaps new woes on woes without releif  
Braue barwick, Lost Scots fall at ods and yeeld,  
Losing Their fredome, in a bloodie feild.



hose machles champions throw the forest gon.  
At last allight, & then themselues adrest,  
Til cheirful daies bright goldé lamp should  
within a arbour faier, to take their rest. (shone,  
But as ambitious minds, ar neuer alone,  
Til they haue honour, glorie, Fame posselt,  
So they no rest at all, cold here attain,  
Such high confusion in their breasts remaine.

At last, the Douglas thus began, braue Prince,  
And my most gracious Soueraigne quod he,  
Long may thou liue in Natures excelence,  
Ion's loue, Fates fauour, fortunes constancie,  
Thy worth exalted, by heauens influence,  
And thy braue selfe, long haue I wish to sie,  
God graunt thy shining sonne with golden Raies,  
Our darkest nights may chaunge to brightest daies.

Let not my bold presumption thee offend  
If I require to know the woefull birth,  
Of sorrows which thy countenance forth send,  
For loe swift Fame, did sound thy praise, thy worth  
In Fraunce, while carelesse, I on court attend,  
which cleers my clouds of care, with lamps of mirth,  
And did my sad, vnsetled, Thoughts, destroy  
Thy sweit report, so fild, my Eares, with Ioy

C

Then

*The Famous Historie*

Then I returnd in hope of blest reliefe,  
Which I foresawe, thy worth would soone afford,  
And thou, eu'ne thou, would ease thy contrie's griefe,  
Whose glorie great, must be by the restord,  
Sene to Reuenge our blood, woe, wrake, mischief  
By lustest Heauens, thou onely art implord,  
Doe then braue Prince, what heauen for thee ordains  
Thy Knight I am, in warre, peace, Ioy, or pains.

The gallant Bruce, far long tyme much amazd,  
Loth to vnfold his straunge misfortunes, rare,  
In wrath he star'd, he lookt, about he gaz'd,  
He sigh'd, he grond, as One, Into Dispair  
His rolling Eies, at last, from Earth, he Rased  
And Cleird with heavenlie smylls, the clouds, of cair  
Whill as the Douglas, long did him, behold  
This sadd, and wofull, Tragedie, he told.

Sad may it seeme and sorrowfull, to Thee  
Thois wofull news Thou do's Requir' to heare  
but much more cair, and greif, it breids, to Mee  
Who must not onely heare and lend my care,  
But must relate euen what my eies did see,  
Yea what my selfe did act, yet I'll forbear  
Those fond complaints, and make a true narration,  
What most offends me, and afflicts my Nation.

And to vnfold this tragick storie foe  
To know the moriue, first, it doth requier  
And eu'rie truest circumstance to sho,  
Whereof is much, that will delight the eare,  
Than to th'intentall may mor cleerly know  
The ground of this, so firce & crwel warr,  
Our various speach let vs devert and view,  
The dreidfull, horreid horrors, that ensue

Thrie Alexanders, thrise waere Scotlands, King  
The first, for valiaunt deids, surnam'd, the fierce  
Was Malcolm, Canmoirs, sone, the second, Kings  
Was after, good, king Will'iame, did, deceas  
Who is braue, vndanted, Deids, made fame, to sing  
The Lion-king, as histories Rehers  
The thrid that did Oure, Crown, and scepter wear  
Henre, the thrid, of Englands, doghter, fair,

*Of The valiant Bruce.*

*J. Booke*

In mariage took which haple he devynd  
Should then conclud, A full, and finall Peace  
That both these Antient kingdoms, thus Combind  
Those great and Mightie Nations, might Imbrace  
A Freindlie League, and Concordance, in mind  
An happie Time to thair Ensewing race,  
By ending all the warrs, the broyls, the steir's,  
That had remain'd, full, thryse five hindreth zeits,

But heavens decreed it, should not so Remaine  
For the appointed Time, was not foretolde  
Mans subtile plots, and wits ar, all in vaine  
In vaine their wais, in vaine this work, they wold,  
In vaine they go about, for to obtaine  
What loue as secret to himself did hold,  
In uaine was al these fond deuises thought,  
Since heaujn decred, that al shold turne to noght.

For lo betwixt burnt Illion and Kingorne,  
King Alexander di'd by fall of horse,  
When thirtie foure yeres of, his Raigne was worne,  
He no succession had, and which was wors,  
Blood-thristie-warr by wings, of veng'ance borne,  
Did tear Our kingdom's bouwells but Remors,  
Waikning by oft Diminishings, at Lenght,  
The vains, the Nerv's the sinne vs, of oure strenght,

Six yeares the land gouerned was in Peace,  
By Regents six, at laste some broiles arose,  
Whereby soe straunge gouerna ment did cease  
Such bloodie factions, did themselues oppose,  
who from that boundage wold the land release,  
And of annot her King wold make a chose,  
For wel they knew what trains they shold imbarke  
To set this headstrong Nations once awake

A council then of all, they call to choose  
The neerest of the Roiall bloode for king,  
The Baliol there his right did wel peruse,  
From the first female his descent to spring,  
And from the first borne Male, I not refuse  
My lineall and iust descent to bring  
Thus plead wee both, nor can we once accord,  
No peace our haughtie stomaks cold afford.



*The famous Historie*

And thus our hate grew greater daie by daie,  
Both thirsting for a Princely Diadem,  
Nor cold the meanest thought of wise delaie,  
Present our wo, our wrack, our countreys shame,  
On wre, on wracke, on ruine and decaie,  
Ambition can not looke, nor thinke, nor dreame,  
But for the Croun, while wee're a spyring thus  
Wee robd of what shold make it Glorious.

For with vs two, two mightie armies rose,  
To winn the Croun or lose our selfe and all,  
Scotlands great Primat did himselfe oppose  
Betwixt vs then a treat of peace to call,  
Who did so much, at last wee made a choise,  
Thus to accord and to agreement fall,  
To iudge our right by Englands mighty King,  
Who shold decerne, which of vs both shold reigne.

Wherefore in haste to Englands King wee send,  
Requesting him to take the cause in hand,  
Who then prepard his conquest to defend,  
In fertill Fraunce, with many warlike band,  
And their his large Dominions to extend  
By force of armes, and by his valiant hand,  
Yet for to put our Kingdom to a rest,  
He turnd, and bade to Yorke himselfe adrest.

Of learned men he twentifour there brought,  
Whose graue aduise in this great worke he vs'd,  
But lo my proud competitor bethought  
Him thus, If I and my iust right were chus'd  
Than were he all vndon, and therefore soght  
By some lewd meane to get mee quite refus'd,  
At last resolu'd to buie a Diadem  
With fowle dishonour, and eternall shame.

Wherefore he dealt in secret with the King,  
If him he wold preferre the Croune to weare,  
By charter, Seale, by Oth and eu'ry thing,  
He bound himselfe of him the Croune to beare,  
And for the same his homage to resigne,  
To whose base minde, at first he gaue noe Eare  
The most part of the Lawiers parted thence  
All iudging me iust heire and Righteous Prince.

*Of the valiaunt Brace.*

But counsell caused this mightie King to err,  
Counsell of these that by dissention liue  
Still vrging him the Bailiol to preferre,  
That for his guerdon would a Kindom giue,  
But he that knew my right farr worthier  
Euen from my foes proud offer did deriue  
His argument, and vnto me presentes  
The Croune, if I fullfild the same contents.

Which offer bask I plainly did refuse,  
Wherefore King Edward in his wrathful Ire,  
With Baliol decreits, and did abuse  
My right, enstalling him whose blind desire  
Led him for honor, Infamie to choose  
And for a croune to slave a free Empire,  
For loe in him two contraries agree,  
Base Avarice, and Prodigalitie.

Thus he returnd with pomp and Majesty  
Whom all the Lords and Princes of Estate  
Conuaid to Skoene with royall dignity,  
Where stood the Auncient Marble cheir of late,  
There was he cround with Kingly Roialty,  
In Robs whose worth were longsum to repeat,  
Imbroadred al with stons, with pearle, with gold,  
Gorgious to weare, and glorious to behold.

But litle knew the Princes of the Land,  
That he to Englands King shold homage paie,  
The croune that sixtien hundred yeers did stand,  
Gainst endles warr and cruel Armes Essay,  
Nor Romans, Danes, nor Saxons cold command,  
Vnconquer'd still, nor conquer'd wold obaie,  
Was now betraied by him whose haples name  
Became his countreys skorne and Kingdoms shame.

But when report had showne the haples losse,  
The commons gan to murmur here & ther,  
Against the Nobles, vowing that their choise  
Shold be with armes, their freedom to repaire,  
And all the Princes of Estate by those  
Were schandalizd with shame, reproch & feare,  
Thus ciuill descord broght a fearful fall  
On King, on countrey, Kingdom, croune and all.

For now the king in heigh contempt was brought  
With all the Lords and Princes Of Estate  
The Lords in hait and great disgrace were thought  
With all the commoun Multitude of Late  
When al with wit and valor should have wrought  
Thus Raise a fearfull straunge and new debate  
That hardest Adamantine hearts wold move  
But for Their sin so heavens decreed aboue

Of these enfewing sorrows now the King  
Forfeis forthinks and Meditats and Moins  
A Thousand greifs did in his bosome spring  
Assailing all his wofull heart at ons  
One day he wold be secret furth to bring  
The wofull birth of tears of sighs and grons  
Throune on his bed with Rageing Discontents  
At la't he thus burst furth in heighe complaints

Ah haples wretch Curst be the Fatall hour.  
Wherein I did Obtaine a Diadem  
By false conceat by strong entysing Pow'r  
Not cairing for Disgrace for los for shame  
While auarice and ambition did deuour  
Treuth, Knowledge, witt, discretion praise and fame,  
Ah Auarice, inchaunter of the wise,  
The blind devouror of faire honours prize.

O bloodie starres why did you thus agree,  
To make a bad conjunction at my birth?  
Why did you al power doune mischief from hie?  
To make vyle me, the abject of the earth,  
What shall al times and ages saie of me?  
To buie a crowne, that sold a Kingdoms woorth,  
The reuenews I sold to buie the Name,  
Exchaunging honour for eternall shame.

What woe or grieve but time can make it old,  
Yet Infamie time neuer can svppresse,  
The meaner sort their faults will pas vtold,  
But faults of Kings by Fame doe stil increase,  
Such spotts are in my leaprous fowle enrold,  
As still accuse me of my guiltines,  
And while my wronged people me doe vewe,  
Me thinks their eies to death doe me persue,

In midst of this his sorowful complaine,  
His eies grew heauie dround with floods of tears,  
His tongue, his thror no more their sound forth-sent  
Thus slummed he full fraght with greifes & fears  
At last this fearfull vision did present  
A dreadful founding noice that pearst his eares,  
Hee thought he saw before him all at once,  
Were nintie Kings, and two on golden Throns.

Each bore a close rich couerd glorious Croune,  
In forme like an Emperiall Diadem,  
With ribs of gold o'rthwart aboue & doune,  
All round about each bowing like a beame,  
In the fore-front were made of Iacinths broune  
Faire letters, shewing eurie Prince his Name,  
Beneath their feet an iron throne was made,  
Whereon of lead an Open crowne was laid.

He thought they set him on the iron Throne,  
And cround him with that leaden crowne in scorne;  
Whereon was written this Inscription,  
*This non, but bastard Baliol hath borne,*  
Then saied the firste and grauest all alone  
Whose aged haire had many yeares outworne  
Thou wretched catine most accurst of all  
Thy place is great but, greater farre thy fall.

This Diadem Pointing his Ow'ne by Me  
Erected was with honor strength and Might  
And from my Aged loyns descendit be  
By Iust discent thes Nyntyce two in sight  
Eche bure this Crowne with Royall dignitie  
Adding as much by Conquest to ther Right  
Defending It gainst *Romains Saxons Dains*  
For witnes famous victories Remains.

But vn-compeld vn sought or on requierd  
By words by warr by Conquest or by gane  
Thou Randert vp what we aloft had Reard  
And what we kept with travell cair and Pane  
The thretning trompet that all Nations feard  
Which worlds of Armeis neuer could obtaine  
Yet this thou could not do without consent  
Of all the Thrie Estates of Parliament.

*The famous Historie*

But for thy fault, thy shame, thy losse, thy wrong,  
This iust and heauie Iudgment shall correct thee,  
The Kingdom shalbereft from thee e're long  
And thy owne subjects shamefully reject thee,  
In blinded darknes woes shalbe thy song.  
For want of daie, yet no man shall affect thee,  
And to all ages thy Infamous name,  
Shalbe a prouerbe of eternal shame.

For lo Thou shall be cal'd in littill space  
Thy countreis ruine and thy Nations wo  
Much harmles Blood shall pay for thy disgrace  
Theas yet onborne thy Doome shall feill and kno  
A mightie Nation shall thy land Deface  
Beneth whois haviē yok She grons, but lo  
She Viper-like brings furth vn nat'rall Brood  
That most shall waitt her, wond her, drink her Blood.

At last her tears her Cry's her sad Complaint  
Shal Pearce the heavins and Iove to Mercie move  
Who pitis sinners when they first repent  
And looking Meeklie downward from above  
Shall Raife Them vp that shall her wrak prevent  
Whose manlie Valors shall her woes Remoue  
And bring to end the warr Thou wrought with shame  
But neu'r an end to Thy Infamous Name.

Therfor this leaden croune, base, worthles, poore,  
Thou hast as one vnworthy to put on,  
The croune which I the famous Fergus boore  
And al these warrlike Princes One, by one,  
And while this mightie Nation shal indure,  
Hauing a Prince to sitt vpon my Throne,  
Thou of a Princes name shalt be refus'd  
Because my croune vn-conquer'd thou abu'd.

At these last woords he wak'd with sodain fear,  
But nothing saw while in his braine was toft,  
These woful warnings buzing in his eare,  
That threatn'd was by great King Fergus ghost,  
Which burthen great his soule could skarshly beare  
Till moueing, fieling, speach and all was lost,  
His vitall powers hernd in with thousand cares,  
At last burst forth in these or like dispaire.

*Of the valiant Bruse*

*I. Cooke*

O Sad and wearied Soull quod he depairt  
And leaue the lothed Lodge thou doest posse  
Stop vp my breath within my lothed heart  
My life make les if shame may not be les  
Hev'ne from above thy vengeance at me Daiert  
Heel from below thy Torment still Incres  
Devouring Earth my damned bodie smoother  
Heav'ne, Earth and hell destroy mee altogither.

Thus swallow'd vp of mankind most abhord  
If any should Inquire for worthles Mee  
Say that some Rav'ning monster me Devoir'd  
And let my Name, O? fame forgotten be  
Let al my day's t'obliu'on be Restoir'd  
Lest thou O tyme theirwith dishonor thee  
Thus Rol'd in clouds of smook let it be said  
That such a One was neu'r fram'd nor made,

Thus while he lay half dead for greif and wo  
A herauld came from Englands mightie king  
And straitle charg'd him haistelic to go  
To york and all his princes their to bring  
And homage dew for Scotlands kingdome sho:  
Which brought the Nobill's secret murmuring  
To light at last, and thus they work with all  
To mak him sie his Error, shame and fall.

Saltons great Lord that Abirnethie hicht  
he had vniustle wrong'd ( A huinows thing)  
Wherfore from him in all his Princes sight  
He did Apeall vnto the English king:  
This heigh disgrace he took in great dispiht  
For in Contempt with all it did him bring  
At last he casts about to right the wrongs  
That to his Endles Infamie belong's.

A message to the English King he send  
For to discharge that base infamous Band  
Since he without consent could not pretend  
Thus for to Slave a frie-vn-conquerd land  
But too too late Repentance Coms in End  
Thus shallow with deip Iudgment doth with stand  
So children vse for to repent their Error  
When nocht Remains but Punishment and Terror

*The Famous Historie*

The mighty English rise in dreadfull arms,  
Still threatning Blood, wrake, ruin, vengeance, sorrow  
Performing still their vow's with griefs & harms  
That from their fire wraths new woes did borrow,  
Faire Fortune towks their Droms with lowd allarm's,  
And waits on bloodie Mars, from day to morrow,  
Whose dreadfull Trumpet blow's a deadly blast,  
And rowls our daie in doubtful night at last.

First Barwick tane was by a subtil traine  
Wherein seau'n thousand men of Arms were lost,  
Woemen and children pitiles were slaine,  
None left aliue of Scottish blood cold boast,  
Now at Dunbar foure Princes did remaine,  
That had conueind of Scots a mightie hoste,  
But hate of Baliol such dissention brings,  
In his dispight they loue their foes design's.

Which caus'd a straunge vn-lookt-for long decay  
For English Edward Marcheing ther in haile  
Encountred them Impatient of Delay  
Amongst them selfs in wofull factions plait  
Now Edward Caus'd mee in his camp to stay  
For to my loue were most of them addrest  
So when the armys, ioyning did abyde  
Twelf thousand turnd vpon the English syde.

This was full fore against my will God knows  
Nor was I euer privie to this treasson  
My Deids on Edwards side was but in shows  
Nor could I disobey him in that Season  
On no les paine then huntington to lose  
But ah these foolish Scots had no such Reason  
Whoe by their new discord struk blind with wrath  
Wold mak mee cloake vnto their brokin faith.

For they vnworthie of the Scottish name  
Against their Cuntreis friedome Rudlie stand  
Onworthie also of their Elders fame  
That gaint them selfs dars lift thair conquering hand  
When foraigne force could not their stomaks tame  
Them selfs against them selfs oppos'd they fand  
The Sone the father, father kills the sone  
Eache kills his frend and help's his foe to winne;

Such

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

*I. Booke.*

Such thinges were wrought by heaunes seiree destinye  
Because the land with sinne did overflow  
Evne as a statelie ship with sails on hie  
If iustlie poyd with ballance feares no blow  
Of windes, but if o're chargd with weight she be  
Her speed is stay'd impaird her glorious show  
Then angric *Neptunes* foemeing surges beat her  
And with decay the thundring tempests threat her

Ev'ne so whill as in Scotland did remaine  
The sword of iustice feare of god above  
The loue of vertue hate of vice profane  
And whill the sprituall state the treuth did loue  
We saild in seas of peace and did obtaine  
Wealth, honor, all which landes most blis'd do prove  
But once borne downe with pride, lust blindness error  
Our calmes of peace heavnes tempests shooke with terror

For mightie God that sittes vpon the throne  
Of iustice grace and mercie from that height  
Did vew our sinnes in burning rage anon  
His countenance with syrie flammes grew bright  
That heavnes did quack for feare and Angells mone  
For men poore men at that astonieing sight (stay'd)  
Dayes glorious lamp, nightes *Queene*, heavens tapers  
Wrapt vp in clowdes at his dread lookes affray'd.

Within his wattrie pallace *Neptun* quakes  
The roaring streames were quyet whilst and still  
His azurd crowne from crisped lockes he racks  
His monlters all the lower Regions fill  
His forked scepter then for fear he breakes  
And to obey his lord and makers wil  
He myldlie fells before his mercies throne  
Whoes glorie made the heavnes with lightnings thone

The solid earth did quak with trembling feare  
And downward seemd to change her wonted rowme  
Such grevous weyght and burdene did she beare  
Of hynous sinne, whose punishment to come  
She did forsee as when throw subtel aer  
Dame *Thetis* foull with Alabastr Downe  
Fleis downe with wofull plaintes and mutifull cryes  
Before a dreadfull tempest doeth arise,

Dij

The

The hellishe feindes that scatterd were abroad  
Through all the earth and for mischeif still soght  
Reann headlonges downe vnto their greislie god  
And was through these infernall kingdomes brought  
Where *Proserpin* with *Pluto* grimme abode  
Whoes rustie scepters were of yron wrought  
On thrones they fate bout which ferce feinds did rore  
Two heaue crownes of burning brase they bore.

Prodigious signes and wounders then were scene  
Which did presage what after might befall  
From the cold North did in our climat shyne  
A bright and blazing Comet and with all  
Reid showres of blood in sundrie had beene  
The last the latest warning of our fall  
Yet dreadfull signes and fearfull wonders sent  
Sinne made not lesse but iudgement did augment.

The Argument.

*G*reif haueing som what interrupt the Prince  
He shewes at last his caus of discontent  
And followes furth with eurie tragick chance  
Where with proud Fortune erst did him present  
The wittie Count comforteth him and thence  
Desires him goe where *Fergus* ghost him sent  
Whereon they both conclude and with a dreame  
Sleep downes discours at last in silence streame.

Cap. 3.



Subiect sad o sad vnsolid Muse  
In Cypres wreathd in murning blak attyre  
Blott confort out and in your layes refuse  
All mirth yea in your wofull task desyre  
Sad tragick tuns the which while you peruse  
In Nightes dark Inn's her dreadfull cave retire  
Tears serve for ink and if you ayme at mirth  
O sighes let all be smotherd in their brith.

But wailing Muse Ay mee why do you sho  
To outward view the onlie staine of Time?  
Why in rememb'raunce of such horred wo  
Do you not weip to wash your wofull Rime?  
O thry's Infamous! Tims Inglorious! O  
That this their shame had ended with their Cryme,  
But hev'n and Time, fate, Fortun, chance and all  
Had with Them selfs decreed them selfs to fall

Where

Where was the Conquering Arm's the valiaunt heart's.  
Where was wonted Loyltie now gone  
When for their faith their valor their deserts  
Oure Elders mount d vp to honors Throne  
When Rudelie They Opposd their Arm's and Arts  
In Belgia fair, against this fos alone,  
Such prais they wan beneth those temp'red Clim's  
As makes them famous to Eternall Tim's.

Indeed such praise and Glorie great they wan  
As these whoes grevous wrong's they cam to right  
Ingratellie and Vnnat'rallie began  
T'Invy thair greatnes and to feare their might  
How soone their Suord freed them of fo's eu'ne then  
Of them they make a, Massacre by night  
And as a sad Remembr'auce of this Acti'on  
Scots onlie gwards their king for satisfaction.

O had you foght your contreries honor still,  
As those for honor from theier contrey came.  
Your golden praise had gilt my rusty quill,  
And with perfumes, had fir'd my sacred flames,  
But now my wofull song kinde Eies may fill  
With teares, and harts with sorrow for the same,  
For had the Scots trew to themselves rem and,  
Long-shanks had not foe great a glory gain'd.

But O why am I thus with passion led?  
For pardon curteous Reader must I sue,  
Earths brauest Prince wee left within a shade,  
Who hauing made a period, did renew  
His woefull historie and thus he saied,  
Now doth our endles tragedie ensue.  
The Scots wee left still fighting at Dunbarr,  
Them-selues against themselves: O cruel war!

The rest of wofull Scoots that did remaine,  
Perceauing this new losse and sodaine chaunge,  
They fainted, yet they fought for to obtraine  
That honour which their fellows did infringe,  
Each one thus by his second selfe was slaine,  
While as the English smils at such reuenge,  
And thus when nought but death to Scots ensue  
They yeald to Fortune, not to Valor trew.

D. 3.

Now

*The famous Historie*

Now onlie English Edward was Renownd  
all yeelds to him and to his fortunes Rare  
He with our Auntient Diadem was Crown'd  
To him the Princes of the land Repaire  
Whill Baleoll in seas of sorrows Drownd  
By english Scots was broght in blak dispaire  
Before great Edward when he did deny  
All title, Right and soveraigntie;

Thus Edward made a conquest of oure crowne  
And homage did Requyre of all the lande  
Which sundrie Lords and Princes of Renowne  
Refus'd nor wold they yeeld to his demand  
And while the wrathfull heavins lookt mildlie downe  
They for a space wold flie his vengfull hand  
Wherefore two hundreth yewths he with him led  
These were the first borne son's of those that fled.

Th'Imperiale Treassour hence he did convoy  
With all the Jewells of oure Diadem  
Oure auntient monuement's he did destroy  
And from all time to blot the Scottish name  
He burnt with fyre what ere we did enjoy  
Wreits, Books and works and to augment our shame  
The marbill chear oure oldest Monument  
He rest away whereon these lynes were pent

*Nil fallat satum Scoti, quacunq; Locatum  
Invenient lapidem, Regnare tenentur ibidem.*

If fatall destinies be true thescots shall find this stone  
And wheresoever They find the same their they shall Regne allow.  
King Edward thus of all our welth possist  
And all where to we did good Right pretend  
To curie toun a garesone addrest  
And to each Strength his captains did he send  
And english lords did in the land invest  
Of those that to his Scepter wold not bend  
Thus long we leu'd in care in wo and sorrow  
that alway did augment from day to morrow.

In this tyme leu'd a worthie valiant knight  
Most fortunat who Wallas heght to name  
Wallas by wit, by valor, fate and might  
Who Scotland thrise from Bondage did Redcrame  
His coadherent in that cause of right  
Was that braue ~~Man~~ of ment the val'aunt grbanne

Book

*Of the Famous Historie*

*I. Booke.*

Both fortunat and famous both wheirby  
Tho dead They Liue to all Eternitye.

Scotland the fourth tyme was in thraldome broght  
After good Wallas had relev'd it thrice  
When him betrayde by that accursed thought  
Offals Monteith the English did surprize  
Eu'ne curst manteith by heauin's for vengence wroght  
By fortun, fate and cruell. Detteneis  
His Nations shame lynes blot and Cuntreis scorn  
By furies broght from hell or he was borne.

Whoes lawles act, whoeis leud and haetfull name  
Polluts my virgin vn-polluted rymes  
Yet theese so calld As faultles I reclaime  
Thoght I vnfold his neu'r concealed crymes  
Let them not greive at me nor at his shame  
If they leue spotles to Eternall times  
I blame the Man but not the lyne descendit  
The deide but not the name is reprehendit

Poore Scotland thus in all calametic  
While Bondage like ane Earth-quake Rents the state  
Assunder quyte, and still oure Infamie  
Incressing by the Means of priuat hate  
Oure selfs amongst, oure selfs divided be  
Which maks this vncouth strange and new debait  
Comfussion thus cast down from heavins above  
Doth still Increase and can not yet remove.

Much I lamented this my cuntries wo  
And oft desird to remedie the same  
Till fortun, heau'ns and fate at last did sho  
A meane to blaze abroad my secret flame  
To mak the variows wondring world to kno  
My great desire my Countreis will to frame  
Yet fortunes frowns on my desigine s attendid  
And heu'ne was with my rash attempts offender

The cumin euer Infamous for that crime  
Of mee a secret Parle did requyre  
And thus he said now fortun fits the Time  
wherein thy right may to the crowne aspyr  
The variows myn is beneath this variows cline  
Do now morestedfastlie them selfs Retire  
Wisting their curst allegaince now were broke  
Yet groane they still beneath the English yoke

Dijij

What



What glorie great the warrlike Scots haue woon,  
 From age, to age, all time can witnesse beare,  
 Scots onely keeps a free vnconquer'd croune,  
 Scots onely gaue the mighty Romans warre,  
 At whom beg'd peace the Romans of renoune?  
 Was't not the valiant Corbred they did feare?  
 Who but the Scots the valiant Pichts subdu'd,  
 And warrlike Danes whose force seu'n times renew'd?

But we, eu'ne wee degenerat and bare,  
 Doe challenge yet from them our blood, our being  
 Tho prostitute to infamie and care,  
 Our selues eu'ne with our selues still disagreeing.  
 For courage, feare, for worth & wit dispaire,  
 To vice inclining still, from vertue flying,  
 Thus haue wee made our selues a woful praie  
 Vnto our Foe (ne're siene before this day)

Where is becom our Elders vallerous harts?  
 Their deeds, their virtue, and their conquering sword,  
 Their dignities, their office, place & parts,  
 Their victories with Monuments decoird,  
 Their auntient Armes woone by their braue deserts?  
 Can these noe good, noe strength, noe wit afford?  
 No no I sie wee faint, wee feare, wee fall,  
 From honour, Greatnes Libertie and all.

Yet that we may at their desertes but aime,  
 As those who shold inherit them by right,  
 Rise thou in Armes, thy right for to reclaime,  
 My selfe, my power, my strength and all my might,  
 Shall follow thee my race and all my name,  
 Shall with Victorious Armes maintane the fight,  
 Giue me thy lande, but when the Crown is thine  
 Or for thy right therof Receaue thou mine,

Soone to these sugred words I did accord  
 And then betuixt vs two a band was made  
 That when I to the Crowne should be restord  
 Assisted theiro by the Cumins Aide  
 The Cumin then of Carrik should be Lord  
 This don we both Reioisd and both seim'd glad  
 But loe, the Cumin traitrouslie repented  
 Ew'n to his endeles Infamie lamented.

To

To Englands mightie King the band he send  
 Declairing how that I him would betray  
 Whoe gravelie did advise their with in end  
 I soone was chaing'd to court without delay  
 At mee the King requird if that I kend  
 That band and seall yet did I not dismay  
 But framd my countenance more hold and stouf  
 Offe'ring on morrow nixt to cleir the dout

My *Patrimony* for a pledge I left  
 And after to my Innis reteird Anone  
 Our *Hemisphere* of day was then bereft  
 Whill night spred fourth her sabel wings alone  
 Such fearfull darknes ou'r the Earth she west  
 As seim'd to say in friendschip now begone  
 Thus secreitlie alone I took my flight  
 Helped by *June* and by the freindlie night.

Five Tyms had *Hesper Titan* warn'd away  
 Five tyms agane did *Lucifer Apeir*  
 Wiueing the glorious *standerd* of the Day  
 On tops of Touring clouds reid, whit and cleir  
 And cheng'd their sabel hew to siluer gray  
 When fyre Steids the golden carr drew neir  
 Whill sullen night in towne sutes adrest  
 Did schrink abak and shrewd her in the west.

When as I then Arriu'd like *Fortuns* knight  
 Within the confines of oure kingdome old  
 Then presentlie appeard vnto my sight  
 Two valiant knights stout, hardie, scarce and bold  
 The one wherof my brother *Edward* hight  
 The vther fleiming vnto those I told  
 Cumins deceat and how by heau'ns revenger  
 I had escaip'd so imminent a danger,

Thus talk'd wee and thus along we pas  
 Till by good hap a *Messinger* we met  
 Who after streat Inquerie did confes  
 He was vpone a secreat *Message* set  
 To *Englands King* for *Cumins* busines  
 Whose letters did requyre the *King* to let  
 Mee soone by death from my revolting Mind  
 Els *Scots* to mee shold shorthie be enclind.

E

Their

Wheir *Cumin* was we vrgd him to declair  
Within the *Cloister* of *Drumfreice* quod ha  
Thither with restles speid we did repair  
And in the *Church* he seim'd deuotuslie  
To kneile, for as he sat, we kild him their  
The which I fear his caus'd my miserie  
For that *For's* sacred *bows* we thus defild  
Rashlie with his sin gultie blood so wild.

Then was I soone receau'd of al as King  
And on my head I weere the *Crowne* alone  
I did a great and mightie *Armie* bring  
To rais my state cast down from honors *Throne*  
In whose brave strength good hope I had to wring  
The reull from *Edwards* hand and Marching on  
With dreadfull Terror on the trembling *Earth*.  
I pitcht my *Tents* before the *Wall's* of *Pearth*.

Whill thus I did my rightfull *Claim* beginn  
With warrs sterne shok and Trumpets dreidfull blast  
My kingdome by victorious *Arm's* to winn  
Trew *Scots* with my *Imperiall* standart past  
The *Lions* fierce a feild of *Gold* within  
Which seim'd throw th'air agrumling Noise to cast  
Whose *Chaine* thus brok made mightie *Edward* quake  
Fearing much blood wold not his *Fuerie* flake

But then eu'ne then began my Endles caire  
My sorrou's great my wo my wrack and all  
Proud *fortun* then did all *Her* frouns prepair  
Wheirwith *she* ever since my haire do'th gall  
For then *she* brought mee with a wondrous snair  
My *Infamie* my wrak my los and fall  
A *Period* long heit made the wofull king  
Sob's from his *Breist* send secreit Murmuring

Yet in the sad confussion of his mind  
This too too sad a *Tragedie* he told  
Within the towne of *Perth* then did we find  
The *English* armie with their *Captane* bold  
My Sold'ours harts to *Battel* all inclind  
Oft darr'd them forth with bravads from their hold  
But they nor we in warr more wys and warrie  
Knew by what means to make vs all miscarie,

The Scots  
arms a lion.

Other ways  
odomer de  
walene eril  
of perabrok.

The Gen'rall who Sir *aymer Vallangs* hight  
A herold send and thus he do'th direct him  
That day the *Sabbath* wes he wold not fight  
But on the Morrow nixt we should expect him  
And he wold soone abait My pride my might  
That was so bold thus fondlie to neglect him  
Yet I not cairing those his vanting words  
Wold answer him with noght but spears and suord's,

Then chusing furth aduantage of the Ground  
Neu'r doubting that he wold his word infreng  
Made all my *Camp* that eist no rest had found  
Refresh them selfs in hope of blest revenge  
Thus all at rest when eche was sleiping found  
No rest I got ( and which was yet more strainge  
A kynd of vncouth fear assaild my heart  
I neids wold ryis and furth I walk'd aparte,

Now was't about the dead hour of the night  
While as the *Watch* in heauie sleip didly  
When noys of neighing *Loriss* heare I might  
And throug the *Air* men's voices found neir by  
I stood amazd till *Phebe* with her light  
Piteit my cause and made me to discry  
A mightie *Armie* Marching hard at hand  
As many thryse as those I did command.

I caus'd to sound allarums presentlie  
Which made them with a shouw't to hast their pace  
And with eheir Drums and Trumpets roaring cry  
They make a sadd and dreadfull noyse allas  
Eyre hundreth of my *Camp* no more had I  
Yea those half arm'd with faintnes fear Embrase  
The rest were sleiping kild some fled along  
For lo oure foes wer tuentie thousand strong.

And nat'rall *Scots* the greatest parte of those  
Natural said I no most vnnatrall rather  
For these ew'ne these were still oure greatest foes  
Most *Viper*-like and worst then *Vipers* ether  
For vs at last They forst, Much ground to lose  
Freind gainst his freind the Sone against the father  
I stay'd behind their furie to gaine stand  
Till softe thence reter'd my mangled band.

*The famous Historie.*

The randell  
was an of  
the six.

As Hunters keen that dourh a parke enclose  
To take or slay the staige Deir, hynd or hart  
So were we now en compast by our foes  
Six and my self the rest were fied a heart  
All which wer tane thought honor none did lose  
Eache hardie bold eache bare a valiant part  
Yet I escap'd out through these *Squadron's* strong  
So del't my fate to work my greater wrong,

Nor was proud *fortune* thus suffeisd at al  
With those misluks and these my greuous mo'ns  
Triumphing on my shame my fate my fall  
And heaping on a thousand wo's at onc'e  
But when my brok'ne force I did recall  
Vniting them for new Invasions

I fand seuen tymes as many mo had left me :  
As my scarce foes revenging sword bereft me,

And yet with those all hopeles hartles faint  
I forc't was to the Montains for to flie  
Wher nothing els but penurie did hant  
Much trauel paine and sorow suffied we  
Yet none at all did pitie this oure want  
Tho we abode for them this miserie  
And which was wors this Terror did enseue  
Ev'ne native *Scots* did most oure liu's persue

Ev'ne native *Scots* my life persew'd indeid  
Altho for them this task I vndergo  
Their welth to winn broght all my want my neid  
Yet for my Love, dispight, and hate they sho  
And this my love did to all bounds exceid  
I made my freind my foe; becaus their foe  
Yet whill I seik Their honor wealth and ease  
They seik my death my fall this \* foe to pleas,

He with Ed-  
ward King  
of England.

Like to that fishe the mightie *Whale* doth gu'ide  
From craggie Rocks and shallows throw the Deig  
In the want bosome of the *Occeane* wide  
The *Whale* her brood wold fain deuoure to keip  
Her self aline, and yet she stealls aside  
When she espy's the *Monster* rest or sleip  
Brings forth her brood with care to keip them frie  
But they doe her dextour immediatlie

So

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

I. Booke.

The Lord of  
Ionne his  
armie was  
aboue fyve  
thousand.

So fair's with mee that cair's to keip alive  
My *Natioun* frie from mightie *Edwards* law's  
The greater part of my owne *subiects* strive  
Who shall devoit mee first with tearing Paw's  
For lo when to the *Mountain's* I arive  
Left of my owne and left without a cause  
The lord of *Lorne* a mightie armie bring's  
To bring my self to end with my design's.

Of all my *Armie* was five hundreth left  
That took a part with mee in weile and wo  
Which Number few of strength was clene bereft  
For pining *Famein* had opprest them so  
In their pail *Face* was pailer death ingraft  
Vpon their wereid lims they fanting go  
Yet curage did their weikned strength renew  
And willinglie they with the fight c'insew,

Thrice they their fo'es with woundrous strength assaild  
And thrice agane their deing forces spent  
Thrie tymes with matchles valor they prevailld  
Thrie tymes their foes their Number did augment  
Yea which is most of all to be bewailld  
Oure foes tho ten too one did still prevent  
Oure *victorie* with fresh and new supplis,  
For one cum's in still, as ane other deis.

At last their forces did so much abound  
That we're encompassd in on eu'rie syde  
Whill as dark night ou'r shaddow't all the ground  
As piteing vs whill she our lose espyde  
Thrie hundreth lost of my best Knights I found  
The rest sore wounded fighting still abide  
Nor wold they once be tane or yeeld or flie  
But wold their blood revenge and fighting die.

Yet when I causd to sound a sad Retreat  
They hewd a passage throw these *Squadrons* strong :  
Still fighting they Reteir and still their date  
With valors endles praise thay do prolong  
At last they entred all a narrow streat  
On each side streatch'd a mounting rock a long  
When I by *Fortun* last of all did stand  
Them to restraine that wold oure lyves demand.

E. uij.

Thrie

Thrie Knights was their mee by my armour knew  
And were suborn'd before my life to take  
Who seing mee allone did fast persue  
Two lights theirby aduantage for to make  
The third befor me did the fight renew  
Whill they mount vp the crags and wins my bak  
Thus was I fore assailld on ew'rie side  
But mightie *Love* my saiftie did provide.

I did of *Victorie* almost despair  
But *Love*, hev'ne fate and fortun wild not so  
To end my wrack my miserie my care  
Preserving me to greater shame and wo  
To fight whill as the formett did prepair  
It was my luke to kill him with a blo  
The one a foot essay'd with mightie force  
By my one leg to pull me from my horse.

And in the Stirro'p thrust all his arme weel nys  
The third leapt vp vpon my hors behind  
And thrust his dagger in my side awry  
Whill as the vther draw's me to the ground  
But in the Stir'p his arme so bruized I  
And with his heills my hors such way has found  
That he the vse of feit had quyte bereft him  
Then I cut of his arme and so I left him.

But now the third that all this time allone  
Was surlie set behind me on my hors  
Did wound me thrice altho not mortall one  
Whome in my arms at last I straind by force  
And on my hors befor I laid him on  
The dagger then wheirwith he wrought my losse  
I made to digg a passage throw his heartte  
And thence his Cursed *Soull* did sone departe.

Thus freed of all my foes and frie from danger  
For all the rest did long before retein  
I wandred throgh the Desert like a stranger  
And of my mangled Band no news could heire  
So dois a *Shipheard* sad and wofull rainger  
That holds the *Wolf* in chace till night draw neir  
Then to his fleecie flock returneth back  
But of their fearfull flight has lost the tracke.

At last when I a forrest did espy  
Grim night look't furth with greisslie countenance  
Her smookie breath in duskie clouds doth flie  
From her paill lip's, and darkned heavins bright glance:  
Ou'r vailling all the earth and azur Sea  
With shaddow's dim thar dreadfull sights aduance  
I stray'd a fortnight in this wood vnsterv'd  
Roots herbs and water still my life preserv'd.

Wearie at last with feantnes all posselt  
Amongst the *Flowers* I layd me down to prove  
If my fore wearid Soull could find some rest  
Since daeth did scorne my wois for to remove  
Neir wheir I lay from mightie Rok's increst  
A siluer Brook down tumbling from above  
With cheirling Murmurs sweet and dulceit sounds  
Whose *Echo* from a hollow *Pit* redounds.

The treis about me *Arbour* like did grow  
With bushie topps and tender twits aloft  
Whilst *Zephyres* milde sweet gentle breath did blow  
The leav's with muttring made a murmur oft  
That with the bubling of the streame below  
Had Rock'd my senses in a slumber soft  
Whill as my *Spirit* was trubled from above  
Straunge *Aparitions* in my *Soull* did move.

Mee thought great *Fergus* did before mee stand  
With ghottlie looks with feerce and angrie cheir  
I hard his voice like thunder to demand  
A compt most sharp of all my labors heir  
So great a task as thow has taine in hand  
With greater pains quod he thy Toys must cleir  
Vp then arise this life wold blot thy fame  
And shuld redound to thy Eternall shame;

In the waiste bosom of the western laike  
Of *Albion* neir *frish* montains hore  
*Neptune* a pene *Isula* doth make  
Stretching his azure arms along the shore  
Their must thow all thy sorrows quite forsake  
And comfort find for all thy greifs of yore  
Vp then with speid I say and thither go  
Wher thow *Joys* will and Mercie both shall know.

*The famous Historie*

This said through Shaiples air he went a way  
I suddantlie awak't and was agast  
Yet weyghing weill the sentence he did say  
I fought my hors in haste and thence I past  
When as I travel'd had but half a day  
Within that *Valey* I arriv'd at last

Wher yow I fand thus may yow lie with all  
How greate misfortuns works my greater fall

Then quod the *Douglasse* Sir I yow desire  
Forget these passions straunge, too straung alace  
Since *Fortune* now shall change her sad attise  
And ever after look with cheirfull face  
An hard beginning to an end aspire  
Of ewerlasting happines and grace  
The mightie minds to honor still repara  
Throw rare difficulties and daungers rare.

Wher *Fergus Ghost* directs their must yow go  
Winter draws neir heir must yow noght abide  
Their havin's your fortune fait shall to yow sho  
Eu'ne vnto yow and all the world beside  
In these and suche like speeches past these two  
The longsome night till *Morpheus* provide  
For drowfie flight, who our the *Earth* soone pass  
And lights on them with lazie wings at last,

When nights swift cours with silence was outworne  
She givs a kinde fairweill vnto the day  
The wing'd *Musicians* which awake the morne  
With hollow throts and horned bills did play  
The *Nightingale* whose *Musik* Match dooth scorne  
The *Maues* that throw *Forrest* Echois ay  
The lark that warns the craftsmen of their paine  
And laborers that daylie toyll for gaine.

Eu'n as a Man in sleip that seems to heare  
Of Instruments and song a hev'n'lie sound  
To them in sleepe such sounds did now appeare  
Their *Souls* transported were when Joys abound  
They hard the *Angells* heav'n'lie *Musick* cleir  
In *Paradise* it seemd them selfs they found  
Cloy'd whill they walk throw groves of all delight  
Sweet to the smell and plesant to the sight.

And

*Of the valiaunt Bruce.*

1. Booke

And in this pleasant *Slumber* whill they lay  
This fetherd *Crue* with their enchanting sound  
Above them on the tender twists do play  
Wher *Musicks* weill set descant did abound  
When in the east arois the glorious day  
His crisped *loks* in silver *Cisterns* drownd  
Waueing his golden vaill bright poure and cleir  
Wher throw the clouds like crimstone flams apear

*The Argument.*

The Bruce dispersed host their Lord doeth know  
Who to Kintyre reteirs and their doeth sie  
An aged Syre that vnto him doeth show  
The heauenlie constellations curiously  
And his blest drace and princelie stemm doeth draw  
From these rair purtrates in the heauens that be  
He shewes eche Prince and doeth the lyne aduance  
To that fair matchles Douager of France.

Caput. 4.

**S**oft now my *Muse* and do not fore to hye  
Waed not in curious questiones too deep  
Let thy pure ground be trueth and veritie  
And learne the cheefest pointes & heads to  
Altho thou somtyme wantonize awry (keep  
To recreat thy self yet softly creep

So neir the treuth as none may heare nor se  
To taint the chastest care nor sharpest eye.

The chylde doeth learne his lessone euerie day  
Yet play doeth oftin recreat his Sprite  
play shurpes th'ingyne makes pregnant witt's they say  
After long studie honest mirth is meet  
The purest trueth doeth harshlie rune away  
But sau'd with *Parnass* streames it sounds more sweet  
The strengthes stomak waek and wanting power  
With sugar sweet accepts a portion sover.

Whill *Bruce* and *Douglas* sleepe and dreames of toyes  
That in their moystned braine impression makes  
Evne as the Day comes in they heare a noyes  
A noyes that suddanelye them both awakes  
Yet makes them both thereafter to reioyse  
And greif's sad vale from their sharp eyes it shaekes  
For heaune blis'd *Bruce* was so with patience cround  
Adversitie his mynd could neuer wound.

f

Altho

Altho he gravelie did unfold his ill  
 Vnto the valiant *Count* his woes bewaeling  
 Yet with a conſtant minde he aſtes them ſtill  
 His cheerfull lookes and words ſo muche prevailling  
 As in their heartes all thought of feare did kill  
 And winnes their love their curage ſtill appealing  
 Who were his followers in eche wofull fight  
 And could no danger feare if in his fights  
 Which made them all way vp and down to rainge  
 Throw deſarts *Mountains* plains and *Ferrets* hore  
 Bewailing their hard lots and fortunes ſtrainge  
 Their want of food, but want of him much more  
 They did lament: and in this wofull chainge  
 They ſweare to venge his death or die theirfore  
 For ſure they thoght he by miſhap did ſtray  
 Amongſt his foes when night did parte the fray  
 Now were they come neir to the grove where he  
 And *Douglas* ſlumberd ſoundlie in a dreme  
 Who both awaekt ruſh'd ſurt he and ſtreight they ſie  
 An armed man the King knew weill his name  
 whome when he cald the reſt did quicklie ſie (ſhame  
 furth through the groves; ſome feares, and ſome thinkes  
 Yet loue and ioie recald them all at laſt  
 Before his ſeit them ſelfes they humblie caſt.  
 So haue I ſene a moore-hen in the ſpring  
 Miſſing her tender *Brood* throw deſerts ſtraying  
 She in her throat ſome chirping notes doth ſing  
 Which when they heare with naturall loue repaying  
 Her kyndlie cair in haſt them ſelfs they bring  
 And floks about her all her will obeying  
 She ſeims right glad to ſie her yung ones ſo  
 Scap'd from the Daunger of their rawning foes  
 When he vnlae'd his burniſhd helms of gold  
 His milde, Suet, manlie countenance they knew  
 Vertue and Grace diuine they might behold  
 Like *Phobus* beams from his fair looks reſew  
 As *Phobus* draw's the dew vp from the mold  
 His cies their hearts ſo from their boſoms drew  
 Before him ſtill vpone their kneis they fall  
 To grations, hea'uens they render thanks for all

He thanks them for their faith their trueth their love  
 And to eche man did ſeueral favores ſho  
 Soone after they from thence did all remove  
 And weſtward to *Dumberton* glaedlie go  
 From thence great *Nephtunes* freindſhip wold they prove  
 And th' *Oceans* warrie force they neids wold kno  
 Shipd for *Kynture* ſeing the wind before  
 Ere morrow nixt they ſaſlie came to ſhore.  
 The king his men in throgh the cuntrie ſent  
 With them the *Erll of lennox* for their Lord  
 An vther way he with the *Douglas* went  
 To ſie what ſauour fortune wold affoord  
 They trawelling allong with this Intent  
 At laſt their way them to a wod reſtord  
 Where half a myll at moſt they had not riddin  
 When both to ryd one way were thus forbidid.  
 Two vglie monſtruos wolfs they might eſpy  
 Had kild a harte and on the ſame was ſeiding  
 Eche chooſd a wolf his hors ſwiſt Paiſe to try  
 For Boare-ſpears ſerud their launce in this procceding  
 Eche wolf his follower leads a fundrie way  
 Their eger chace and ther perſuit deriding  
 What fortune he'vins for *Douglas* had apointed  
 We'll after ſhow, now to the Lords anointed  
 I mean the *Bruce* that brave and valiant Prince  
 Who with an egger mind perſeu'd the chace  
 The wolf had left the woud and for defence  
 Vnto a mightie *Rock* he rins a pace  
 Breathles he ſeimd ſo ſlowlie runing thence  
 As made the Prince hope weill to winne the race  
 He guyts his horſe rins vp the *Rock* in haſte  
 But ſoone he loſte the ſight of whome he chaſt  
 His trevell loſt he wold returne o're night  
 Yet anye where to ryd he doerh not knoe  
 The *Rock* he ſeis of ſuch a wondrous height  
 As all the countrey round about wold ſhow  
 Vp then he goes to view ſo fair a ſight  
 Whill he aſcends the ſone diſcendet low  
 But ere he could vnto the top attaine  
 Night ſpredd her painted vaile o're all the plaine.



## *The famous Historie*

In heaues heighe court the lampes all lighted shynes  
Which him constrained to searche some place of rest  
The montaines top was deckt with oakes and pynes  
Where nature had a garden rairlie drest  
With fontanes walkes and groves without ingynes  
Of arte: yet seemd of artes best skill po'sest  
But sad it seemd to Nightes sad shad: inclyning  
Showne to the Prince by *Phobes* feble shyning.

At last arryving by a fontane syid  
Beneath a leavie aged oak he lyes  
A heartie draught of the cold streame he tryed  
Which for a daintie maill did him suffice  
And now his cogitation deeplie weyghed  
Earthes glorie vane and wordlie fantasies  
Comparing all beneath heavns syluer boures:  
To cloudes of smook to shaddowes dreames or flowres.

Thus rap'd with admiration whill he lyes  
He vewes the starres and all the heavenlie lightes  
When as he heares a sound pas throughe the skyes  
Lyk to the noyes of floodes impetuous flightes  
Or as when fearfull doues in numbers fleis  
Aer and their winges with noyes them selves affrightes  
Suche was this noyes yet nothing he perceaves  
Nor was there wind to move the trembling leaves.

A dark gray clowde past furthe o're all the air  
But nightes pale *Queene* cleird all the heavns at last  
When to him did an old grave man repair  
Whoes head and beard had youthes freshe cullor past  
A cristall glob his trembling hand vpbeare  
Where heavne o're earth did move from east to west  
Their starres and planets shynd most bright and cleir  
Which by a spirit was mov'd as might appeare.

A *Spherik glob* within hung lyk a ball  
That figur'd rairlie furch the earth and sea  
Which round about was frie from heavns cleir wall  
Whose restless course round o're this glob did flie  
The glassie sea now calme then seemd to swell  
Where wind-toft shipes with tydes and tempests be  
Whill *Nephtunes* azurd armes the earth embraceth  
That circuits yles and shore from shore vnaceth.

Thus

## *Of the valiaunt Bruce.*

I. Booke.

Thus with a curious Pinsell th' eath was drawne  
Heir meids, th' ir floodes, heir wodes their mōtanes were  
Heir tounes, their towres, with flowrie gardenes shoven  
Heir vines, their figges, pom granates Cydrons fair  
Heir plowemen taill, their heards and flocks ar knowne  
Heir Bowres doeth proyne their vines with wōdrowes care  
Their sicklee cutts the corne heir sythes the Hay  
Heir peace, their warrelyke armeis in array.

Vnto the Prince this aged Syre drew neir  
Whill chaff *Diana* shynd more fair and bright  
Cled in a horye mantle white and cleir  
He seemd devote in prayers to spend the night  
Leane flesh d, his wattrie blood sweld vaines appar  
His ghostlie lookes still offerd death his right  
Whoe pausing long with stedfast staering eyes  
This salutation did at last devyse.

Peace be to thee my Lord and Prince sayd he  
Whom great and mightie *Ioue* has hir her sent  
That thou might kno his mercies great by me  
And of thy bad and bypast life repent  
The shame the foyle the losse that falles to thee  
As *Ioues* iust doome because thou gave consent.  
Vnto thy will wrathe vengeance and defyld  
His sacred house with sinfull blood so vyld.

Thy Nationes foyle their wrak and their distres  
Thy countreis shame her woe her desolation  
Thy subiects lose in care all confortles  
Whom mightie *Ioue* has had in detestation  
For their great sinnes their faultes their carelesnes  
Of his soule feidding word o' wicked *Nation*  
That still with folie blindnes pride abuse  
Did sacred thinges apply to sinnefull vse.

Their filthie life their lewd lasciuious lust  
Their walloweing in sensuall delight  
Threattens a dreadfull storme e're long that must  
Swallow them vp in their owne sinnes dispyght  
But leave we them and their affliction iust  
And now behold this day succeding night  
These burning balles to thee and thyne shall prove  
Heavns for sight wisdome mercie grace and love

F. iii.

This

This counterfite of those bright orbs behold  
The earth and sea but heavns of greatest wonder  
Whose restless course about the poles is rold  
With contrare motiones their first *mobill* vnder  
The firmament with fixed starres vtold  
Whoes various shapes and rare effects we pondre  
Lynes tropickes circles *Zones* and *Zodiack*  
Wherin *Sol* doeth the yeirs four seasons make

Almightie *Ioue* whose made heavns wondrous frame  
Has made manes witt so rairlie excellent  
That he can vivelie counterfite the same  
And his great makers worke can represent;  
With heaynlie furie rap'd with sacred flamme  
Of artles artes invention, noight content  
Of his all working wonders heir below  
But e'vne the heaunlie mansiones heir must show.

The diurnal  
motion of  
the spheres.  
Their natu-  
rall motion  
is shaued  
lyikwayes  
beginning at  
the Mone.

Lo where the *Planets* eche his sphere within  
Keeps time and course with heavnes treay planets all  
Forced by their *Primomobill* for to rinn  
In twice twelf houres about this earthlyk ball  
And their owne course they end and they beginne  
With heauns bright lampes for thus they rise and fall  
Chast *Phebes* course iust in a month goes right  
Now poore then wealthie of her Brothers light.

So we supi-  
er.

*Mercur*e and *Venus* follows *Phebus* Teame  
His tender wings her dows on him depend  
Whose lead of light and life-reuiuing beame  
Abowt a yeer his nat'rall course doth end  
And *Mars* in twice twelf months resumes his game  
*Saturns* mild *Sone* in twelf twelf months rescend  
Cold horie *Saturnus* leaden coach that rins  
In threttie years lea u's aff wher he begins.

All these heavns azure cannabie surrounds  
Sprinkled with eies speckled with tapers bright  
Spangled with spangs throw all his boundles Bounds  
Sowin all with glistring sparks of glansing light  
Sett with gilt *stoads* and golden skowch and grounds  
Powdred with twinkling starres whoes kapring flight  
Glanseth down right and with their myld aspects  
Works in th' inferior bodeis strainge effects.

Those

Those sparkling *Diamonds* this ritche vail contains  
Whoes number numberles ar past account  
Hath twalf that brasway's ouerthwart her lains  
With pourfull virtue decks her glorious front  
And those ar signes wheirin the *Planets* reignes  
Whill they discend or rise or fall or mount  
For they pertake in their swift revolution  
From eche of those strenth, viture, force & motion.

Beside all those about the *Polls* yow se  
Figurs of what almost in earth is found  
For the all-knowing minde of maiestie  
Before he fram'd this ritche embrowdred round  
The plot in his *Idea* seemd to be  
And forme of all his future works profound

Thus working in his spreit divin' lie rare  
Long ere the world was made the world was their;

Unfolding then that ritche and glorious Tent  
He portrayd with a Pinfell most divine  
Vpon the all-enlightning firmament  
Those tabls of his future works in line  
Wher lo behold thy braue most brave discent  
That *Sol* he in the letter aige fall shine  
Bearing *Christs* stander and his *Church*e defending  
Bounding their *Empire* with the worlds ending.

Eathniks not knowing God al provident  
Haue names of eathniks to these forms assign'd  
But lett it thee suffice and be content  
That I heirin unfold what *Ioue* design'd  
By these bright *Portraits* portreyd in the Tent  
Of azur gilded heavins *Pavilion* sign'd  
By his owne hand, and for him self their mark is  
For ew'r Immortaleisd for heavin Imbark-ir.

Greate *Architector* of this wondrous frame  
Raife vp my Spreit to thy celestiaall *Throne*  
Let my poore soule contemplat in the flame  
Of thy all dazzling beautie wheir allone  
Thy glorious beams reflecting may ou'r quhelme  
My waikned sight and more then Sun-like shone  
On my poore soules all darkned *sinners* eyes  
Mak her to earth ecclipt, sleir toward skyes.

The Pre-  
fates Prayers.

F III

Wher

# The famous Historie.

Heir follows  
the constel-  
lations about  
the Polls al-  
luding to  
the Kings  
descendit of  
the Bruce.

Constellatio  
Hercules  
holds a Lion  
bound in  
chayns allu-  
ding to King  
Robert Bruce  
holding the  
Scots arms.

Constellatio  
Iason in the  
schip argus.  
David Bruce  
that sailt to  
France wher  
he stayt  
nyne zeirs  
Induring the  
warrs  
against the  
Baleoll  
ayded by En-  
gland but  
when here-  
turne he  
brough home  
peace allu-  
Constellatio  
auriga  
draught a  
cart full of  
galley youths  
Robert Ste-  
uart the 1  
of whom the  
Kings of  
that name  
descended  
Constellatio  
Zephus a  
Weeping for  
Andromada  
swane and a  
eagles one  
ether hand  
of him allu-  
ding to Ro-  
bert the 3.

Where with the Prophets face began to Shine  
Hee suddantie with Sacred furie glows  
His Soule cleiv's throw the ten fold orbs in fmo  
And from sole Maiesteis bright Glorie drow's  
Her all celestial Sacred food divine

A Sun like brightnes on his forehead grow's

A schining luster from his eies furth seat

A fire glance of goldlyke Blandishment.

First thow, said hee, the Rampand Lion tyis

Wha wandering from his Den goes farre a stray

Intrap'd in snaires and foraigne subtilteis

Whoe erst subdew'd all prays becums a pray

To craftie subtil Foes yet doth arise

With glorious Triumph to their greates decay

And hee whoe scornd a stranger sould command

Now yeelds his Neck to thy victorious hand.

Heir saillis the Schip wherin thy young Sone sits

Slyceing the vauis of Azur trembling plains

And waits into a forren land that sits

For greennish youth (wher all delight Remains)

Whill heir sterne warrs remorseles furie fretts

And tears oure Bowells a shunder, strip's oure vains

Yet this blit bark oure Iason brings from Greece

And of sweet Peace brings home the Golden Fleece

But lo heir cums the loffie coach-man doune

That after him draw's furth luche lamps of light

Such Jems such Pearls and Jewells for the crune

Such Ornaments such onlie rare delight

That Sun like schyns with evir blest renowne

And all from Po to Gangis feiris their might

Yea and him self his chaige so weil discharges

Earths sole Impire Ioue for his Seed enlarges.

Then cums that holie Prince Grate wife and old

That for his children murning still laments

Whoes spotles life heitby the Swans foretold

His thoughts and looks the Eagill still presents

For lo his Eies bent vpwards till behold

Fixt on his Phebus the one trine Essence

Hee for his children plains to Ioue abowe

Whoe shall regard his looks his life his love.

Heir

# Of the valiant Bruce.

I. Booke

Heir cums that Prince of wrongfull Boundage frie

Who that myld Virgin iustice did releace

From that wild Monster raiging Tirannie

And set her frie to all his happie race

Hee rewels the land with laues and equitie

In Whoes blit regne flous knowlege welth and Grace

Of iustice in his hand hee holds the \* heid

Whois splendor striks all malefactors deid

Heir monted doth that valiant Prince advance

Whoes heavin-wrocht lance his enemies ov'r throuis

In whome shal schine pure virtues radiance

Rais'd vp on hie by Ioue gainst all his foes

The ravening Wolf hee foilles with Temperance

And the trew Path to treew Religion shois

Moueing his subiects hearts their minds and all

Greate loue to feare and on his name to call,

Now in thy time quod he shall heir arrive

A worthie knight that from his native land

Shall flie becaus he brauelie shall deprive

In glorious fight a knight that shall with stand

Thy Praises deu whill he doth thee descriue

Yea ewir this knight shall with victorious hand

Come heir whoes name his Seid shill eternize

And still they virtuous line shal sympathize

From this great man shall one far greater spring

Whom fortune fair and fare shal itil attend

Bellona feare and Venus myld shal bring

Laurells from Mars but to greate loue shill send

A Garland ritche sprung from this worthie King

Whose royall Stem vnto the endles end

Of his greate line their Tempels fall adorne

With neuer setting ever rysing morne.

For lo the Daughter of this worthie \* Prince

Sall wed this knight this Lord of heigh renowne

Whose hight whose greatnes and whose excellence

Whose Schuldurs seems ane Atlas to the crowne

Of him shall come that mightie Lord whoe thence

Shall go and proud rebellious Danes beat down

He to obey his Princes great commaund

Shall tak this bold and wightie chaige in hand.

G

And

Constella-  
tions  
Perseus re-  
leives the  
vergin An-  
dromadee  
lodging Ioue  
the first who  
institute the  
colledge of  
iustice.

\* Medusas  
head constel-  
lacione chir6  
the centaur  
with a lance  
holds a wolf  
by the nek  
alluding to  
James the 2.  
a Zelous re-  
former of  
sinne and  
wyce.

Heir the Pro-  
phet takes  
occasion to  
Intreat a li-  
tel of the be-  
ginning of the  
hamiltoun

Sir James  
hamiltoun  
that marcie  
King James  
the 2. his  
daughter.

K. James, 6.

King James  
the 4. send  
hamilton  
Erll of Arran  
with ane Ar-  
mye with the  
Danish King  
whom he  
reestablish in  
his kingd6  
and after re-  
turned to his  
contrey with  
great glorie.

*The famous Historie*

An *Armie* and a *Navie* he shall bring  
 ou're thetis glasse montans groundies Deip  
 Vnder his wings that disin throned King  
 Shall go: whose crowne rebellious *Danes* still keip  
 Ou're all these northern worlds his name fall ung  
 Terror in Eurie Ear: whill he doeth steip  
 His sword in their most valiant *Princes* blood  
 Whose might his all-commanding will gane flood  
 And to his wounted height that King shall raise  
 And Inthroneize him in dispight of foes  
 With fame With glorie and with endles praise  
 He shall returne vnto his land but lose  
 When he hath spent in *honors* height his dayes  
 Fauord by heau'ne freed from vniuersie Woes  
 Of him descending shal a Greater ryise  
 And lift his *Glorie* farr above the Skyes

The Fall of  
 Arran pro-  
 mitor of Scot  
 lād in Queene  
 Maries mi-  
 noritic who  
 the King of  
 Fraunce maid  
 duge of chat  
 lant.

He shall this land Gouverne *Protect* defend  
 From forangne force from home-bred *Cuill* broills  
 And the Emperiall svey shall swetlie bend  
 Whill the right heyre is Yung in these great toills  
 Eune the most christian king fall scuin end  
 For his greate freindschip and his favor whills  
 To *Dignitie* aloft he shall him rear  
 Thus fall his greatnes schyn both heir and their.

Nor yet this Prince allone shall be the last  
 That shall surmount his Predicessors farr  
 But this great famelic shall spred so fast  
 As *England* shall in'uy that such a *Starr*  
 Schot from their *Sphere* hath their cleir lights surpast  
 And like a *comet* blazing blood and warr (error  
 Streams furt' their beams that eche wheir purge from  
 And warmis their freinds but burns their foes with terror

This famous line shall flourish more and more  
 Greate *Columns* faire rare *Pillars* of the crowne  
 Ritche *ornaments* that shall the land decore  
 Sune-glistring-lights with ever blisf renowne  
 Heaune-blazing lamps whoes flame fr om virtues store  
 Brings oill wheir in they hell-bred *Hydras* drowne  
 But leave we them, and of thy royall race,  
 Show heavins-rare *blesing*, greatnes, hight, & grace.  
 Then

*Of the valiaunt Bruce.*

*1. Booke*

Then comes that *Serpent* berar furth in view  
 In base borne venomous blood to much delighted  
 Our all the *land* their poysoned goir they spew  
 And all his weill borne *subiects* much affrighted  
 Whei of greate harme greate vengeance doth enfew  
 For those foull *Beasts* of eche so much dispighted  
 Shall be the caus of this greate *Princes* fall  
 Their *Poison* so infects heart minde and all:  
 And *Archer* like the nixt doth marche on foot  
 Amidst his armie rashlie to perfew  
 His craftie fo'es whill his brave minde to stout  
 Shall scorne the *Counsail* of his subiects tiw  
 Their shall vnwar this war-like *Prince* no dout  
 Be lost whoes want thow *Scotland* long shall rew  
 For so too soone his sone of glorie Bright  
 Is chok'd with mists of feats vntimelic Night.  
 And heir behold that *Magnanimious* King  
 Most iust in peace most valorus in warr  
 his royall *Scepter* bravelie managing  
 Whoes glorious fame shall pears all *Europes* ear  
 From him fair Beuteis taerett floure thill spring  
 Whom heir you sie sett in a royall chear  
 And their her dangling golden locks intreyld  
 Much these have blist her but much more ner child.

*The Argument.*

The south and North crownes toynd by that great King  
 Who of all *Kinges* hea'uns blisshings most embrace  
 His works his witte heauens care him fast to bring  
 To happie end his twor air impes of grace  
 In whom hers bles'd more then in anye thing  
 By warr the youngest reules the earth in peace  
 The Prophet leaues the Prince amazed at last  
 He joyles six *Knights* then to his armie past.

*Caput. 5.*

**B**ut heir o *Scotland* heir beginnes thy spring  
 of honor wealth fame glorie praise & blisse  
 Eune now & not til nou high hea'uns doth  
 Thy happines thy good thy al I wish (bring  
 Thy fame thy name for e're eternizing  
 If sinfull pride beare not thy wayes amis  
 Hence shall thy glorie and thy greatnes grow  
 Swelling o're seas and o'ra all landes shall flow.

Gij

Their

Constellatio  
 A Serpent in  
 ether hand  
 of Serpenta-  
 rius alloding  
 to James  
 the 3. Reuld  
 by chochar  
 & the dafie  
 who lik ter-  
 pents possi-  
 ned the land  
 with vice the  
 caus of his  
 fall.

Constella-  
 tione Indus  
 ane archer  
 marching to  
 fight on fur  
 James the 4.  
 who high-  
 ting on fur  
 was fleane  
 in flouden  
 feild.

Constella-  
 tione Bores  
 is a ma strö  
 and powerfu  
 James the 5.  
 Constella-  
 tione Cassio-  
 pea is a  
 queen sea-  
 ting in a  
 chyre quein  
 mane dour-  
 ger of Frañce.  
 Bernicis cri-  
 nis or cel-  
 sties cald the  
 garland of  
 hear.

Constella-  
 tione de  
 north and  
 south crow-  
 nes on either  
 syde of Po-  
 toplax be-  
 fore him an  
 after Alla-  
 ding to Ja-  
 mes the 6.  
 who toynd  
 the North  
 and south  
 crownes of  
 Briane.

*The famous Historie*

An *Armie* and a *Nauie* he shall bring  
ou're thetis glasse montans groundies Deip  
Vnder his wings that disin throned King  
Shall go: whose crowne rebellious *Danes* still keip  
Ou're all these northern worlds his name fall ring  
Terror in *Eurie Ear*: whill he doeth steip  
His sword in their most valiant *Princes* blood  
Whose might his all-commanding will gane flood

And to his wounted height that King shall raise  
And Inthronize him in dispight of foes  
With fame With glorie and with endles praise  
He shall retorne vnto his land but lose  
When he hath spent in *honors* height his dayes  
Fauord by heau'ne freed from vntimlie Woes

Of him descending shal a Greater ryise  
And lift his *Glorie* farr above the Skyes.

The Bill of Arran pro-  
misor of Scot  
Iad in Queene  
Maries mi-  
noretie who  
the King of  
Frace maid  
duge of chat  
elraut.

He shall this land *Gouerne* *Protect* defend  
Prom forangne force from home-bred *Cuill* broills  
And the *Emperiall* svey shall sweet lie bend  
Whill the right heyre is Yung in these great toills  
Eune the most christian king fall seu in end  
For his greate freindschip and his favor whills  
To *Dignitie* aloft he shall him rear  
Thus fall his greatnes schyn both heir and their.

Nor yet this Prince allone shall be the last  
That shall surmount his *Predicessors* farr  
But this great famelie shall spred so fast  
As *England* shall in'uy that such a *Starr*  
Schot from their *Sphere* hath their cleir lights surpast  
And like a *comet* blazing blood and warr (error  
Streams furrh their beams that eche wheir purge from  
And warmis their freinds but burns their foes with terro

This famous line shall flourish more and more  
Greate *Columns* faire rare *Pillars* of the crowne  
Ritche *ornaments* that shall the land decore  
Sune-glitting-lights with ever blisd renowne  
Heaune-blazing lamps whoes flame fr om virtues stork  
Brings oill wheir in they hell-bred *Hydras* drowne  
But leave we them, and of thy royall race,  
Show heauins-rare *blessings*, greatnes, high<sup>ts</sup>, & grace.  
Then

*Of the valiaunt Bruce.*

*1. Booke*

Then comes that *Serpent* berar furrh in view  
In bafe borne venomous blood to much delighted  
Our all the *land* their poysoned goir they spew  
And all his weil borne *subiects* much affrighted  
Wheirof greate harme greate vengeance doth enfew  
For those foull *Beasts* of eche so much dispighted  
Shall be the caus of this greate *Princes* fall  
Their *Poison* so infects heart minde and all:

And *Archer* like the nixt doth martche on foot  
Amidst his armie rashlie to per few  
His craftie fo'es whill his brave minde to stout  
Shall scorne the *Counsail* of his subiects tiew  
Their shall vnwarthis war-like *Prince* no dout  
Be lost whoes want thow *Scotland* long shall rew  
For to too soone his sone of glorie Bright  
Is chok'd with mists of feats vntimelie Niglat.

And heit behold that *Magnanimious* King  
Most iust in peace most valorus in warr  
his royall *Scepter* bravelie managing  
Whoes glorious fame shall pears all *Europs* ear  
From him fair Beuteis taerest floure shall spring  
Whom heir you sie sett in a royall chear  
And their her dangling golden locks intreyld  
Much these have blist her but much more ner child.

*The Argument.*

The south and North crownes ioynd by that great King  
Who of all *Kinges* hea'uns blisshings most embrace  
His works his witt hea'uens care him fast to bring  
To happie end: his two air shap'es of grace  
In whom he's bles'd more then in anye thing  
By warr the youngest reules the earth in peace  
The Prophet leaues the Prince amazed at list  
He joyles six *Knights* then to his armie past.

*Caput. 5.*

**B**Vt heir o *Scetland* heir beginnes thy spring  
of honor wealth fame glorie praise & blisse  
Eune now & not til nou high hea'uns doth  
Thy happines thy good thy al I wish (bring  
Thy fame thy name for e're eternizing  
If sinfull pride beare not thy wayes amis  
Hence shall thy glorie and thy greatnes grow  
Swelling o're seas and o'ra all landes shall flow.

Gij

Their

Constellatio  
A Serpent in  
ether hand  
of Serpenta.  
rius alloding  
to James  
the 3. Reuld  
by chuchie  
& the daffe  
who lik ter-  
pents possi-  
ned the land  
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chye queen  
marie dou-  
ger of Frace.  
Berinies cri-  
mis or cel-  
rie, cald the  
garland of  
hear.

Constella-  
tione de  
north and  
south crow-  
nes on either  
syde of Po-  
loptax be-  
fore him ar-  
after Alla-  
ding to Ia-  
mes the 6.  
who ioynd  
the North  
and south  
crounes of  
Britania.

*The famous Historie*

The north  
and south  
crowns *Coro-*  
*na Borealis*  
*Corona au-*  
*stralis*

Their o're the glob of Sea and earth he stands  
Whiche to the North ioynes fowthes fair *Diademo*  
And *Boreas* spacious *impire* all commands  
And all wher *Titan* cooils his fire team  
If thou can number furth the *Ocean* sands  
Or all those spangled golden wonders name  
In radiant coache that course heauns lifts a pace  
Then may't thou compt his blis and frutfull race

This, this, is hee, eu'ne hee, whome havin propoines  
Greate *Jove's* eternall motto for to beare  
whoes *Soule* refyning sighs heart-scolding grones  
shall on this *Altar* of *Devotion* reare  
Trew zeall trew faith and trew repenting moine  
From whence ascends the sweet perfums of Pra're  
To the one-trin whoe from his merceis *Throne*  
Shall rain down plenteus showrs of Grace anone

Gods won-  
derfull loue  
shown to  
him in his so  
many and  
marablie de-  
liveries fro  
before

From so great Dangers shall the Lord him save  
And to such height of happines him bring  
That tho nought els could eche ones ears bereave  
Yet this shall be ane everlastig Signe  
For eche to sing, his mild Sweet virtues grave  
Without correction bent to eche designe  
His Bountie clemencie and equitie  
His constant minde and his stabilitie

The least of nothing can my *Muse* record  
Whoes wings is lag'd with vapors gros and farr  
but this I know that his imperiall sword  
shall Slyce down sinne and scheild the desolat  
But should I thus with feining schemes debord  
His praise so Infinit so intricat

No no deir *muse* ferche not wher is no end  
Onlie him self him self can comprehend

For all the *Muses* at his Birth defending  
Throu the cleir Welkin of oure westerne clymes  
As when a fire flashe of lightning Bending  
With twinkling rays glids downward often times  
A mid the tuffd plains so they attending  
On his blis Birth, infuse their sacred rime  
His spreit within, and with *Ambrosiall* kisses  
In his blis soule, they breath a heu'ne of blisses

This

*Of The valiant Bruce*

*I. Booke*

This done they with a wreath of starrs haif cround  
His Tempills which a *Tripill* croune adorne  
With dowble Bayis and *Lawrell* much renound  
They give two glorious titles new'r outworne  
And maks his voice diuinlie to resound  
Our all the earth on wings of fame still borne  
O miracle his voice lyik lightning darte  
The golden showrs of poeist wit and arte

His *Muse* shall flie with sweitest eloquence  
In learned layes to charme all spreits all senses  
And like a *Queene* in poms magnificence  
Sche's richest still when laigest in expences  
In Scarlot heir in crimsone their and thence  
In purple robs adorning royall prences  
More ritche then golden *Tessen's* swelling coff  
With rarest *Jems* and pretious stones imbott

And then anone in *Arm's* adrest for warr  
A steill bright sword she is brauelic brandishing  
Heir dois she place the thundring conons their  
To *Mars* she bids the roiring trumpets sing  
The victor gets her lawrell for his schare  
That bring him more then *Cresus* gold could bring  
But now in fabel blak her self she suits  
And *Magick* spells diuinlie she refuits

Then *Sanct* like sits she in a secret *Cell*  
And sacred phraises sent from heavin above  
Furth from her pen in plentie doeth distell  
Confounding all that quest'ouns vaine wold prove  
And from her witts deip tressour springs a well  
Whoes source from Gods celest all throne doth move  
On golden channell flyds this siluer streame  
And drouns her foes in groundles Gulfs of shame

Yea how soew'r her self she list r'adorne  
With *Diadems* or coats of warlick steill  
Or wisdoms grauer suits she list haue borne  
Yet euerie thing becums her schaip so weil  
That still her self she seims whoes rising morne  
Shall haue no night whoes mightie flowing *Nile*  
Our flows all lands and with hir swelling wawe  
Holds hirs in peace and ythers all in awe

Sol monarch  
of ye north  
and Prince  
of Poets

His eloquence  
compaird to  
a *Queene*

His Book to  
the Prince

His warke  
cald the Bar-  
rell of lepar-  
to

His book  
against *Ma-*  
*gik*

His answer  
to that booke  
sett furth in  
the nam of  
*Bellarmin*

G III

This



*The Famous Historie*

This Prince more wealth peace honor greatnes brings  
Then all that swey'd his Scepter ewer before  
But heir since heaune him by his worth desings  
That to all times and aige shall him settore  
Since all and ewie thing his praises sings  
I can but lessen what all tymes maks more  
But in his seid rare blessings shall attend him  
Which it fall pleas almightie *Jone* to send him

In midst of famous *Scotland* does their ly  
A valey grac'd with *Nature* airt and care  
As fertill as the soill of *Araby*  
As pleisant as *Thessalian Tempe* fair  
On which from heaune no blustering Tempests flye  
Nor *Zephire* blou's but sweit and wholsome air  
A long whoes side the *Opheli* montans rise  
And lifts their swelling topps aboue the skyis.

Doun through the midst of this fair valey glids  
The christall *Forth* with glansing siluer hew  
Whoes roaring stream on golden channell slides  
With murmur sweit in *Thetis* bosome blew  
Of brooks supply'd with lib'rall store besids  
Which topps of trowing montans still renew  
Whoes springs the dry insatiat meids suppleis  
And moister lends to herbs to fructs and treis.

In midst of this fair valey doth arise  
A mightie mounting roche of wondrous heighe  
On whoes ambitious bak as in the skyis  
A *Citie* stands impregnable to sight  
A *Castell* on his loftie crest espyis  
The vales rownd about the montans sight  
Below the roch the glancing *River* glids  
In whoes cold streams hee coolls his hore sids

When *Titan* doth vp to the fowth aspire  
Ascending through heauens vaults of brightest azure  
These losie rurrets seem to haue desire  
To view their beauteis pride whill thay haue leasure  
Then sett they all the rowling flood on fire  
Whoes trembling billons show their golden Treasur  
The smiling flood illustrats them with beams  
Whill as their beautie beautifeis her streams.

Within

The descrip-  
tion of Stir-  
ling the birth  
place of  
Prince  
Henry.

*Of the valiaunt Bruce.*

*I. Booke.*

Within this *Paradise* of all delight  
Thus grac'd with airts proud wealth and *Nature* care  
Shall to the world be borne that lamp of light  
Whoes schyning shaip yow ar beholding their  
But ah too soone snatcht vp from humane sight  
Whoes losc shall mak the weltern world dispair  
That heauins can raise them to their former blis  
Since they haue rest so great a Good as this.

O could hee leine he were a worthie Prence  
By nature in her rithest wealth enrold  
And fraught with all the guifts of excellence  
That either Man could wisch or heauins vnfold  
But O too wise and too too sone taine hence  
Heauin scorns that earth so great a good should hold  
*Albions* be war least heauins vpon the lowr  
Who thus vntimelie cuts thy fairest flowr.

Then shall arise a Prince of his owne kind  
Borne of his *dame* and of his *fire* begot  
Whoes matchles haughtie and heroick mind  
Shous heauens assignes great empires for his lot  
Heir doth he marche in arms to warr Inclind  
Ou'r *Danub Neill Euphrates Ganges* hote  
And treds on all as on that fearfull here  
Gainst his victorious Arms that dars prepare.

Heir his royall fathers heigh command  
This greates and weghtie charge shall vnder go  
For dread reuenge with warts hote burning brand  
Send from that angrie *Monarchs* beist shall thro  
A thundering tempest our all sea and land  
With schame losc foyle blood ruin wrak and wo  
For why his waiting slaues ar warr and deareh  
Tunbind his browes knit vp in cloudes of wrathe.

To whoes brane sone thus sent the lord hath granted  
If hee his thoughts hoord in that heauenlie place  
With him and his hee sure hes conenanted  
To pour ane *Ocean* of his plenteous grace  
Nor his greates *Syrs* dominions shalbe wanted  
But all from fertill *Jnde* to *Occades*

All shalbe his and his victorious hand  
Ou'r sea and earth all nations shall command.

Constellacō

Antinous a  
must rear &  
beutifull  
youth a loo-  
ding to  
Prince  
Henare.

constellatō

Or on  
Merching in  
arms out a  
river and a  
heir vnder  
his foot a  
standing to  
charles Prince  
of wails a-  
cord to  
the proph-  
ets.

Hee as gen-  
erall onder  
his father

The yearis  
following ar  
translated  
out of the  
Prophecieis

Agiesing  
with the  
Prophecieis

*The famous Historie.*

Hiedra  
alluding to  
the greates  
Turk.

Corona  
australis  
Corona  
Borealis

Cruz.

And lo that dreadfull *Serpent* scourge of earth  
Whoes pride aloft him to the heavns doth rear  
Shall yeeld to his all-conquering arme whoes worthe  
From his proude head this *Diadem* shall tear  
And Ioyne it to his oune by right of Birth  
Then to his fauours sacred tomb shall bear  
This glorious standart this triumphant *Signe*  
Of sinn of death of hells great taming King.

Nature and all her train on him attend  
Putting the golden key Into his hand  
Of earth and seas ritche treasure to the end  
That all obey and he may all command  
*Ceare* *Wisdome* foirsicht *virtue* to him send  
*Fortun* fast bound with many thousand band  
*Loue* *Beautie* youth strue to adorne him more  
Then *virtue* grace and wisdoms plenteous store.

Hereules  
ewell labo-  
ris.

The tuelf greates *Labors* of that antick Lord  
Was Iustlie praisd and magnifeit allone  
Yet much more worth to him fall be restord  
Then Men beasts monsters conquerd one by one  
Wher onlie strength noght witt did aide afford  
Ou'r mured beasts his glorie shall not shone  
But Kings subdew't and mightie nations strong  
Shall to his fame and endles praise belong.

This Prince shall always feill heuains gracious loue  
And happie fortunes shall confort him still  
Proude conquering *Mars* still by his side shall moue  
Fair victorie shall eu'r obey his will  
His infancie she nwrting shall remoue  
To noble hoppers and his strong yeers furthfill  
With statlie *Trophes* and his aige with balms  
With crouns with *Lawrells* and triumphant palme.

A digression  
discerning  
the River  
Po.

The boundles sea shall seeme to him a brook  
Heaun threatning *Alps* shall seime an easie way  
Two horned *Po* shall his proud streams rebook  
Beholding his victorious armie stay  
His glassie *Cave* he leaus and cums to look  
Wher as a thousand cisterns eu'rie day  
To pay their endles siluer tribute hyis  
whichtil that time did neuer view the skyis.

*Of the valiant Bruce.* 1. Booke.

The aiged *flood* cums grauelie from his cell  
Doun from his head hings dangling siluer tressis  
From eu'rie hair a christall spring doth fall  
Ay when he sweats a roaring Steams foorth praislis  
Eche sigh raise vp a wane eche groan foretell  
A fearfull inundation following passes

His vrinkled Brou's a pearly dew distellerh  
His greenishe eis with endles tears still filleth.

The *Nymphs* with daunsing round about him trips  
Aganes the *Sonne* their azure mantils shone  
From vauue to vauue the wanton faries skips  
Whole scoolls of fishe heir swims their leaps anone  
Their warrie Lord with Ice cold schivering lips  
Thus chydys his streams you foolish streams allone  
Ah will you thus heatns champion ganestand  
When sea and Earth obeis his conquering hand.

Proude brooke becalme abate thy raging torrent  
Gainst him whome *Loue* hath loude list not thy horne  
Rol smothe youe waues lash not your swelling current  
Furth at his glorious fleet, which should be borne  
On youre smooth backe but dance an easie currant  
With me your aged flood with years not worne  
Till his victorious armie march before  
Their glistring ensing's; on our eastern shore

His fear'd renoune like thundring *cannons* roars  
In eche mans ears through all lands touns and tours  
And tempest like it beitts the baltike shoars  
Clouds of his wrathe in haills scharp stormie shours  
Tumbling throghe mightie winds aloft still soar's  
At whoes dreid sound all nat'ions sadlie lour's  
And ou'r all lands it fleis at last it falls  
And beats doun bulwarks touns tours gates and walls.

This valorous Prince wise cumlie fair and near  
In eurie thing him self shall bravelie bear  
His *Enemeis* he shall no sooner threat  
Than hee shall ouer throw with schame and fear  
The terror of his name fall tyrannes beat  
Doun from their throns who yeelds before he warre  
For *youe* noght geu's him sparinglie good hap.  
But ~~alway~~ pours doun plentie in his lap.

H

Thus

Thus thy greate house thy race thy of spring faire  
Vnbred vnborne all those and mor's enrold  
On heauens brasle leaues by the almightie's cair  
For all ensuing aiges to behold  
Be thankfull serue loue Praise his merceis rare  
That in heauins birth did frost their Births vnfold  
So thy blis'd race shalbe more blessed still  
Nor time nor age thy blest'd Seid shall kill.

And thou deir Countrie with all Grace contented  
That heau'ne on fertill Earth can thee afford  
Let not thy mind with pride be once attempted  
For those great blessings of thy greatious Lord  
Let not fair rates approach be so prevented  
And Blise Once gein with shame soone bak restoord  
But O allace heir my poore Soule doth faint  
O then I feare thankfull mynd thou's want.

**Prophecies.** Which if thou doe th' almightie's synyles shall turne  
To fiote consuming wrathe and coales of fire  
That shall thy intrealis all thy bouells burne  
Thou's feill his iust sad wrathe and dreadfull ire  
For which thy maids and heartles babes shall murne  
Nor shall thy Plagues warre famien death retire  
ill thou be wallowing in a crimstone flood  
And dround almost in thy oune guiltie blood.

**Glaide** **moor.** Greate *Ioue* shall send straunge Nations fair and neir  
Within thy natue land thee to destroy  
Earths farrest ends thy widowes plaints shal heare  
Wheir weiping aer thy mornings shall convoy  
From Pole to Pole beneath heauins volts so cleir  
*Echo* shall sadlie soond thy sad annoy  
Annoy cuts his discours, thus wofull harted  
Wheir with the *Prophetizing* spreit departed.

Long time he silent stood at last againe  
He thus began braue Prince in time bewarr  
Left when the *croune* thou freilie shalt obtaine  
Thou let not sinn and vice creip in so farr  
That *Ioue* his endles Blessings he refraine  
And thee and thine with endles vengeance marr  
Which if thou doest not than thou heir hast sene  
What hath for thee and thine prepared bene.

Thus

Thus said the *Prophet* whill the Prince rei oisd  
Those of his royall of spring thus to sic  
In heauins so framde by *Ioue* so weill disposede  
And rendring thanks to his greate *majestie*  
Eune then a vow hee on him self impoisd  
His Kingdome once at peace his crowne made frie  
Hee with ane armie great *Christ's* tomb wold view  
And with sterne warrs wold *Sarajens* Perlew.

Then said he to that graue and antient Syre  
Wise hokie father let me once be bold  
Thy blis'd and happie name for to require  
Of whom my verie soules content I hold  
Great Prince quod he I yeeld to your desire  
*Rimour* I hight your slave and seruand old  
My lbeue and my last duetie to discharge  
I hither came as you shall know at large.

For the appointed time is drawing neir  
Wh in my poore soule mult leaue this ruind toure  
Know then an *Angell* did to me appeir  
And of these reuelationes gaue me power  
Onlie for thee, becaus the Lord doeth heare  
The wofull plaintes and gronings eueie houre  
Of thy still torterd land which hea'uns surmonted  
And mercie begd where mercie neuer wanted.

That onlie thou selected for reliefe  
By the *one-trine* eternall maiestie  
Croft with misfortune sorow paine and greif  
For that vilde slaughter sacrale giouslie  
In *Ioue's* sole sacred house but that mischeif  
Hath thy vnfaind repentance freed from thee  
Should heir by me hea'ns endles bountie know  
For to remoue thy cares, and confort show.

Perist thou still then in thy iust desire  
For mightie *Ioue* stands Arm'd against thy foe's  
Now all thy Bad misfortuns shall retire  
Hence shalt thou euer winn and neuer lose  
Thou frielie shalt Posses a frie *Empire*  
And such renoune such *fame* and glorie goes  
Of thy greate name that thou shalt haue more praise  
Then euer had a Prince before thy dayes.

Hij

Non

He deit on  
performed  
this vow  
whar for he  
send his  
heart to the  
holie groue.

This was  
Thomas Ry-  
mour and  
old Prophet  
who died a-  
bout six  
months af-  
ter this time

King Robert  
hade a bafe  
foone that  
was erill of  
Ros of who  
is difcerend  
the two fir-  
mous fami-  
lies of clak  
mynnan and  
erthe both  
furnemid  
Bruce.

Now quod the Prince old father I wald know  
If theis great kings shal beutifie my name  
No no quod he but from thy loynis shall grow  
One trie whois fruite shall flurithe still with fame  
And one the bankis of filuer forth shall show  
Tuo branches faire for to adorne that stream  
Who turnis and bous his crooked schoris about  
To keip such heaune blest treasur con got out.

And so fairweill this said throu schaples air  
Hee went away, a light cleir bright and schining  
Enlightned all the Place so cleir and fair  
As *Phobus* seimd but *Phoebe* thence refining  
His paild old Beautie spent with aige and cair  
The Prince his kneis and dastled eies inclining  
Downe fals he straight lyfe seemd to leaue his statione  
Stroke blind with light and dumb with admirations.

When hee recoverd of this brain-sicke trance  
He look't, about but could no wheir behold  
The cause of such a golden rediance  
Nor anie wheir sie that graue *Prophet* old  
Which chang't and alured much his countenance  
Tixt dout and feare yet neids from thence hee wold  
Finding a beaten Path down to the plane  
That leids him wheir his horse doth yet remane.

Hee taks him straight and doth from thence depart  
Revoluing oft into his Princelie mynd  
If by Illusioun visioun dreame or airt  
Or if he rest in Spreit such things dewynd  
But weying weil eche things with ioyfull heare  
He nothing think vnpossible to find  
By mighte *Loue* altho mans shallow witte  
Can hardlie be induc'd to creder it

Thus whill he thinks thus whill he musing rides  
Six knights all arm'd weill monted he espyis  
Cum towards him he for defence provyds  
Yeild yeild thy self or die the foremost cryis  
He noght replyid but boldlie them abyds  
Drawing his noble brand them all defyis  
And in schort tyme so quaild them with rebook  
That thrie he killd two chaf'd and one he took.

Then

Then foreward on his Iournay doth he hold  
And of his prisoner desirs to know  
Who reul'd that land hee thus vnto him told  
To day this cuntrie did me homage ow  
But I too rasche my fond attempts to bold  
Hearing of straungers landet heir below  
Wold with these few my cuntries-wrong preven  
But yow allone hath marr'd my fond Intent.

And If yow to King *Edward* doth pertaine  
Or to oure Prince I pray yow schow to me  
Or with theas lait cum troups if yow remane  
Whom I but for sight thus wold go to sie  
I hold of *Edward* said the Prince agane  
Theirolf I'm sorie said the knight pardie  
Great pitie war't in such vnlaughnill warre  
So excellent a Knight should armour beare.

Thus lest they thus they talk till they haue gone  
Farr on the way at last they might discry  
A warlick troupe in glistring armour schone  
Whom by their arms the Prince knew presentlie  
They knowing him with heigh applause eche one  
Made know'ne how weil they lyk't his companie  
He to his prisoner him self reuield  
Whoe pardon begd and thanks to heaune did zeild.

Whill days great Lord ou'r heauns giult roof farr past  
Beholding *Thetis* beautie where she lyes  
Redarting bak his amors til at last  
Her loue fird smills seimd to Inflame the skyis  
He hurlls his golden Queliells down in the wast  
Breathles for haist he blusht yet down he hyis  
Wher on the trembling siluer waues she stood  
Than diue they both doune throug the christell flood.

Eune then the Knight the King and all his trane  
Intreats that night beneth his rooff to rest  
Wheir too the King doth yeild thus bak agane  
Right to his Pallace they them selfs addrest  
But this braue Prince nor long did heire remane  
For why a Ioyfull hope his heart posselt  
Wheirfore he schipt in haist and took the Sea  
Hoping on his proud foe reuengd to be,

Hij

The

# The Famous Historie

## The Argument.

By Fortune Valor and aduentrous chance  
The Douglas doth releue thrie Scottish Dames  
In Arrans Ile and doth from thence aduance  
Whill hee is brunt with loues Insulting flames  
Tet shoues he that on Mars not Cupides launce  
Glorie prouids to hing triumphand Palmes  
He finds his Lord to Scotland whoe returns  
And Turnberrie he sacks distroys and burns.

## Caput.6.

**N**ow may you think that I haue lost the sight  
Of Douglas and forget his warlick deids  
Whoe still persues his chaife till Sable nighte  
To saue her frend & end his game furth speids

Then from his weill spurd hors he doth alight  
To rest till heauns smyld on Apollos steids  
But long he rests not when he hears a noyse  
Confus'dlie larring with a weiping voyce.

He takis his hors and their in haist doth ride  
Wheir as him thocht he hard the wofull sound  
By Phobos. Night at last he hes espi'de  
On horse some fiftie knights whoe led fast bound  
Fiue knights thrie Ladeis all behind them tyed  
Vpon their horse the knights from many a wound  
Dyit the grein grase in reid that seemd to call  
For dread reuenge shewing the way with all.

Hec follous still but lo they ride so fast  
That they by this had gottin to the shore  
And in a Tall schip soone from thence thay past  
He seis Sextein in arms their him before  
That them persew'd with those he gois at last  
Vnto a Baarge oft wissing to restore  
To libertie those poore distressed wights  
The wofull Ladeis and the woundit knights,

Now these were led he met vpon the shore  
By one Sir Robert Boyd a val'aunt knight  
They from the Armie stray'd not long before  
When on thrie Gentlemen thay hap'to light  
Whoe them besoght to aid them to restore  
Thrie Ladeis tane by crewell English might  
And comeing neir to Arran they conclude  
With Douglas onely for to spend their blood.

Wheirfore

# Of The valiant Bruce.

## I. Booke

Wheirfore he causd them presentlie to land  
In haist to get betuixt them and their hold  
Which straight was doune o happie they that fand  
So braue a Guide Wise hardie fearles Bold  
In whoes myld look in whoes all conqu'ring hand  
They Victorie alreddie might behold

Now were they to the Castell neir hand by  
Wheir all in secreit they did cloislie ly

By then the English to the shore had broughe  
Their Prisoners but all their wealth and store  
Within their Schip they left which all for noght  
From merchands schips they had bereft of yore  
And now straight to the Castell when thay foght  
The Douglas gius the signe and steps before.

His warlick rout and with his sword and sheild  
He cuts a bloodie way out throghe the feild.

Thus in a raige furth throghe his foes he dreue  
Whoes virtues valor thrusts for gloreis croune  
With eurie blow a soull bidsearth adew  
Their new array he breaks their ranks beat doune  
So many sheild he cleist and knights our threw  
That too much Valor hindred much renoune  
For lo a wall of bodeis deid he layid  
Wheir of the rest in neid a Rampere made.

Transported thus with heat with wraeth and Ire  
Now heir now their he wofull Slaughter's wroght  
Astonisht then some did with feare retire  
Yet some for shame stix to't amazde in thoghe  
Vthers that scornd such wounders to admire  
Vou's dread reuenge and on him still they foght  
Yet those that foolls were thocht did wiselie fle  
And those that wiselie stays like fooll's they die.

Whill he not weried thus with killing fights  
Their Captane stout that Hastings hight to name  
Furth from the Castell cumis with twentie knights  
Whoes freshe supplies with furie most extream  
Beats down their foes and stays eu'ne in their fights  
Fair Victorie with glorie prais and fame.

That cround was cum and smyld on them before  
But now she turns her bak and threats them more.

El. iij.

Which

Theis war  
his frends.

Theis  
englishmen  
whom they  
folowit was  
keipers of  
the castell of  
breichwick  
in arran.

Wich when the noble *Douglas* had espy'd  
Viewing their fierce and val'aunt captane bold  
He leaues his task and furthwith thither hyr  
Whoes cheirfull sight his manglid band did hold  
From present flight whill he so weill applyit  
His matchles strength that his kene blaid groune cold;  
In their warme blood his heat so oft renew'd  
That now they first did flie whoe first persew'd.

Thus rairlie chang'd the fortune of the broyll  
*Hastings* with threats manace them still that flie  
And now in equall ballance stood the toyll  
Ah heauins yow feble Soldiors said hee  
Shall yow almost a hundreth haue the foyll  
Of but few more, then halfa scoir yow sie  
Ah shame you euer hence the name to beare  
Of *English* so victorious in weare.

This said hee gaizd and staring round about  
At last he flees with fierce and angrie look  
Furth throw the throng against the *douglas* stout  
A stiff steill pointed dairt he stronglie schook  
And as an bow an arrow swift schoots out  
Singing throghe *air* such sounding aire it took  
Whill as the hardie fearles knight opposd.  
His sheild against all daungers on disclofd.

This straunge and mightie throw peirft *douglas* scheild  
And in his armour stayed which queiklie done  
The warlick *douglas* doeth the wapin weild  
And gaue his foe no leasure for to schune  
Gainst whoes strong arme his arms could be no beild  
Quyte through his right syde past it too too soone  
For at his heart he aynd yit forced him fal  
Which doeth abate the curage of them all.

Loue sorrow feare threu furth confusion fast  
Yet quicklie they resolue and in their fray  
Taks vp their wounded Lord and thence they past  
Yea soorlie this had bein their laiteft day  
But nights dark schaid betwene them slipt at last  
And forst them both a syd their arms to lay  
For if heauns cheirful la mp h d biddin in  
The val'aunt *douglas* force the towre had winn.

Now

Now they the wofull Prisoners vntye'd  
Whoe fell with humble reverence on the ground  
Praising almightie *Ioue* whoe did provide  
The *douglas* that their way to fastie found  
When he the ladeis Beauteis weill espy'd  
He wondied what wyld sauage wold haue bound  
Their minged bodies with their daintie hands  
Fitter for arms imbrace then iron bands.

For their neat bodies-daintie sweet and rare  
Was exquisite and excellent he thoght  
That eune almost his *martiall* mynd, all care  
Of Arms forgot and loues delight he soght  
The youngests beutie did his thoghtes In(nare  
Her face, Eies, hair, her all, by nature wrought,  
Was in the rarest and the finest Mold  
That heart could wishe, hand touch or eie behold.

But now becaus the Night was waxing dark  
He did from thence vnto the shore retein  
Wher they at anker fand the *English* bark  
Which they of all resitants soone did cleir  
And lancing from the shore they did remark  
What store of wins they had what daintie cheir  
And as ther former task greate Praise obtaind  
So by the last a woundrous wealth they gaind.

With dainteis cloi'd at last they go to rest  
And setts their weatch but lo no rest at all  
The *Douglas* finds loue did him so moleit  
Now he's becom inchanting beauteis thrall  
Loth was he that his loue should be posselt  
By one to whom he was a debter small  
And by her changeing passious fore it seimde  
That she of late sum knight had much asteimd.

But that you may the treuth more cleirly kno  
Thrie suters borne were these fair ladeis thrie  
Their noble syr of children had no mo  
Great was his wealth his house and linnage hie  
His reuenus he whollie did bestow  
On those thrie ladeis yet did thus forsie  
To giue theyongest whom he most affected  
The better half whoes worth he most respected.

## The famous Historie

All thrie to their old Syr suche reuerence boore  
And eche to vther had suche mutuall loue  
As still his pleasure was their pleasure sure  
His will they did with willing minds approue  
A braue yung knight the yungest wold procure  
In marriage and still his foote did moue

Whom she did nather loue nor hait outright  
Sir *Andrew Murray* heght this valiant knighe

Those ladeis chanc'd one day abroad to go  
To *Neptuns* sandie shore for their delight  
With whom this knight went foorth and tuentie mo  
No Armour but a sword had eurie knight  
It chanc'd eune then hard by a crag belo  
Those *Englishe* came a shore whoes suddant sight  
Putts those poore ladeis in so greate a fray  
That they obtaind a ritche yet esie pray.

*Murray* long time the ladeis did defend  
With cheirfull words encouraging the rest  
But lo their was no faistie for in end  
Fiftein their dyit the remander, posselt  
As presoners they hold and then extend  
Their wreth which in that land their walth increst  
At last they fled with shame and with rebook  
These folloud thame whom *Douglas* overtook.

And onlie by this warlick Erlls brave hand  
Warre they repaid of all their former wrong  
Amongst the rest of Prisoners he fand  
This *Murray* who had looud this ladie long  
All this the valiaunterll did vnderstand  
Informed by conference the rest among  
And thought indeid he loued that gallant knight  
Yet in the ladie was his cheif delight.

Now on the seas they stray a certane space  
Till on a night the count that silent lay  
Vpone his bed did heare one cry allace  
Will thus my ladie all my hope betray  
is my long loue rewardit with disgrace  
Ah greif allace what will the world now say  
On wings of hope I mount aboue my might  
And now am forst with *Phaeton* to light.

At

## Of the valiant Bruce. I. Booke.

Ah who so feids on wemens double wordes  
Runs with a straingeling *Toue* to meit dispare  
Who kyndnes to their wantoun looks affoords  
Heaps on them self a hell of endles care  
Who to her smiles applies *Loues* sweet concords  
With scorne and shame they shall their thoghts insnare  
Yea whoe vpone a Womans voues shal dreame  
Can neu'r be red of *woe*, *greif*, *cair* and *shame*

But I must *love* her I must *love* her still  
And loueing her eune loving I must die  
Or shall I leue my freindly foe to kill  
That thus deprius my hops, O no not I,  
I will my verie soule in tears distill,  
In sighs consume my heart, with groans I'll try,  
On willing death vnto my torterd mynd,  
And with all pains, end to one paine shall find.

Thogh this disdaind disgrat'd and quyte forlorne  
Yet her poore soule eu'ne her I can not blame  
But fortune proud that to this knight hath sworn  
Ou'r all the Earth she will extoll his name  
And nature that did weip when he was borne  
For all her wealth hangs at his virtuous beame  
Yea she in him her self excells so fare  
Compaerd with him all vthers she douth marre.

Ah thrise vnhappy I that eu'r did yeeld  
As Prisoner vnto the english foe  
Thrise happie I, if slaine into the feild  
Then had she piteid if not lou'd I kno  
But o this knight did with his sword and scheild  
Frie me from bands and yet he freed me so  
As giving life and sauing this my Breath,  
He sends to me a farr more cruell death

Heir sorow cuts his sad discours at last  
With manie greuous groans, with sighs and tear's  
Whereat this warlick Lord was much agast  
When as this wofull song had perft his Ears  
His ladeis *love* all other caer's surpast  
Her diuine shape graft in his mind he bear's  
And yet he thinks he wrongs that worthie knight  
Whoes faithful *love* long since made knowne his right.

I ij

Wherefore



*The famous Historie*

Wherefore in time hee wold command these fitts  
And loues fond flammig passions wold remoue  
But o commanding in his heart she fitts  
Ruelling the motions of his soule about  
It wold him kill or neir distraught of witts  
If he the meanest thought of lose shuold proue

Yet itreight he thinks with reasone man's Indue  
That by him self his lusts might be subduet

Thus tossing thousand, Passions in his mynd  
At last he vouis him self for to command  
Now *Phebus* had his golden locks vntwind  
And them in *Thetis* cristall glas vpband  
When cuttinge *Neptouns* back a fare they find  
Thrie warlike ships come toward them from land

Wherefore in Arms each one them self addrest  
And at their Lords deuotion then they rest.

Now all of them did in his presence stand  
And furth he cau'd the ladeis to be broght  
And thus said hee fair Dames yow vnderstand  
What I and these most valiant men haue wrought  
By *Ioue* his Onlie, aide we took in hand  
Your honors fastie your releif we sought

Tho Heauins did fauor this our interprise  
Yow know it was more desperat then wise.

And thogh all knights indeid shoud Armour beare  
For ladeis and in their defence to fight  
Yet I more shameles then the rest I feare  
Of you fair *Eue* for so the yungest heght  
Wold craue reward which you may weill forbear  
Yea I wold haue your oth in all their fight  
That what I charge you with you will obey  
Nor what I seik may you offend I pray.

The modest Bathfull dame in silent mood  
Her mild swit looks she bent vpon the ground  
Throgh sone bright beautis shind her crimson blood  
Which suddain *Tempest* past the quiklie found  
This answer (whill the Gallant trembling stood  
Expecting that which his poore Soule shold wound)

Curst be the child his Dame ganesayis in Oght,  
Whoe has deir life with her lifes hazard boght.

Glade

*Of the valiaunt Bruce.*

*I. Booke.*

Glade was she for to grant what eu'r he wold  
Whoe wold to him haue geu'ne her self and all  
Wherefore againe she made this answer bold,  
Braue knight your will I promesse and I shall  
(Myne honor saiff) performe so shall you hold  
My fate cum life or death or what you call

To which my grant I heir the heauns attest,  
Let me be plagd if I refuse the rest.

A shiuring cold throgh all his *Vains*, forth-went  
Stopping the Organe of his speache a space  
To what he wold he shoud nocht giue consent  
And what he should he wold nocht that imbrace  
Proud *Cupid* from her fire looks forth-sent  
Loue burning dairts that more and more increas

His thoghts at last he thinks his oune he'll make her  
Her heart fleis throgh her eies and prays him take her

And whill he goes within her arms to catche her  
Casting his Eie aside he their espyis  
Her faithfull knight who all this time did watche her  
*Loue, Furie, Wrathe, Disdain*, a combat tries  
In his sad looks and Rage bids still dispatch her  
But blak *Dispair* did thus to him deuise

More honor is't thy self to Sacrifices  
And tell disloyall her thou loyall dyes.

So shalt thou end thy els eu'r endles paine  
And die with honor to her endles shame  
No take his life quod *Zealousie* againe  
Quod *reasone* why he does not bear her blame  
Quod *Curage* shall hee vn-reprou'd obtaine  
Then thou no man much les a knight by name  
Quod *Reasone* if he die she hate thee shall  
Then quod *Despair* kill Him, her thee and all,

But *reasone* says and Pitie taks her parte  
O will thou kill thy Natiouns lamp of light  
No rather go to him with all thy heart  
And giue him all thy intrest all thy right  
So shall thou winn great praise and heighe desert  
Quod *Beautie* first depriue thine Eies of sight  
No then quod *Loue* thy heart first must thou tear  
Foerth from thy breist for her *Zeal's* their.

I iii

Which

A stryffe  
betwix the  
passions of  
the mynd  
and reason.

Which is the starr that reulls thy life thow knois  
Whill he thus reuld with laring passions stands  
Sad pitie mou'd this braue yung erle mak chois  
Beautie to flie and brak loues mightie bands  
And thus he said if heau'ne will that wee lose  
And that those pirats get ws in their hands  
No torment shall sufficientlie assuage  
Their cruell will their furie and their rage

So gladlie wold they with reuenge to tak  
Of fourtie which we last of theirs did kill  
Wounding their Lord tho we but few did laik  
But so Eternall Maiettie did will  
Now theirfoir first I wish you to forsake  
Our companie let hap ws good or ill  
And tak those knights which heir on you attend  
Those shall with you home to your countie wend.

And in the light swift sailling *Bairge* yow may  
Be out of reache or these oure foes cum neir  
But this is it I will you to obey  
Which of your heauins sworne oath fall mak you cleir  
That presentlie you tak without delay  
Braue *murray* for your Knight and husband deir  
Tho I my self yow to my self could wish  
If to my taste were tyed no other dish.

Let him your chest and spotles hart receaue  
Him self and his trew loue deserus no les  
And so your sisters hee and you shall leaue  
Ws to oure fate whill his greate worthines  
With these your knights shall you from daunger saue  
God grant in wealth ease honor you increas  
When with good *Murray* etter thanks reply'd  
Not so braue sit I will with you abyde.

Till this sharp threatening storme be our bloune  
Or els I furlie were to much to blame  
Yea and the like goodwill the rest hath shoune  
But none wold he accept nor none wold name  
Except braue Boyd in fates of arms weill knowne  
And with him ten bold fearles full of fame  
But *ene* thus gone proud loue must neids obey  
She deis for greif braue *Murray* murnes for ay.

Our gallant Earle the fight abids by sea  
And verie long in fearfull hazard stands  
At last he winns and Sinks one of the thrie  
And mightelie the vther two demands  
To yeild, till both in end ar forc'd to flie  
By the approche furth from the western lands  
Of one new fleit eu'ne quikle riggid forth  
By *Bruce* that famous Prince and full of worth

Whoe glad was *Douglas* thus againe to find  
Whose lose with wondrous care he oft lamented  
All what the *Prophet* had to him diuind  
He told him there whoe therof much contented  
Prais is almightie *Ioue* with thankfull mynd  
Now that their foes might quicklie be preuented  
The King his armie their wold set on shore  
Their *persie* reul't and hee was Lord before.

To witte  
Carrie

Two tymes heaums glorious golden *Post* had past  
Mesuring the boundles bounds of all the skie  
When *Auster* to the shore their fleit had chaste  
With cheirfull shoutes eche one a land did flie  
With thundring sounds of *Trumpets* interlast  
They rear aloft the royall standart hy  
Their as the princelie *Lion* in his laus  
Wold so's intombe a slunder torne with Paus.

Their Tents they Pitch down in a pleasant plaine  
Whill their glade rumor throg the land aroise  
Freshe troups from eche pairt to them fleis amaine  
All wisht to shak ye yok of their proud foes  
Braue *Eduard* hear's his brother's come againe  
To him he with a gallant troupe forth goes  
This dantles *Prince* so scarce was and so bold  
He threning *Fortune* by the hair did hold.

Now oure great King a *Nece* had neir hand by  
A Ladie full of wisdom wealth and worth  
Who marchis to the *Camp* Maieftiklie  
To view her Royall *Cusins* cam she forth  
And with her broght a gallant companie  
In *Arms*, dreid *Mars* the Lord was of their birth  
Into his *Warrs* those knights she did conuoy  
Hee thanks her, her he intertains with loy,

She vnto him those sad misfortouns told  
That by mischance had chanc'd since he departed  
How his fair *Queene* to his proud foe was sold  
His brother *Neill* and *Mares* greate Earll had smatted  
*Kindrimme* also woon, and how that hold  
By filthie treasone brint was, she imparted

And how his greatest foe King *Edward* dyit  
Whoes sone young *Edward* now his place supplyit

Through all the *Camp* these rumors sadlie goes  
Of these misfortouns that eche one abased  
For all doth ade these new mislucks to thoes  
That had so much before their fames defaced  
Their Prince that seis their curage now they lose  
And for trew worth hade frantik fear embraced;

Cauid bring them all before his royall throne  
And wiselie thus encorag'd curie one.

Braue gallant freinds with mee that haue remaind  
Against so many fearfull dangers past,  
So many painfull trauels that sustaind  
Nor from your necks my yock for want wold cast  
Of hunger thritt and lose you neu'r complaind  
Nor nothing could your noble mynds agast

Thogh fortune thus hath smyld vpon our foes  
Shall we of feare and not of fame make choise?

No no the Lord forbid we should refuse  
This warr so iust wheirto we all ar borne  
Tho conquest with our foes soe long doth vse  
And our poore wofull cuntrie seimes forlorne  
It is not destenie but Sinns abuse  
Not man but God that hath oure cuntrie torne  
That wee may euill and sin and pride reiect  
And with repentance murne for our defecte.

Yea if wee do with sad repentaunce murne  
No doubt but his sweet merceis he'el extend  
His loue and fauor bak he will returne  
So hard beginings haue an happie end  
Our foes hee will consume distroy and burne  
To cruell them hee this rewerd shal send

That when wee haue triumphd on their decay  
Them selfs shall be vnto them selfs a pray.

So it felt  
furth longe  
after.

Thus

Thus endit his Prophetik speach deuine  
Which breathing life in their dead hope they leiuie  
His countenance with lightning seind to shine  
From his bright looks did courage them reuiue  
And humbled all befoir *Joues* sacred shrine  
With fasts and Prayr these starrie walls they cleiue  
Before the Lord them selfs they humblie lay  
With brokin hearts and weiping soules they pray

The King and all his Princes of estate  
Of Godlines and faith ensampills be  
With fasting publike prayr and sins regrait  
The one eternall euerlasting thrie  
They do besiech to Pardon them ingrait  
And vieu with mercie this their miserie  
Thus they inuock and from the Lord about  
On them discends grace, mercie conquest, loue.

Now whill they broght their solemm fast to end  
And holie vns vnto the lord had made  
To *turnberry* their haustie course they bend  
It wold they first besige and first invade  
Which toun the warlick *Perse* did defend  
Within the castell strong him self abade  
By warlick bruce inuironed so about  
That noght but feare getts in and curage out.

So suddantlie so vnawars They came  
That they no time had left vnto them so  
Their towne to victuall or their strenghts to frame  
Them to defend or to offend their foe  
No rolling fore no Ingine nor no ram  
Oure Gallants soght the walls to overt hro  
By force hee enters at the first essay  
And to his armie giu's it as a prey

But still the *Perse* did the castell hold  
Built on a rock impregnable it stands  
Thrice feirlic he assaults and thrise the bold  
*Northumbrean*, beats bak his valiant bands  
At last the warlik *Perse* yeild it wold  
For want of victalls in the Prince his hands  
Not mou'd forfd feard by Gold by ft renght nor terror  
want breeds his faultlesse fault his guilteles error.

K

This

This worthie Prince his armie heir wold rest  
Wereit with trauell both by sea and land  
His foes disigns to vieu he thinks it best  
Which charge he puttis unto the Douglas hand  
For this attempt him self he soone addrest  
With him twise twelf hid dangers to withstand  
And furth they went the Contreie for to vew  
What they by valor wrought doth nixt enseu.

The Argument.

The warlick Douglas on his iourney goes  
Where his most loued Lord did him command  
He finds a deare knight that sadlie shooes  
A tale most pitifull to vnderstand  
Which dooth a wofull iniurie disclose  
Whereof he vour reuenge and in that land  
He knowes a knight whois counsell doth obtane  
Douglas cheif strength the English bands ar slane.

Caput. 7.

**A**ir fortunes knight that erst had tane in had  
The cuntrie al about to vieu and sie  
And all the fois designs to vnderstand (flie  
where titanes spous with purple wings forth  
The golden barrs heaunis siluer gates vpbad  
She straight vndois when with dreid ma-  
On silver paid heaunis her Lord of light (jettie  
Rolls forth his golden whils and charcot bright

The weestern lands in clouds of night enroll  
From shaddowis dark of death he doth releas  
When as the earle so strong so stout so bold  
Brings forth his troupe weill armd and thence a pais  
He marcht ou'r daells, hills vails and forrests old  
And passaige frie he finds in eue rie place  
For being oft encountred by his foes  
Fair victorie still foreward with him gois

This conquering Lord thrie dayis furth Iournay't right  
When in a wood hard by a riuier side  
They sadlie heerea wofull groning knight  
Forth throu the growis to him in haist thy ride  
Who deidlie woundit lay a wofull fight  
His gorie blood the flourie verdir dyit  
The erle with pitie sadlie him desoght  
What murtherers that cruell act had wroght.

A pitifull  
reild told the  
douglas by a  
gentleman of  
douglas  
said kennedie.

He weaklie leans his head vpon his hand  
Wan was his face pale death haith dim'd his sight  
An holow sound his deing voice yet fand  
These words he braethed faintlie as he might  
Ah shall the conquerd conquerours with stand  
When eu'ne them selfs against them selfs still fight  
Ah heauins thy wrath procur'd doth nou descend,  
Ah Scotts, your name, fame, glorie, nou must end,

In Douglas duelt I kennedie I hight  
My wife a ladie was allace too fair  
To fair allace my sorrous doth indight  
Her too chaste mind was frought with virtues rair  
In her was all my ioy all my delight  
With her remaind my heart my thoght my cair  
Yea she me also lou'd as much and more  
She me esteimd all earthlie ioyis before

A hundreth soldiers and a captane bold  
In Douglas strongest castell doth remane  
These hath the land in all mischeiff inrold  
Which nou by wrong to clifford doth pertane  
By wrong vsurping Edwards gift and gold  
whill the right heyre deferrs his right to gane  
And all the land obeys this captains will  
Ether in right or wrong in good or lil.

This captane  
his name  
was Riddill-  
ing.

One day hee chanced my ladie for to vew  
Whill she one diuine seruice did attend  
Whill as enamord straight of her he greu  
Whom not enioy't death wold affectioun end  
Freindship he vrg't on me thus did enseu  
Tuixt mee and him greate loue but still he saign'd  
For all his freindship was for to desceau me  
And of my cheifest ioy for to bereaue me.

Such freindlie loue he seim'd to me to bear  
Conferm'd with words with vour with oaths not fear  
That my too trustie mind could noway fear  
From such fair sugrad words decept t' inseu  
But lo he whisperd in my ladeis ear  
That I to her did bear a mind vntrew  
By this one Slight to winn his foot he tryit  
When by all vther means he was denyit

No head to this fond taill at first she took  
At last he vrg'd so far he taks on hand  
She should it see her eie theiron should look  
Prouiding that she wold but cloislie stand  
And nothing wold beauray to his rebook  
Weir to she yeilds at last which erst I fand  
Then foorth into a *Groue* he did her bring  
Our which a mightie clifted rock did hing

Neir to my house this quiet walk doth ly  
By which a cleir swift runing riuer glyds  
A *Sister* hath my ladie neir hand by  
That with her sire a graue old knight abids  
For her the captane seimd in loue to dy  
When Pensue oftentims allone he rids  
He hants my house and yet no Ill I deim'd  
His vertues worth I still so much esteim'd

Whill oft he pensue seimd and sad with greif  
I much desird the caus thereof to kno  
Oft wishd I to his woi's to find releif  
When after greate and much Inreatie lo  
He so disgueis'd his thoghts that to be breif  
He made me to beleue his ceasles wo  
Proceids from ladie *Anns* fair beauteis beame  
For so my ladeis *sister* heght to name

I pitied him and glad of this his loue  
Promeis'd his sute should cunninglie be wrought  
For which in sacreit I her mind wold proue  
This he allows for this was all he soght  
But praied I to my wife sould nothing moue  
Nor she nor any els shuld know his thoght  
But trist her to that secret *Groue* I should  
And their allone to moue her if I could

When night driu's day down from the westerne lands  
Eu'ne then he brings my ladie foorth to vieu  
Weir I and her fair *sister* cloislie stands  
Within a *Groue* of bussis thik that greu  
My Aarms Imbrac't I gript and wrong her hands  
And of these words I softe he did reneu  
Thow then most worthie fear not lou's annoy  
Be secret still and thou shalt all enioy.

*This*

This hard my ladie like to burst for greif  
Tortred with burning love and cold *disdane*  
Whilst I poore *Soule* knew nog ht of this mischeif  
Whiche to aquite my paines he doth ordane  
Yet to his loue this finds him no releif  
Her spotles name for this she wold not staine  
But cloislie heapes her pane her greif her woe  
In her poore heart till it sould burst in two.  
As dooth a neu fresse strong and mighte wyne  
Perse throw and burst his vessell ould a shunder  
So wold her sorrous split her heart in twyne  
So oft she wishd to fall her *Burden* vnder  
But hee that could not worke with this *Engine*  
His lust to furie turn'd almost o wonder  
Yet loth by force to work this cruell fate  
Lest hee were thoght of all the most ingrate.

Not that he cair'd for credet faith or fame  
But that he fear'd some fatall punishment  
Whill as his *passion* birneth so extreame  
As if it lested death wold all preuent  
For seiknes doth him quite from health reclame  
His vitall pour's a burning ague spent  
Weirwith he seimd tormented so indeid  
As his disease all humane panes exceed.

Such greif for his diseas I did conceaue  
And such the loue was I to him did beare  
Of food of rest of sleip did me bereaue  
Nor can I half expres my louing feare  
One day I hapt of his diseas to craue  
The ground or caus wich long I could not heare  
Ah if your health were in my pou'r said I  
Or that my life with death your life might by.

Doe then to mee your Sorrous all declare  
That if I can both wold and should relieue you  
Hope helith woe wisdome our cums dispare  
And counsall can remeid all paines that greiue you  
By craft by strength by witt or forights care  
Wee shall haue hence all hurt that doth mischiefe you  
Let not fond shame gainst health and faitie strue  
Elie willing death whill hope is yet on liue.

So earnestlie in woe these words furth brak  
 As he at last to tell me seimd content  
 And haueing pausd a little thus he spak  
 Deare frend it fear's me much you shall repent  
 When yee haue knowne what doth my sorrou mak  
 And to my death you will giue soone consent  
 For in my death much pleasur does belong you  
 In life I can not leue except I wrong you,  
 No then said I, I feare not let me know It  
 Come weill, come woe, come death, come life, come either  
 Weill then said he vn willing I shall show It  
 Your wife her beautie nay my folie Rather  
 From both of these or either loue doth droue it  
 Or shall I say more treulie fate and nather  
 Which secretlie I smotherd haue so long  
 And rather chuisd to die then do you wrong,  
 To chaife this frantick passion from my mind  
 I you desired to moue her *Sister Anne*  
 For to her beautie had I bein inclin'd  
 I haplie had left off wheir I began  
 But since remeid at all I can not find  
 Except of all the earth the onlie man  
 Whom I lou'd best I should so fare injure  
 Death first vnto my loue shall end procure.  
 These speiches pearst my heart in throgh mine eare  
 Nor tongue nor hand nor fute could sturr or moue  
 Greate was the loue I to my wife did beare  
 Him both I lou'd and pitied as did proue  
 Who rather chuisd to die without all feare  
 Then me to wrong this all the rest aboue  
 This this I say eu'ne this allone d.d kill me  
 This one respect his life to saif did will me,  
 Wheirfore at last I said first shall I lose  
 Both her my self and all my Ioy's beside  
 Then such a worthie frend should mak a choise  
 Of death if I can for his life prouide  
 And to be short at length we did dispose  
 The matter so that kind too kind I tride  
 For in my place I did him so conuoy  
 Her thoghts vn-stain'd he did her self enjoy

But

But I my self such greife did soone conceaue  
 A thousand deaths vnto my self I with'd  
 For *zelosie* did in my soule engraue  
 Such endles pains that I no torment mis'd  
 Such eating *corrasius* my witts bereaue  
 That my too wofull heart was like to burst  
 Ah woful acte which doth my soule afraie,  
 My self consents my self for to betray  
 But he all reasone did exceid so farr  
 And with *gratitude* so much was staid  
 That of my ioy he did me quite debar  
 For when he had his filthie lust obtaind  
 He then bewrayt him self which all did marr  
 And whiche was more of mee hee also faignd  
 That I contriued the *Plot* that I did sende him  
 Her I disdaind her I did gladlie lend him  
 Wheir at she did conceaue such endles greife  
 That presentlie she doth resolute to die  
 Whill hee eu'ne he that wrought this greate mischeif  
 Departs in hast and to his strength doth flie,  
 I all this Time of cares found noe reliefe  
 Wondring that to his bedd returnd not he.  
 Wherefore I in the morning straight arose,  
 And to the Chambre where she laie forth-goes.  
 But there I found her, ah I found her there,  
 As she was then, would God that I had been,  
 A purple streame with milke mixt white & faire,  
 Ran her more white and snowie breasts between,  
 With child she was, the milke cold wel declare,  
 Ah too vntimely fate, ah death I meane,  
 Thus past al helpe forth from the bed I drew her,  
 And in my arms (ah woful sight) did view her.  
 Eu'en as the Lillie cliere, fresh, faire & white,  
 Widdred with drught, grows wrinkled pale & blak,  
 So her faire face faire bewties choice delight,  
 Did swartish seeme, that life, bloode, moisture lack,  
 In her dimm Eies, death did my Crime indite,  
 Once lookd shee vp, and once these words she spake,  
*Able my guilty blood wash forth the stain,*  
*That cruell you, to my chaste-bed did gaine.*

K. iij.

Ah

Ah let my Soule mount to heighe Iustice thronē  
 And their sound foot h a sad still sad reuenge  
 Heuins onlie viewed my *Chaste Chaste* thoghts allonē  
 Heuins onlie may forgiue this murther straunge  
 Heuins onlie oues my chaste vous eunie one  
 Heuins onlie wrongd since I my voues infrig  
 Heuins onlie then your wrath fierce wrath surceas you  
 And let my blood thus sacrafiz'd appeas you.

These words Apeasd you seal'd vp de . this sad birth  
 And her last breath deir breath deir lite deir all  
 Ah cursed death bereft earths rarest worth  
 Ay me for shame whill hee on shame did call  
 Shame cloid his lips the sound went warklie forth  
 Shameing to shaw what after did befall  
 His moueing, speiche, his sight and all was lost  
 Doun falls his head and hee yeelds vp the Ghost.

Him self had kild him self they surle scand  
 But when they wey these his first speiches right  
 Ah shall the conquerd *conquerours* with stand  
 When euin them selfs against them selfs do fight  
 They think some freind of hers that their him fanē  
 Had doone the deed or els some English knight  
 Aidet by *Scotts* had kild him for the same  
 Surmising that him self had kild his dame.

But why or howsoeur he shed his blood  
 They all lament this wofull tragedie  
 Whill their braue Lord auou'd to taist no food  
 Till he had cane reuenge most rigoruslie  
 Of that same English Lords Ingratitood  
 Wheirto occasion fitlie did applie

A present meane wheir by he might forthfill  
 His weell made vow and wrik his warlick-will.

By this the light gaue place to schaddous broune  
 And sable *clouds* had maskit all the skie  
 When from the hills and forrests they come dounē  
 And in an *valley* fare they might espie  
 Ane staitlie pallace far from anie tounē  
 To which this warlick creu did haist in hie

\* Wheir they a reuerent aged knight did find  
 That gius them Entertainment to their mind.

\* This ould  
 gentilman  
 was callit  
 dictione and  
 is now cald  
 simintone of  
 yat ilk and  
 duelleth as  
 yit kard by  
 the castell  
 of douglas  
 and hes his  
 liuing of  
 that hous for  
 the same.

Toane

To a Chambre richlie heung the Erle was broght  
 And their disarm'd by a ladie fair  
 The rest was all vn arm'd and with a thoght  
 Thay to a staitlie hall did then repair  
 Whers *Tables* ritchlie spred thair soone was broght  
 All kynd of meats all kynd of dainteis rair  
 Thus were they seru'd to supper in such sort  
 As might become a king for Princelie port

The supper done the worthie count began  
 To questioun with his *hearts* both graue and wise  
 His linage house and name requird he tk in  
 And who doth reule that *Prouence* when he lyis  
 Braue sir quod he, Ile till you treulie when  
 Fair *Schotlands* glorie mounted to the sky's  
 When in sueit calms of peace her native borne  
 Dekt her fair front whoes wealth did thame adorne.

Eu'ne then I seru'd a too too noble Lord  
 Heir silent long scarce could the rest essay  
 Greif kindnes, *loue*, and *pitie* weill deploird  
 His greuous lose, tears did his woes beauray  
 This quandarie once past and speiche restoid  
 He thus beganē agane eu'ne him I say  
 Whom english *Edward* did by wrong surmeis  
 In prison close and their ah their he deis.

*Douglas* great *Erl dome* did this Lord enioy  
 A sone he had both young strong fair and wise  
 The fruct that kept his yeers from age annoy  
 The *Caskat* ritchewheir all his tressour lyis  
 Sent vnto fraunce whill he is yet a boy.  
 And to returne it seems he still denyis  
 Whill heir the *Clifford* holds his reueneus  
 Whoe tirranizing all the land subdeus.

Ah were hee heir aige from my wrinkled brou  
 Wold sone depairt and youth wold once transport  
 Those siluer hair's with strength and vigor neu  
 That wold my limms and weakned arms suppo rt  
 This arme should mak him way for to reneu  
 His iust reuenge in such a woundrous sort  
 That *Englands* King shold quake for feare and shame  
 When in his ears fame thunderd foorth his name.

L

Why



Why said the *Erle* and if him self were heir  
 How could he be reuengd vpon his foes  
 Whoes strength nor his much greater doth apeir  
 Which makes our Prince eu'ne *Bruce* so oft to lose  
 No no said he God shall his wraith reteir  
 And mak braue *Bruce* shine like the morning rose  
 Whose beauteous braches eche wheir spreads & springs  
 Whose odours sueit the senses comfort Brings.

The count for Ioy cutting his speiches short  
 In quirs his name who told he *Dikson* heght  
 And then he call's to mynd his fathers court  
 Wheir he hade sein him many a ioyfull night  
 So that Embraceing him he doth report  
 His name and how he was his Lord by right  
 Whereat hee humblie Kneills and doth Imbrace  
 His feitt for Ioy whill tears bedeu's his face

Nou eche of vthers sight did much reioise  
 And after they had talk'd and argu'd long  
 The *erle* inquires what way he might oppose  
 Him self against his foes inflicting wrong  
 Braue Lord said hee too Morrou all oure foes  
 Will muster foorth their glorious forces strong  
 Vnder the conduct of a valiaunt knight  
 Whoe heir reulls all beneth the *Cliffords* might.

This man within your cheifest strength doth byde  
 His proud commanding Garefone with all  
 Palme Sunday is to morrou: All prouide  
 Their Palms to bear at that cheif festuall  
 They all to *Church* in sumptuous maner ryde  
 Yow by the way may caus them catche a fall  
 My self shall lead the way vnto your trane  
 And if I can the formest Bront sustane,

Glaide was the *erie* so fitt a mein to find  
 Wheiron they both conclud then goes to rest  
 And on *Olimpus* or proud *Titan* shind  
 The antient knight in arms him self addrest  
 He raide the *Douglas* whoes still restles mind  
 Had baneife sleip and for reuenge was prest  
 Nou with this knight he and his train departs  
 Reuengfull fire still burning in their hearts.

And

And neir into the *Church* when they were got  
 They hapt to meit an horie aiged fire  
 Whose wofull looks his wofull lose did note  
 At whome the *Erle* did earnestlie inquire  
 What did he laike. Sir knight quod he my lot  
 Is for to laike what most is my desire  
 Which is allace my long desired Graue  
 Aige, lose greif sorrou, doth all ioy bereaue.

An daughter had I which was all my ioy  
 In whom I more then in ought els delighted  
 But her from me an *English* did conuoy  
 An *English* that my nation ay dispihted  
 I to the captane Plaind of this annoy  
 The captane that my wrongs should all haue righted  
 But greater wrongs then these him self hath doone  
 Wherefore to right all wrongs he still doth shune

And thus my Doughter with my foe doth stay  
 Her wriging to his pleasure for to yeild  
 Whill me thus scornd and mock'd with long delay  
 Eu'ne nou the captane with proud words reuild  
 As he with all his troups from *churche* to day  
 With *Palms* in hand was marching throu the feild  
 They all reioising whill my Greifs reneu  
 And nou they come my life for to persequ.

The aintient knight looks vp that *dikson* hight  
 And seis a hundreth Armed men drau neir  
 And facis braue Lord lo heare the long wishd fight  
 You of your vous and me of mine shall cleir  
 Then with these words he doth begin the fight  
 Whill as his Lord the rest with comforts cheir  
 Whoes countenance their curage all appeill'd  
 Their *Eis*, hearts, hands and all their foes assailld.

Then burnt with hate of *Glorie* praise reuenge  
 This all subdweing *Erle* rushd throu the rout  
 Bright schind his looks, of sun-like beams a reange  
 About his head did flame, his curage stout  
 did his mild looks to sparkling furie change  
 That shoots forth noble anger round about:  
 On eu'n they fight, and yet with valiaunt hand  
 Their noble Lord, made way to his small band,

Lij

Whoe

They war  
 one a place  
 cald the bred  
 libank  
 ouer against  
 the church  
 from  
 the which  
 they come &  
 ioind with  
 the English  
 as they come  
 out of the  
 Church.

Who hemd about in midst of all his foes  
 His valiaunt heart and curage weill made knowne  
 His name and fame his deids did weill disclose  
 And eurie one to vther has him schoune  
 All runs to him his life to mak him lose  
 Which fondlie whill they seik they lose their ounē  
 For on his sword accusing eche of error  
 Sardreidfull death all armd with feir and terror,  
 Long focht he thus imbreud with goir and blood  
 Till he at last their captane did espie  
 Whoes knightlie valor long he vicuing stood  
 By whoes strong hand four knights did breathles ly  
 Wherefore he steps to him with angrie mood  
 And him to mortall Battel did defy  
 Which long in equall Ballance did abide  
 Whill eche his strenth and vtmost valor tride,  
 The angrie count at last with wrathfull heart  
 Did in his stirrops raise him self on hie  
 His foe with force wold set the blou apart  
 But nou no force his force could beir away  
 On his left shoullder to his greif and smart  
 The crimfone collord Brand did light whereby  
 His warlike arme was from his bodie shorne  
 Him self with force and pane to earth was borne,  
 Nou he who late did captanlike comand  
 Was as a captiue forst for to obey  
 Whill as this noble Erle with conquiring hand  
 No longer with his prisoner wold stay  
 But where the rest in Battell stronglie stand  
 He thither haists, his sword theirs fourth the way  
 And shortlie victor was of all the feild  
 Forsing them all to die to fle or yeild,  
 The victorie by heaunis decree obtaind  
 They thence depart the castell to supprise  
 Wherin no souldiour at all remaind  
 Nor anie to gainstand them did arise  
 This fortres since he had so brauelie gaind  
 Heir wold he rest and heir wold he deuise  
 To mak his Captiues by ane vucouth death  
 To knou his you and iustlie kindled wraith.

Low in a vault the captaine first he band  
 And all the vther captiues him beside  
 The grane and flour the Beir and wine he fand  
 Which they before could neu'r yneuch prouide  
 With this he fild the house wherin they stand  
 Thus chokt with meit and dround with drink they died  
 Whoes gredie gorgis neu'r suffisd with ill  
 Now in their death might gurmandize their fill.  
 Then all the tours he raisd vnto the ground  
 And leueld all the ditches with the plane  
 Poifond the springs, and fontans which he found  
 And to the wonted libertie againe  
 Restorde that land which long before lay bound  
 Beneth a Tirrants seruill zoak with paine  
 But this estate they long remand not In  
 Such was the wrath of angrie heauins for sinne.

It was enen  
 after called  
 the douglas  
 Lader.

*The Argument.*

Scotlands great King from tressone ill contrined  
 By heauens and his ounē valour is relieved  
 In sight of twyce two hundred he re priued  
 The victorie which he alone atchiued  
 He resteth their till all his knightes aryud  
 The wittie Hay is with his last agriued  
 Ferce Eduard ayd vnto his brother lendes  
 Douglas to winn his strength agane in tendes.

*Caput. 8.*

Will fame with brafen breath did found o're all  
 What she had heard in *Scota's* faerest land  
 Of Bruce returne, whoes arme imperiall  
 Now our the westerne regions did command  
 Grate *Eduards* Viceroy did a consail call  
 Wherin with graue aduise he chuisd a band  
 Of warlik Soldiers and ther Captane bold  
 Sir *Jugrham Bell*, Achampion wise and old.  
 Now these for to gane stand his poure he sends  
 And for to keip him still Into the wast  
 For he him self with greater poure intends  
 To pull the wyde vp be the root at last  
 That Squadron then their Warlick poure extends  
 And marcheing to the tounē of air they past  
 Wheiras their warie captane minds be flight  
 To work his valiaunt foe a foull dispiht,

Within this land an antient kinght did dwell  
 Whoe of oure prince had secret frendscip got  
 He *liebail* heght whome th' Englihe did compell  
 Of his sad death for to contriue the plot  
 Two valiant sons he had nay sons of hell  
 Who stainis thair fame with filthie treassons blot  
 Nor this their treassone wold at all reveale  
 But waits to tak occatioun by the heale.

Neir to king *Roberts* camp a *Groue* their lay  
 Low by a riuers side and out of sight  
 Wheir aiged oaks their branched arms display  
 And maks dimm shaidis with dark and glomie light  
 Heir oft oure prince in secret vst to pray  
 Heir lay the murtherers till on a night  
 Doune to this groue the Prince allone descended  
 On whos returne a paige without attended

No sooner mong these thickets did he go  
 When he beheld wheir thay had cloistlie lye  
 By what intelligence I do not know  
 Or rather reuelatioun most diwyne  
 He calls his paige and from his hand does throw  
 A crosbow and a bolt both sharp and fyne  
 The antient knight he killeth with the same  
 As he vnwar'stoe rashlie fordwart came,

All armed the vther tuo in wraith and rage  
 Began him cruellie for to assaill  
 But his good sword did both their wraiths assuage  
 And did so much against them both preuaill  
 Eu'ne then expird the daits of both their aige  
 They in their death dispaering curse and raill  
 Against their fate and fortunes bad decree  
 Of God who cairles leues shall cairles die.

Thus to the camp the Prince returns agane  
 Loud, honor, feard, admird, and praisd of all  
 When night of day the victorie did gane  
 The *Scoutts* returnd befoir his feet thay fall  
 Whill in his *Regall Tent* he did remane  
 Presenting their a prisoner with all  
 Whoe to this worthie Prince in secret shoos  
 That he should be assailed by his foes,

And

And how they wold aproche that veray night  
 Vnder thik darknes blak and cloudie vaile  
 And wold assault his *Camp* with suddain fight  
 Nor wold strong *Trenches* noight at all preuaill  
 With fire throune furch their Tents shold burne so bright  
 Yet could not this his wonted curage quail  
 But with a glaide and cheirfull countenance  
 He dorch inquir what way they wold aduance.

Beyond this riuier at they yet said he  
 And by a secreit foord they pas vnkounne  
 Then quod the Prince heauins oure *Protector* be  
 As is oure caus such be oure fortions shounne  
 Now he commands his captans for to sie  
 That his small armie from the *Camp* be drowne  
 And rank't in Battell furch vpon the plane  
 Wheir they in arms must all that night remane.

To *Guarde* the *Camp* he sixtie maks to stay  
 And brings four hundreth foorth with speir and sheild  
 With this small armie he wold neids eslay  
 To force his subrill foe to flie or yeild  
 And that braue Lord that bears the name of hay  
 He doth creat as *Gen'rall* of the feild  
 Him self with onlie two wold go and view  
 The foord wheir they sould pas that wold perfew.

Now down the *Riuier* side his course he bent  
 From whoes steip banks heighe crags and rocks arise  
 And still he seis the farther that he went  
 Heigher the *Shoir* lower the streame still lye  
 At last wheir as the rocks in two was rent  
 Their nature did a narrow path deuyis  
 So to the *Riuier* down or vp might go  
 But one in rank or at the most but two.

When this braue Prince this strength did weil behold  
 Quicklie these two that with him thither went  
 He bak derects and prays in haist they wold  
 Drow vp the rest his foes for to preuent  
 For heir quod he oure foes to ws ar sold  
 To die what death we list for to inuent  
 Craft without craft we shoud with stand in vane  
 Heir wil I stay till you returne agane.

Lin

When

When they were gone he softly nerer drew  
 Whill as he hears a noise and ratling sound  
 Which still the longer heard the greater grew  
 At last horse Braying mens shrill voice confound  
 Yes these he vouch his flight shall neuer perfew  
 Nor ought but death shall mak him lose his ground  
 When lo paill *Phoebe* shynd so bright and cleir  
 That he discryis four hundred horse well neir,

These crossing ou'r the *Riuer* did ascend  
 The passage wheir with sword heighe borne he stands  
 And with an blo the first bright *Crest* doth rend  
 Nor head nor breist the mortall blaid with stands  
 Down falls the knight his reilling horse doth bend  
 And forward leaps but lo in both his hands  
 The Prince his sword sheers throu his hoarie syde  
 And for his Lord a bloodie *Tomb* prouyds,

Now with a shout the rest of this proud crue  
 Throngs vp the path and stronglie him Inuaid  
 Part climing vp the crags vpon him flew  
 And at his feet they fall *Leam'd*, *Brus'd* dismayd  
 Trod by their friends they die the rest furth drew  
 Their swords each other hurts, halt *Lone* betrayd  
 Strait ware, darke night, fire raige doth blind them so  
 Each hurts his friend, for haste to harme his foe.

But as a Roke, a Craig, or Cip of lande,  
 That fire air water raiging wold diuide  
 Doth stedfast still and vnremoued stand  
 Gainst thunder lightning tempests storme or tide  
 Eu'ne so the Prince gan stands this warlick band  
 And all their raige their wrath their strength doth bide  
 Still as they came in troups consooid to find him  
 He marcheing leau's them slaine in heaps behind him,

Their Leader foremost now to speak began  
 Ah shame quod he now neuer leue we more  
 So in unie hundred beat by one poore man  
 Should die a thousand deaths death cloiid the dore  
 An organe of his speache he staggering ran  
 And relling twice he fall's the Prince before!  
 Whoes sword had perst his hart he lifts his eies  
 With half groned words he threats & threatning deis.  
 The

The captains Brother thrifting for reuenge  
 Thrusts throu the throng and to the Prince he hyis  
 Wrath from his eies soorth sparkled lightning straunge  
 And with an Angrie voice he sternlie cryis  
 Ah villans you your credet thus infreinge  
 Ah soldiers you no soldiers thus that seis  
 Your captane slane ah now returne yow neuer  
 You *Fasards* wretches *Outcasts* curs'd for euer

Waik feble faint for horse for sword or spear  
 More fit for iron tools then Armour bright  
 Your heads Breists baks should haue burdens bear  
 No helms nor shields should you adorne with light  
 In curage place, is entred shame and fear  
 No hope is left but in your feit and flight  
 In darkest night your cheifest strenth abyds  
 Darknes your shame your feare and faintnes hyds,

And full of raige for eu'rie word a stroak  
 He gius oure Prince whoes sword bears eurie blo  
 And whill he yet enraig'd wold more haue spok  
 He cuts his words and with them cuts in two  
 His laws on him death spreads his mistie cloak  
 He on his brother falls whoe leuiung lo  
 Him doth imbrace both kish both soules remoue  
 O! *Pitie*, great, O! *Bles'd*, O! *wondrous love*

Now foreward rushd this single Campioun stout  
 And maks such hauock alway wheir he goes  
 As *Boreas* when he has blasted out  
 His storms; of *Herbs*, *Treis*, *Beists*, and *Fowls*, the foes  
 Or as the raiging *Floods* that rore and rout  
 Gainst *Rocks* or *Thunders* that heigh *Tours* down throes  
 As *Earthquaks* threat to burst the eairh a sunder  
 His force so shaks thois bands O *Streub!* O wonder

Whill thus he kills and driu's them bak by force  
 And all their bloes vn-harm'd vn-hurt sustaind  
 Horse bruisd their Maisters whill he treds the horse  
 In and beyond the stream they all remaind  
 Forst down with might the passage quite they lose  
 When lo the armie cums and quiklie raind  
 A storme of swords whill trumpets roaring blast  
 War's thundring tempests soorth with lightning cast.  
 M Death

Death, horror, murder, feare Greif sorrow Paine  
Came fate before and with thier rallons wide  
Seafe on their hearts and chilid in eurie vaine  
Their vitall Breath, that fleis it self to hide:  
Nou ar t hey so benoum,d that scarce remiane  
Strenth for to flie Or force for to abide  
Some flee some fall some droun dispaired allone  
Eche vther hurts for haist for to be Gone

The Prince by this of al his foes was cleird  
And setts him doune vpon a stone to rest  
Sueat on his face Blood on his arms appeird  
His breath was short faint heat his haire oppress  
Wearie his arms his hands so stiflie steird  
He could not weild his sword which he possesse  
And lo the sword did seeme no sword at all  
So blunted was the Edge and hack't so small

By this his *Troups* were come vnto the place  
And for him calls and for him loudlie cryis  
But when they fand him when they kneu his face  
In heaps they run to feid their longing eies  
And down they fall his fett for to imbrace  
With thanks and praise to God they rend the skeis  
That hee allone overcums a thousand foes  
They doubt who wonders most or most reioys

They find the captaine and his Brother slane  
And fitein more ly wallowing in their blood  
Some *English* were some *Scotts* who felt the pane  
They gane wino gainst their king and cuntrie stood  
In *Galloway* these *Troups* did all remane  
Holding that cuntrie in great feruitude  
They took King *Edwards* pay their captane bold  
Brought them in hope of gane praise, *Glorie*, gold.

But the Lord *bay* and vthers graue and wise  
Against his rashnes bitterlie did chide  
Quod they what proue you in this interprise  
No Generall nor no captane Prince nor Guide  
In whoes deir lose eu'ne all oure losse nou lyis  
Nor ours allone but all this all beside  
Ah should you not to mind oure nation call  
That but for yow no nation were at all

Allace

Allace do you of *Glorie* so account  
That It to gane ane Empire you wold lose  
Nor can you not to endles glorie mount  
But to all dangers you your self expose  
In vaine poore valor doth for *Glorie* hount  
If noight for Goode of wisdome he maks choise  
Be wise deare Lord since of our croun and camp  
You ar the head the heart the life the lamp,

He litle answerd to these speeches made  
But said he forced was ether fight or flee  
Now to the camp triumphand waies they ryid  
Whil day shutes furth his siluer hornes on hie  
Fame flees oure all on *Warr's* winges sanguino reid  
And stroues the feid of this great victorie,  
Which back vnto the camp brought manie skore  
Who crost with fortunes bad had fled before,

*Edward* the bold in *Lennox* nou remiand  
And with thrie hundreth did that land subdeu  
Who hearing what his brother late had gaine  
Returnes vnto the campe with all his creu  
The *Douglas* with his traine that late obtaind  
His oune cheef strenth which last he ou'r threu  
Heates that the *Clifford* had with wondrous care  
Reedified the bulding much more faire.

And lest a warr-like man a valiaunt knight  
To keep the hold with him threehundreth strong  
And he who thus commanded *Thirswall* high  
A man who had in warre experience long  
Yet wold the *Douglas* needs essay his might  
And to the world mak knowne his right their wrong  
To sixtie now his traine augmented werre  
With those he wold essay the chance of warre.

*The Argument.*

An *English* visard with great arte foreshowes  
The *Douglas* of spring great to these our daies  
And how that happie famelie arise  
To fortunes height whereat the world may gaine  
The second time he doeth him self apoise  
Against his foe and their with endles praise  
Oure throwes the captain of his cheifest streimth  
Then back to ead his Prince returnes at leinthe.

M

Now

This capten  
heght thur-  
uall wha  
kipe the  
castell of  
douglas

The race of  
ye douglas is  
from Sir. Je-  
mis to yis  
our tym

Sir Iamis  
Douglas  
lord Dou-  
glas.

He tri-  
umphed  
fauourie  
few in tymes  
ouer his  
enemies.

He buir his  
Princes  
heart to the  
holie graine.

He was thir-  
teen tymes  
victor ouer  
the Saracens.

He died in  
Spaine fol-  
lowing the  
victorie too  
rashly being  
inclosed  
behind ene-  
mies.  
Anno 1330.

**N**ow with this English captaine did abyde  
His Uncle old graue learned wife and trewe  
Whoes iudgement deep was rairlie desired  
Highe misteries and secreitts hidd he kneu  
One day by chance the Douglas he espyde  
Who thus vnto the Captane quicklie drew

From this infused spirit and flowing minde  
This Historie by heaune long since deuinde.

The righteous heire of that most famous line  
That shall the Scots ferce natione still adorne  
To whome and not without right doeth incline  
These Lordshipes great which Clifford holdes in scorne  
Who once hath wunn this strength without ingine  
Whoes virtue be no time can be outworne  
Shall winne the land againe and it posses  
In vaine wold mightie England him oppres.

O're him to triumphe ne're shall England boast  
But victor he shall ouermore remaine  
He shall not feare to meet their mightie host  
With his small troupe the garland still to gaine  
Whill fortune his attempts hath neuer crost  
He cloit with conquest heir shall croce the maine

His Princes vnperformed vow to beare  
Where infideils his worth shall knou and feare

Noughe without cause the west shall feare him still  
Their cheefest nationes force his sword shall tame  
And all the East his worthie praise shall fill  
To Ganges soundes the terror of his name  
But there a dreadful tempest shall him kill  
Yet of his death none dare the conquest clame

His courage scarce shall arme his foes deceat  
And thus him self subdewes him self to fate.

Heer silence staies his tounge his speech is crost  
Both Joye and greef at once his heart opprest  
Greet for so rare a knight that should be lost  
Joy that his death should cure riche Englands pest  
But now enamord of his worth almost  
The Caiptaine him intreatts to sheu the rest  
And needs wold know if heauens should nature will  
From such a roots to bring such branches still.

And

Ah quod his vnle thence doeth greef proceed  
For as great Joye ordaind ane hatred still  
Betuixt the serpent and the womans seid  
So shall his line beare vs and oures il will.  
Whill their ambitious mindes on fame doeth seid  
Yet heaune shall raise for to with stand this ill  
A famous race their dreadful wraith to beare  
Whoes worth shall proue right fortunat in warre.

Now first of him discendes that valiaunt Lord  
Whoes heighe atchiuements shall his foes with stand  
His victoreis most rare shall be decor'd  
With valour flowing frome his conquering hand  
Yet crueltie in him shall be deplord  
Which hermitage doeth fatalle demand  
But for his valour worthelie renound  
Whoes deades almost are all by fortune cround.

Then cumis his vnle whoes all matchles brood  
Seems thundring flammes with fire consumeing breath  
A new deludge ane ouerwhelming floode  
A storme that nipes our springes fair floures to dait  
For he like thundring Mars embred with blood  
To dreadfull armes shall all his daies bequeath  
But reuling for his Prince with roialtie  
Too forwad in his countreies cause shall die.

His brother bold ane Englishe dame shall beare  
Whoes famous line in wondrous giftes exceids  
This man a mightie familie shall rare  
That shall the world astonishe with their deids  
Which at this time to sheu I will for beare  
Till thou haue knowne who from the first proceeds  
Who valiantlie in battell spends his lyf  
To bring to end his countreies endles stryif.

Then shall appeir that first great sheining light  
That dimes thouse blazing stars his heauins brighte fume  
In midst of armes and thondring warrs dread fight  
At him is honoures title first begune  
Conquestes first fruits deoth much ogment his might  
Penwick his wraith they wealtch shall ouer rune  
And Berwick strong his angers birning fire  
Shall turne to ashe yet shall not quench his yre.

M.iii.

R.ii.

The pedes  
ails of North  
umberland.

Willia Lord  
of lisdail  
sone too Sir  
Iames of  
whom is dis-  
cended the  
hous of Ke-  
uers.

Archibald  
brother to  
Sir Iames  
Lord of  
Douglas was  
regent of  
Scotland he  
faught hal-  
done hill and  
being too  
fordward  
was slaine  
Anno 1333.

John Lord  
of dakeit of  
whom the  
hous of Mor-  
oun is dis-  
cended.  
Whoes mo-  
ther was ane  
English ladie  
called Feres.

With first  
Erle of Dou-  
glas.

His brother  
was.

Archibald  
Lord of gal-  
lavay his son  
was Lord of  
middleall he  
maried the  
Kings doch-  
ter, whome  
the King of  
France  
fewed for in  
marriage of  
him is disce-  
ded the house  
of drumlen-  
reik.

James erle  
of Douglas  
sone to will-  
iam first erle  
he dismeinted  
the percie be-  
fore new ca-  
stell and wan  
Otterburne  
being thrice  
stricken throu  
the bodie  
where he  
deid Anno.  
1388.

His brother  
1425.

Called ar-  
chibald grim  
he van Cin-  
tore Battell  
the Percie  
and the erle  
of march  
Anno 1403.  
his sone was  
called archi-  
bald Tynman  
Was valiant  
but most on-  
fortunat who  
was slaine at  
the battell  
of wernell in  
France  
Anno 1422.  
he was duc  
of Turin  
Lord of Lon-  
guell and  
marshall of  
France his  
son.

His brothers worth shall to all tymes be told  
Whose sone shall so on princelie Egels wings  
By vertue is rare and valour so extold  
That he's preferd to princes lordes and kings  
In armes his fortune strength and courage bold  
Shall stryue whoes merits molt the mules sings  
From this faire imp shall spring a faerer tree  
Whose fruit shall much adorne this familie.

But o thou *Bellicous* what man may know  
Thy vertues mind thy worth and warrylk deades  
The brightest lightning of thy workes doeth show  
Daizling the beames that from thy peers procedes  
Heauins lampes remoues their painted siring so  
To bright *Apellos* fyrie flamming steids  
Yea thy rare lyne thy rarest vertues cleames  
In whom still thynes thy former glories beames.

The deades of all, thy deades doeth ouerturne  
All fortunes rare thy fortune foyllet still  
E're victor thou ne'r conquest shall returne  
And *Torkes* proud walls beares wiues of thy skill  
Lastlie that euer famous otterburne  
Seals all thy conquests gainst thy countreyes will  
Whill thou thrice wounded victor sheeds a flood  
To dy thy latest triumphes with thy blood,

Thy valiant brother shall to the succed  
Whose aull looks presageth wrath t'insewe  
With him shall fortune lyk wayes furth proced  
And *Limons* battell shall his prais renewe  
But o his sone shall all that aige exceed  
In wit and courage strength and valour trewe  
To princelie seat in *Europes* gairden faire  
He shall be read and honours great shall beare.

Yet all in vaine since fortune proud heath sworne  
The worlde shall build no trophe to his neame  
Nature doeth him with such reare gifts adorne  
That since inuying cuts the wings of feame  
He tryes hir fauour oft but she doeth scorne  
His sute, and doeth hir fauour quyt recleame  
Thus he whom nature freames for glorieis throne  
Fortune throues doune for fate to tread vpon,

Then

Then cumes that lordlie Erle whoes pourfull might  
Is both suspect and feard and vif more small  
Whoes race once run his sones with out all right  
Most friethe way to rule by their great fall  
Which turnes the *Scotts* calme day to stormmie night  
Whoes tempest threats the kingdome croun and all  
Yet he that must succed shall flie mischeif  
And vislie to his End conceall his greif

This starr gone doune anothe doeth appeir  
Whose bolde minde feeds the flame of martiall fire,  
Yet shoots furth beames illuistred white and cleire,  
Which shows to warre or peace a like desire,  
At Honours croune he aims, though ner'e so deare,  
His conquering looks presageth martial Ire,  
To honours great he shall his breether raise,  
But he offends his prince, who ends his daies.

His brother then inrag'd vpbraids there King,  
Whose minds bursts forth a storme of desolation,  
What he heaped vp in silence forth they bring,  
A flood of warre, a fearful inuadation,  
That wel might choake their foes or'e flowing spring,  
But vented wrong flowes to their Princes station,  
Yet this hudge flood eu'ne in the height shall turne  
And of a boundles *Ocean* seeme a burne.

For with the wecht of their owne heauie swey  
The currents swiftest motione they recal  
Their too too loftie mindes doeth mount so hie  
That skoarchd with *Phabus* beames to earth they fall  
From tops of touring cloudes in warres bright skie  
Their smook euanishd throne dissolues and all  
For why the heauens ordaines no force of men  
To rouse the lordlie *Lion* from his den.

Yet their deserued fall shall not be such  
As shall extingui she that most famous line  
Nor darkine shall their wounded glorie much  
Nor yet their former greatnes shall decline  
Tho pryde o'rethrowes whom ere he haptes to touche  
But they be vertue shall their thoughtes confyne  
Within the limites of their former worthe  
Wherin they stretche their fruitfull braches forth,

M.iii.

Yes

Archibald  
erle of wig-  
tounne duc  
of Turyn and  
Lord of Lon-  
guyll his  
sone will  
duc of Tu-  
ryn & Lord  
of Longuyll  
he was be-  
ded in the  
castell of  
edinburgh  
1445 to him  
succeeded his  
uncle grose  
James erle of  
abernorne.  
William  
duc of tu-  
ryn Lord of  
longuyll  
he maid his  
twa brother  
erils of mor-  
ray and or-  
mound and  
the thrid  
Lord of bal-  
vene anno  
1452.

James se-  
cond sone  
to thros Ja-  
mes with his  
sorie brother  
of murray or-  
mond and  
Lomenie a  
roise a gains  
the King and  
was pacified  
with ryl de-  
caloe.



George first  
erle of an-  
gous was  
fleane at  
Shrosburie  
ending the  
perle ageans  
the King of  
England  
Anno 1403.  
George se-  
cond erle  
of angous of  
his bafe sone  
called Geor-  
ge the hous  
of bound-  
ward is cum.  
Archibald  
erle of an-  
gus his sones  
and freinds  
var al fleane  
at floaden  
he vent hom  
him self be-  
ing repreh-  
ded for god  
counsell.  
Sir willame  
his secound  
sone leard  
of glenberuie  
his sone  
leard of Kil-  
sindie will-  
ame his bas-  
sone Lord of  
Torthorall  
Archibald  
sone to Geor-  
ge mester of  
angus he  
maried the  
quene of  
Scotland  
sister to King  
Hendrie the  
8 of England  
and begat  
Margaret  
countess of  
Lenox mo-  
ther to Hen-  
rie dooke  
of Albanie  
father to  
King Iames  
the 6.  
The fore-  
said archi-  
bald that  
maried the  
quene he was  
Anckermaure  
he died in Tamtallon Anno 1517.

Yet ends this reace their roume the secound lyne  
Obteanes and brings their wertues from the graue  
The first in worth and wonderous deads shall thynne  
If he from Shrosburie him self can saue  
Nor shall his sone to anie vice inclyne  
But of dew praisys suift tyme shall him diffaue  
Whoes secound sone shall to the world bring furth  
A famelie of much redoutit wourth,

But to beare vp that hous lo one appeares  
Cled with the light of bright *Auroras* rayes  
Whoes great experience and whoes aiged yeares  
His Prince reiectes and still at *Flouden* staves  
With whom he leaues thrie sones him self reteires  
Fearing his lordes vntymelie blasted bayes  
And as he doeth prefaige so shall it fall  
Their dyes his royell Prince his sones and all.

Yet shall their ritch and frouthfull seid spred furth  
Four brainches faire whoes frouth is ryp by fame  
Whearof the secound planted in the north  
Shall graice that soyll with blossomes of his name  
Nor shall the thrid know anie vant of worth  
The fourth shall cleinge his blot in vertues flame  
But lo the firsts rare sone shall greace the lyne  
And shall our *Englysh* royell blood proypne.

With that rare dame whoes heauinlie greace is such  
As hir sones sone shall be that blaising light  
Whom all diuyns and *Prophetes* praife so much  
Of whom faire *Albione* longes to heaue a sight  
The Eame which all the prophicys would twich  
The ioiner of this lills disioyned might  
For *Albeone* it's now in name allone  
But then in substance we shall *Albeone*.

But leaue we him till god appoint his tyme  
And turne vs to that Lord that antient knight  
Whoes chaire is free vnchaireg'd with anyc cryme  
Famous for witt and fortunat in fight  
Not one beneath this cold distemperd clyme  
May clame more princelie vertues for his right  
Yea *Anckermaure* his fortune fare shall sic  
Whear he obteans a glorious victorie,

Two brother shal he heaue both valiant knights  
From whom two famous farr leis shall spring  
The firsts reare sone weill skild in martiall fights  
Obteans his vnckles pleace in euerie thing  
Thus is that hous prepaied of glorious lights  
By heauins eternall vniuersall king  
For reolls the line, they fore in verreous deids  
And if the breanch it self that breanch exceeds,

Then cumes the last of this fair braench in fine  
For vertue cald the good when from the north  
Shall come a knight that shall succed by line  
Who weied with him, doeth equalize his woortla  
And yet with fame can not the world propine  
So loth is time to bring occasioun for the  
Yet vertue for his sone shall grace prepair  
And thus to fame shall measour for the his shair,

Heauin cheanging time shall suill discord reas  
And wrap the *Scots* in wealth consuming woes  
When he by god set vp vnto thees daies  
Shall leaue his soil to forren lands he goes  
Widing throu rtubles streame and thear with praife  
His pen vnto his prediceffoures shoues  
The way to win from darck obliuiones night  
Boolding their trophis with his vertues might.

This lamp gone out o then his sone succedes  
Reasing that hous declind to former height  
Whoes mind is great with child of glorious deids  
And as a *Colion* tair vpholds the weight  
Of ane learge frame so from his witt proceids  
The strenth that onder props that neames great might  
Yet he by airt stops natures streame to flow  
With *Junos* string still bending *Pallas* bow.

He ripes the tumbers of his *Ancestors* old  
And brings them cled with robes of heauenlie light  
For all enshewing aiges to be hold  
They shute furth beams of fame and glorie bright  
Which long lay hidde in nightes dark pitchie mold  
O ur vaelde by sadd obliuion from our sight  
Their ghostes reioising that so rich a geme  
Springs from thear loynes t'immortaliz their name,

His secound  
brother  
Leard of pit-  
tindreich his  
3. brother  
Prior of cou-  
dinghame  
David sone  
to the Leard  
of Pittindreich  
succeded his  
uncle archi-  
bald erle of  
of angus  
1558.

Archibald  
sone to Da-  
uid Erle an-  
gus ded with  
outishue  
158.  
Willame the  
3. from Sir  
Willame  
first Leard  
of glenberuie  
succeded  
Erle of angus  
he died Anno  
1591.

Willame his  
sone erle of  
angus died in  
pares Anno  
1611. He hes  
writin thea-  
cronicklie of  
that name to  
which I haue  
reiered most  
partie of  
their an-  
ouns.

Willame  
now Erle of  
angus.

The descent  
of Erles of  
morroune.

Now comes the next great familie in sight  
That iointlie with the first at first shall spring  
Which curie where sendes furth such lampes of light  
As Earth and other firmament doeth bring  
Wherin eche fixed starre doeth burne so bright  
As yeeldes both lyf and light to euerie thing  
So farrethofe glorie lighting flammes doeth shine  
Moueing their orbe with influence deuine.

John Lord  
of dalkith  
Sir James  
Douglas his  
youngest bro-  
ther he had  
two sones the  
ouldest was  
Lord of dal-  
keith & the  
second leard  
of lochleuin.

The first that shall illuminat the skie  
Of this bright orbe this hea'ne reflexing sphere  
Armed with his fathers magnaminie  
Shall be a great and mightie man of warre  
Of whom shall two arise to rectifie  
Two lines that shall their fame to heaune vprear  
Yet to the younger shall the elder fall  
And both thus ioined shall one great house install.

The descent  
of the lairdes  
of lochleuin.  
The first  
laird of loch  
leuin.

O thou thrice famous lake and strand of *Leuin*  
Famous, for that great reace shall come from the  
Inrich'd with graces by the wandering *Senn*

He was with  
arichbald

That still aloft in th'azure vallis flee  
The first that shall adorne thy wat'rie hea'ne  
With sure and stay'd establisht reul I see  
By fatell deades shall manie fortunes shair  
And *Pallas* sword shall all his parhes prepair.

grim at in-  
tome battel

The beaies thy temples shall at *lintonne* beare  
Whear thou by valour from a valiant knight  
The leopard and *Flourdeluce* shall teare

Whear hea-  
uing vin the  
enemies stan-

Thus shall thy arme put all thy foes to flight  
But when the valiant *Persie* wabeth warre  
Against his Prince in that ontimlie fight

dard from  
the hand of  
Sir Thomas

Thow yalantie aduentring then shall fall  
Yet after death thy fame shall sore oure all.

the chief of  
the victorie.

But thou braue youth altho a stripling young  
Scornes in thy natiue soil for to remeaine  
Thou heirs *Belonas* dreadfull bell was rounge  
Following the voice with honoures thrusting paine  
Whear all the plaines inbrouder war along  
With gorre, blood, rent armes and souldiers flaine  
Theer haueing win fair conquest by the hair  
Thou leapes from of this wordlie theater.

the second  
laird of loch

leuin who  
going with  
the Erle of

buchan to  
france defea-

ded the pas-  
sage of a  
brig there  
with thrie  
handreth a-

gains the  
dooke of cla-

rens his ar-  
mie whom  
he maid re-

ceir & imper-

ting force-  
ie was killd.

And

And then succides that all prais worthie youth  
That with the ground stone laies a fairer streame  
Mounting that house vpto the second growth  
Whois worth in varre illusterates his name  
Then comes that blaizing comet of the south  
Whoes vondrous deads with terror foundes his fame  
His lookes sendes vertue furth so graic'd with art  
As strikes mild reuerence in each barbarous heart.

The thrie  
leard of  
lochleuin.

And yet his galent sone shall with him strue  
Who to that aige shall greatest light restore  
As painefull bees still workes to serue the hieue  
And leaziedrons that deoth their wealth deuore  
Their dares not enter nor with them may strue  
So nature doeth prouid for to decore  
That fruitfull Stem with such whoes pains exceides  
Past all cumpare in heigh and vertues deades

The fourth  
leard of  
lochleuin.

No fruitles drone shall from that reace arise  
Ech giues testificats of honours height  
What praiseto the sext can I deuise  
That serues his Prince in manie a blooddie fight  
Nor conquest euer to eroune his pains denies  
Nixt him comes one whoes worth and pourfull might  
Doeth aid his Prince against vsurping foes  
Whois want at last that mightie Prince ouerthoues.

The fift laird  
of lochleuin.

But O what knight is this, Adrest for warre  
That all the countray round about Obaies  
Whome greatest Princes of the land doeth feare  
In bloodie battell who at last assaies  
Our English force from of his Prince to beare  
With whom ane vther valiant campione staies  
And whill to seauce their Prince their liues they yeild  
Great multitude from valour wins the feild

The sixt  
laird of loch  
leuin  
The seuint  
leard who  
was alwayes  
with King  
James the 3  
against the  
hams & the  
habrons, his  
good seruice  
was often  
times of grit  
value to his  
Prince.

But who comes heir in the could north r'infus  
Such heauenlie gift is, all *Europe* passing by  
O, its *Apollo* fair, that dooth refius  
The east, and toms the wast too beutifie  
Whear he the siluer laik of *Leuin* doth chuis  
The cleir *Caballian* streams he doth deny

The 8 Laerd  
of lochleuin  
who bein v-  
pon the King  
his left hand  
at flouden &  
ane vther v-  
pon the right  
hand was  
boith fleane  
with their  
Prince, their  
being 45 of  
their enemies  
fond killd a-  
bout theame  
The 9 laird  
of lochleuin.

Thus leauing *Gretian* plainis, and pleasant fontanis  
He seats him self neir too the *Ocheell* montanis.

Nij

Wheir

Whear whilst he veines the valeyis round about  
By chance shall sie fair natours quein cum thear  
That *Daphne* doth surpas and al the iout  
Of virgins queenes or shephards knowne of ear  
Whom folowing long at last shall find his out  
And wedd the dame who onto him shall bear  
Fine *Virgine* dames nay greaces fine for lo,  
The wordle shall not their match in beautie sho.

His wife a  
most vertuous  
wife & beau-  
tiful Ladie.

Yea this rare beautie past compare shall bee  
Nor longs to one but in them all it duelleth  
Eune all in colour neitnes decencie  
Preportion and the minds rare giftis excellen  
Nor shall it spend nor weist, nor fead, nor die  
But too all times a quintifence distelleth  
For lo their feid shall in this land be borne  
As stonis to ringis or starrs that heaune adorne.

The rent pa-  
rakin at sea  
be tempest  
of vasher.

And from their fire both sanctified and seag  
Cold wise and bold with healtie wroth not brunt  
Adorn't with wertue both in youth and aige  
Whom heaune decrees with honoures height to munt  
Shall likuayis spring that youth whom forteouns reage  
On e swelling theetis shining back doth hunt  
Till angrie *Neptuns* furie bursteth forth  
And swallow vp that treasur hous of worth.

William  
now Erie of  
mortune.

O but his sone is *Mars* and *Phebus* knight  
For valour corrage wit and beutie store  
The foggie mistes of ignorantes dark night  
He cleres, to knowleg day he ops the doore  
Eu'ne as a lanterne from a toures proud height  
Shoues the seas port for shipes to win the shore  
So his clair lamp of judgment shoues the way  
For dark grose wites to land in vertues beay.

The actiue boldnes by his spreit refine  
Produce resistles actiouns stronglie Knut  
The quick vivaletie that meltes his mind  
In streames of eloquence ou're flous his with  
And yet so much to courtaisie inclin  
That humble mildnes on his browe doeth sit  
Which tempers passioune still with facultie  
And makes a simpheathering harmonie.

For lo his soules reare faculteis devine  
Is so cut furth on his humaine perfectiouns  
Yat in his lowkes heigh maiestie doeth shine  
By modestie held in so sweit subiectioun  
As alway holdes a meane nor doeth decline  
To simple mildnes or to proud infectioun  
Thus descentie stells furth with euerie glance  
And freames a persing amorous countenance.

Which breeds respectiue reuerance with dilyt  
In euerie heart whois eyis doeth him behold  
With admiratioun and amezment gryt  
That streans a sweit obedience on controid  
But now I feare if I the rest indyt  
To cloy your ears with my discours to bold  
Yet quod the captain I would glaidlie kno  
If still that name produce such fruits or no.

O still quod he and shall be still increst  
For both thoes mightie famaleis procides  
To honoures great whearof they ar possit  
Mounting alott with heigh and glorious deades  
And this lordes sone; whill he would say the rest  
A sudden tumult their amezment breides  
Our all the land great clamoures they might heir  
Which did forshow sum deanger to droue neir,

Wherwith they leap to earmes the captain cries  
For all the *Garisone* in armes to be  
When lo liard by the castoll he aspyes  
Weer driu'n great hearde of cattell hestilie  
This was the conquering knight that doeth denyis  
How he that countray might of thraldome trie  
And neids would treane the captain from his hold  
Whoes strenth he would assay with currag bold.

But this his purpoifs greatlie doeth with stand  
They hardlie could be broght vnto the feild  
Wherfor he takes this Stratagem in hand  
To treane theame out to feight to flie or yeild  
A wooddie pleane neir *Sandie Landes* he fand  
Whoes vmbrage seemd from *Phebus* heat to sheild  
On eche syd grew the *Trevis* so bushie thick  
Is seem'd that *Nature* freamd it for a trick.

*The famous Historie*

Thither the *Erle* by night his troups forth gwids  
 Wheir eche lye clostie quiet whist and still  
 His wantcurious in haile he thus prowys  
 To bring their herds of cattell from the hill  
 And those that neirest to the tour abids  
 Those drue they hence whill as the heard men fill  
 The air with schrickes, the land with loud allarms  
 Wheir with proud *Thurwall* cled in glorious arms.

With all his *Garesone* addrest for warre  
 Iht forth in haile for to returne the pray  
 And followed hauing nether dout nor feare  
 Till they were past the *Ambush* fare away  
 Then these that fled returnd, their swords they reare  
 Aloft their sheilds, before their strong arms itay  
 Their blous they beare they pushe sturk itab and kill  
 Th'amaled foe, who yet resisted still,

Till at their baks a suddant storme a rose  
 Whoes horrid noys doth mak them all to quaike  
 And with their force their furie and their blois  
 Their brokin rancks begins to faint and shaik  
 The first rank bakward on the second gois  
 The second on the third the third doth brak  
 Crust by the fourt and fift and at e. he end  
 They leap furth scattrin heir and their they bend

So doe the cluds disperst from *East* to *West*  
 In ranks and roues that hing cleir white and fair  
 When as the *Northerne* and the *Southerne* blatt  
 Foorth from their caues breaks throu the trubled aer  
 Rank gainst a rank cloud gainst a cloud they cast  
 Till in a heap confoold at last they rear  
 And burst asunder crush'd with furious bloes  
 Scattered in drops fleis from betwene their foes.

*Thurwall* their deid beneath the *Douglas* sword  
 Of all his men but nintie went away  
 Who in the Castell gor from thence they pourd  
 Dairts quarreis Stones like haile without delay  
 The *Erle* reuerd his band when they were tound  
 And from his Prince no longer wold he stay  
 Gainst whom he hard an armie was prepard  
 Of which in tyme to shaw him he repaid.

*Whil*

*The Argument.*

*Whill Fortune haueres dourfull of his che's*  
*Nor peace nor warre on ether syd displays*  
*Hard fait anon 'prepaireth greater voes*  
*Great dysfories that loue the Scots wil reuise*  
*To former height and furth his feinds he throwes*  
*Who tempts the Scots they leaue the Bruce whoes praise*  
*Augmentes whill vnawars his see as sailles*  
*His wittie flight his valour twyse preuailes.*

*Caput. 10.*



He Prince of *Darknes* now long tyme reiofd  
 Of Gods great wrath amog his childre throun  
 Whoes foull offences had his fauor los'd  
 Fearing if they repent that *Grace* were shoun  
 A thousand lills into his mynd he toft  
 Wheir with to tempt them yet to heauins vnknown  
 Thus wyldlie Staird he when he muist allone  
 Whill as he sits on his *Infernall Throne*,

And now resoluing to his work he falls  
 And with a dreadfull greislie countenance  
 The curst and haitfull *Fureis* vp he calls  
 The *Mounsters* trembling gius obedience  
 Their poifond *Gorgis* all with *Venome* swalls  
 Enflamd with his reid Eies hote flaming glance  
 Whill his strong breath furth from his ratling thro  
 A noyse liketo a fearfull tempest shot.

Which made the *Earth* to quaike and deafned hell  
 Thus vnderstood they this confused Sound  
 Yow malice proud and yow inuy that dwell  
 Amid oure fire *Regions* vnder ground  
 Haile vp and with infecting breath expell  
 All peace and let no ametic be found  
 In the greate *North* and sie that you desyle  
 With blood and warr great *Europes* greatest ile,

Mak *Englands* King to forge some causes new  
 To keip the right which he by wrong hes got  
 Tell him that heau'ne ordains him to renew  
 Sinns iust reward vpon the sinfull *Scot*  
 Mak *Englis*h all with deadlie hait perfew  
 The *Scots* their onlie antient foes by lot  
 The onlie blok that euer bears them doune  
 From all their greaincs *Glorie* and renoune,

*N. illi*

*Thur*

Seems only  
wer the ower  
throwers of  
them selfis  
deuiditt in  
thiue factions  
the brooce  
the balliol,  
and the cum-  
raing, both  
the list took  
pauit with  
England  
agaist the  
Bruce.

Thus edge them on, It were greate lose great shame  
If they vnto their wonted greatnes rise  
Your strength allone was neuer so extreame  
To mak them once to shrink nor could deuise  
By sight or might to droune their famous name  
Till now that loe them selfs them selfs defyis  
And what your swords before could neuer doo  
Their swords haue doune and winn them selfs to yow.

So that yow sie heau'ne fauors your intent  
With these and vther your intendit sight  
Arme them with *pride hate Anger* discontent  
And moue the *Scotts* still gaintt them selfs to fight  
For lo I sie *John* doth his wrathe relent  
And minds to raise the *Scotts* to greater might  
For in that famous *Bruce* and in his lyne  
They must be blid and ou'r all *Europe* shyne.

Though what great *John* decrees we can not mend  
Yet may we oft delay th'intendit blife  
Which he ordains vpon fraill man to send  
Since sluggish man by *Nature* cairles is  
And wee may moue him thankles to offend  
And oft to disobey his law I wish  
For man is fleshlie geu'ne to foull delight  
And God is alway pure cleir holie right,  
Since wee of all the damned heyres as cheiff  
And has no longer tyme from Torments frie  
Then till the cup be full of Gods hote greiff  
And that greate day of his fierce wrathe wee sic  
Then with the soules which now without releif  
We still torment shall wee tormented be  
And which is worse oure pains shall neu'r be spent  
Whill we oure selfs must still oure selfs torment.

Then heauins decree to stay oure strength is small  
Yet heaueng tyme we may not tyre of ill  
Since what we wold that can we not at all  
Do what we may we may not what we will  
At these his words *Invy* and malice swell  
With murdering hate their breifits with venom fill  
And vp they flie to view days glorious light  
Bringing *Myscheif, Greif, horror, warr, dyspight.*  
Arriuing

Arrining heir they fill eche Godles heart  
With *anger, raige, Myscheif, pride, hate, inuie,*  
Then to the camp they hie to vse their airt  
But their vane Slight the nobler sort descrie  
Whill grace, loue, wisdome, with their worths deseru  
Did dreine them thence in endles infamie  
Yet in the baster fort great pou'r they winne  
Throu whoes faint hearts dispair, feir, danger, runc

Greate bands of these by their deceat they dreu  
Whoe stelling from the camp by night doth flie  
And still these feinds to their fant minds doth shou  
For hoped *Conquest* shamefull Infamie  
Ther former lose remembrance lets them knou  
Which oft repeated maks their hopes to die  
These words they murmur still them selfs among  
On shamefull death shall we attend so long.

Allace what strength what might what pou'r haue we  
Ritch England warlick *Schotland* to ganestand  
May not oure Lord behold his infamie  
And in the glas of former works haue scand  
That gainst his will heaunis bend their iust decree  
Earth scorns to build a *Trophee* for his hand  
Fate to his fall his frowning fortun brings  
Heauen, earth, fate *fortun* all crose his desinge.

Heauins neuer yet did feouour his intent  
Earth neu'r lookt for conquest at his hand  
Fate neuer fraimd his will to find content  
And fortun neuer lik't of his demand  
Fair *victorie* her cheifest wealth has spent  
On his proud foe whoe conquering doth command  
Vs all if got like robbers hangd to bee  
Thus we'r but outlawes to his maiestie.

With Greif and sorrou pane and trauel fore  
We hunger-sterud Amidst the montans ly  
Oure frends still aid oure foes and which is more  
Eu'ne oure oune nation vs with scorne desie  
Thousands that rose in oure defence before  
Now with oure foes gainst vs ther forces trie  
Whill wee that noight but shame and want doth gane  
Attend on hope and still attend in vane,

*The famous Historie*

Why stay we then to immitat ther flight  
Whoe with our foes abide in wealth and ease  
No let vs render vp this camp but fight  
And giue our Lorde to vse him as they please  
Or if nought this then let vs flie by night  
And yeildinge to our foes, their wrathe appease  
This laste opinioun eache approueth so  
That eu'rie night in troups away they Goe

Thus wroght blak *Pharos* messengers their will  
And now to worke the rest of their mischeife  
Braue *Pembroke* ear with these glad neus they fill  
And fills his warrlik mind with raige and greif  
To mak an end of warr they shew him still  
That now he may at ease without reieif  
His waikned foe of forder hopes depriue  
Quite ouerthroune or kild or tane aliue.

Then fed with hope he doth an armie raise  
Of *Scotts* and *English* neir ten thousand strong  
Whoes minds with hate and with desire of praise  
They do inflame nor stay they those among  
But heir and their through all the land they gaife  
Subiects to find whereby to work more wrong  
At last of *lorne* that cruell Lord they find  
And vnto new reuenge they stirre his mind,

To nev reuenge of his deir cufings blood  
Greate *Cummerwald* whom *Bruce* before had slane  
He to this warr brings foorth fife thousand good  
And to greate Englands generall ioins amane  
Thus foreward prikt with hope and hatfull mood  
They brauelie march ou'r hil ou'r daill ou'r plane  
Whereof our Gallant nought at all did kno  
So spedelie and secretlie they go.

Now of fife hundreth thrise with him remaind  
Thrie hundreth scant the rest war fled and gone  
Whereof he oft and secretlie complaind  
Yet wiselie in him self conceall'd his mone  
But nou his scouts by trauell that obtaind  
A sight of their Proud foe return anone  
And to him bring those wofull neus at last  
Whoes sound from eare to eare right sadlie past.

The

*Of the valiant Bruce*

1. Booke,

The relicts small of his forsaken host  
Wheir all about him standing in a round  
Whill as bold *Edward* thus did him accost  
My Lord and brother let not this confound  
Your noble thegths tho numbers quite be lost  
In this small band mult all your hops be cround  
Tho fortun beate your iust desings aurie  
She can not let vs brauelie for to die.

Will is it knowne since first we Armour tooke  
When in oure *cumtreis* cause we swore to stand  
That euer since wee suffred haue rebooke  
Nor fortun once wold fauour oure demand  
With shame and lose oure. Friends vs all forsooke  
Oure soldiers seing nought but lose at hand  
Haue left vs Cowards worthie not to breath,  
That we may look for nothing now but death.

Yet fall it neu'r be said nor sein nor knowne  
That in oure lateft hour we shrink or flie  
No let oure hearts oure hands and al be shroune  
Eu'ne in dispight of *fortuns* crueltie  
To work most dread reuenge if ouerthroune  
And with their brauest captains let vs die  
Lo fame and Glorie shall oure death attend  
Nor shall they much reioise in this oure end.

The rest whome *Anger* *curage* *greif* *dispair*  
Tormenting made to wish their deaths were nie  
Applaudeth all that he had said and their  
All crie dye die reuenge and brauelie die  
But their braue Prince with mild looks doth declair  
His counfall wise and his command whereby  
Their fierie hote and fond dispair refraining:  
He to his brother answers thus complaining.

Thy counfall in the wise no place will find  
With such despairing hezerds to betray  
Oure selfs vnto oure foes they proue to kind  
To please their foe that works their oune decay  
What tho the basser sort their beaftlie mind  
In fleeing from oure camp doth weill beurray  
Yet hope and forlight fortun still commands  
And warrs good luuk in wisdoms counfall stands.

Oij

What

Sir Odomer  
de wallance  
was erll of  
Pembrok.

What though our fainting troupes haue fled before  
 Who e'r the newes of ill with terror flings  
 These at the reall sight will feare much more  
 And confort none but their discomfort brings  
 Yea when they fled my hopes they did restore  
 And with them fled the Doubts of my desings  
 Greater foolls are they that build their hopfull good  
 Vpon the euer changing multitude

In you that doth remane my confort lies  
 Nor can a world of armes me effray  
 For heau'ne promised mee that I should rise  
 Vnto my foes shame ruin and decay  
 I care not I what earth or hell deuis  
 They can not hinder heauin though they delay  
 Fraill mans intendit blissh by heauins decreed  
 With heauinlie faith is earthlie wants supplaid.

Know then this praise to *Scotts* is onlie deu  
 Ne'r conquerd yet ne'r yeildit to their foes  
 For want refusing neuer to perseu  
 With endles warr the iust reuenge of those  
 That wold their liues or libertie subdeu  
 For *Scotts* will ether all way make a chose  
 Of freedom euer poore with warre maintaine  
 Then bondage euer riche with peace still gaine.

By this they see an armie to appeir  
 Before their face and at their backs they view  
 The Lord of *Lorne* with all his troupes draue neir  
 By secret by-wais led, them to perseu  
 Whereat they stand amaz'd vntill, they heire  
 Their Lords wise hardie resolution treu  
 Whoe thus to cheir and confort them began  
 Fear not their flight for do the worst they can,

Wee shall eschew their craft their hate their force  
 Then he commands his brother to depairt  
 And *Lennox Erle* with them ane hundred horse  
*Douglas* and *Hay* vnto the contrair Airt  
 With equall number bend their speedie course  
 Now friends quod he eche bear a valiaunt heart  
 And fleeing fight and fighting flee your foes  
 For your braue flight new forth your wais with bloes.

So.

So our's shall be the *Glorie* of this day  
 And wee with fame retorne but thay with shame  
 We with the rest will likewais hold our way  
 Betwixt their armes so shall we reclame  
 Our life and honor whiche thay count their pray  
 Yea and perhaps er long may pay thame hame  
 This said all Thrie thrie sundrie way's oppose  
 Their Warlike breissh gainst thousands of their foes.

Yea suerlie each of theme great *valor* shoes  
 And wisdoms beams still gaue thair *valor* light  
 They brak throw armed *Squadrons* of their foes  
 Thus they perseuing flee and fleeing fight  
 O courage great O *valor* worthie those  
 That ryseto ewer shyning *Glorie* bright (des-  
 Throw thrice fyue thousand fighting fleis thrie hund  
 Not losing One. O courage great! O wonder!

The valiant *Bruce* with vnresisted might  
 Fleis yet his deids still make him knowne of all  
 The lord of *Lorne* that weill espyde his flight  
 Soone folloud him in hope to work his fall  
 Fyue hundred thrice on horseis swift and light  
 With him he takes and giues but leasure small  
 To *Bruce* who thrice diuidis his *Men* in thrie  
 And thrice thrie sundrie wayis the're forst to flee

At last with him their did remane but one  
 And yet his foes still follow'd on his tract  
 Their care is onlie him to haue allone  
 Nor seme thay of his *Men* account to make  
 Fyue knights that al the rest had far ownt gone  
 Wer cum so neir that him they ouertake  
 Whoe scorn'd to flee whill he had bein aliue  
 Though but allone from fyftie ioynd to fyue

The knight that with him stayd was bold and stout  
 Whoes birth made in his *dam's* fair breissh appeir  
 The milk that nurst the Prince for whiche no dowe  
 He greatlie loud the Man and held him deir  
 Whoe with him twrns now to their foes abus  
 Both on theme twns nor wold they once reter  
 Ther salutations were in raige and wrathe  
 Death on eche wound attends and shame on death

O. uij

Thrie



Thrie to the Prince and two vnto the knight  
 Addrest and thus the combat's wnderthane  
 The valiaunt *Monarche* with two bloes down right  
 Ones heart anothers head did cleiue in twane  
 Whairat dismaied the thrid doth shwn to fight  
 And now this matchles lord thus left allone  
 Len'ds th'one a blow that did his knight assaill  
 Till from his hors he sank down cold and paile.

Beneath the knights good suord the fourt soone dyis  
 Death after him that flees was quicklie sent  
 This *strattagem* the Prince doth soone deuise  
 To learne to sie and know his foes intent  
 He on this horse in this knight arms doth Rise  
 And to his foes bak as a freind he went  
 His knight he their Commands for to sojurne  
 Till he againe dead or alive Returne

This bak agane a Myll he had not gone  
 When as he meits the Forward of his foe  
 Come with a spedie marche that way anone  
 And them before a hundreth knights and mos  
 Come towards him before all these allone  
 A senting *Slewth* hound coms with Squyers two  
 The hound his owne he knew without all dout  
 Which by his foes was brought to find him out.

Without delay without ad visement long  
 He foreward spurrs ypon his loftie steid  
 Whose Swiftnes had no match them all among  
 Knowne by the hound whom he was wount to fied  
 On him he fauns and with a leap he flong  
 Furth from the leische runing on him with speid  
 Whom when he wold haue kil'd poore pitie moy'd him  
 He cold not be ingrait to none that lov'd him.

Wherfore he bak Returns the way he came  
 The hound still following him had kept him still  
 When loe these hundreth knights espyde the same  
 The horse and *Arms* they know yet doubt some ill  
 That with a scornefull raige their mynds Inflame  
 And with auou'd revenge their harts they fill  
 Thus with disordred haist they quiklie runn  
 And one by One much ground of him they winn

Some

Some him to kill, and some the hound to take  
 Did oftentimes assaie, but al in vaine,  
 For their disordred furie still he brak  
 Each wound with holds a foe with death or paine,  
 Yet was he forc'd at last away to mak  
 By killing of the hound his life to gaine.  
 And being now come neir vnto his knight  
 He thinks not meit against them all to fight.

But him commands in haist to kill that hound  
 Which he him self could not abide to doe  
 Hard by a *Forrest* couered all the ground  
 Whoes treis our all the Rockie montans Bow  
 Hither they flie where such dark ways they found  
 As from their foes their saiftie did allow  
 Thus mockt and scornd, the armie turns againe  
 With lose and Shame their travell spent in vaine.

*The Argument.*

*Hells damnd fiends finds Scots renowned King  
 And by threethreeves works him a new dispright,  
 To God he praiseth who graunts his iust designe.  
 Through deserts wild alone he flies by night,  
 He findes his men at last, whom he doth bring.  
 On his proud foe who slaughterd fear's his might  
 Winter makes both their Camps brak up at last  
 At hunts greate Bruce a fearfull danger past.*

*Caput. II.*

**I**nfernall Pluto Missing his Intent  
 Began to rore his voice his words confound (went  
 From whoes foull throat such thundring noise forth-  
 As schook the hel resounding throw the ground.  
 His Bowells deip a mistie smook fourth sent  
 Which made the Soules in endles Torments bond  
 To dive in floods and in the flams to hide them  
 Eschewing paine whill greater paines abide them,  
 His dreadfull looks effrayd the feinds and Ghosts  
 Chokt with the favour of his noysum breath  
 Like fleghts of Crows *Hell* musters forth her hosts,  
 From *Hereons* with horror feare and death,  
 In clouds of daungers on our Northern coasts,  
 They raine the bloodie tempests of their wrath  
 And scatred here and there, they soon untwinde  
 The webs of Woe, wouen in each sinfull minde

*The famous Historie.*

And one of them eu'ne then did hap to light  
On Robbers thrie that in this forrest lay  
Wheirthrou the valiant Bruce had tane his flight  
Himse they whom they count an easie pray  
For which greate *Edward* ritche rewards had heght  
Wheirfore their Treasone thus they did essay  
Myldlie they come vnto that noble Prence  
And vout to spend their lives in his defence.

They Scotts-men war by right his subiects too  
Which to their treasoun ads more credit still  
Dark night to shroud the rest which they wold doe  
Heauins siluer walls with sabill hangings fill  
Within this forrest stood a *Schipbirds* croo  
No other ludging were they neir vntill  
Thither those theius this noble Prince furth guid  
And with their Schift a supper soone prouid,

When hee right pleasandlie hand tane repast  
Of viands such as tyme wold then affoord  
On the cold earth he lays him doune at last  
A shield for pillow serud this noble Lord  
When thousand cairfull thoghts were ouerpast  
Sleips charning rod of filence him restord  
Vnto a slumber, soft but while he lay  
He thoght he hard a voice him threatning saye

Though careles of they self heauins for thee care  
Vp vp arise from daunger the defend  
Whaerat he starts aloft begins to stare  
When as he seis com from the houffis end  
The *Robbers* thrie that with their swords prepare  
Death on his Knight and him in sleip to send  
But with his sword he their designment braks  
And with his foot his faithfull knight awaiks,

Yet or he could arise one of the thrie  
Vnto him st. pt and with his trenshant blad  
He forc'd his soull furth from his brest to flie  
Which in the Prince both greif and anger bred  
And in his wrathe his death so venged he  
That of these *Traitours* thrie he soone was red  
Then thanks he God who saist him from that snare  
And thence departs loadned with greif and care.

Wheir

*Of The valiant Bruce.*

I. Booke

Wheir as his horse was feiding their he goes  
Whill as the darknes sum what cleirer greu  
And being monted then no way he knoes  
And yet from thence him self he soone with drew  
Yea oftentims him self him self did lose  
In desarts wyld in paths but vsed by feu  
Renouling still within his troubled thoght  
What greuons cair's proud *fortun* had him wroght

At last beseeching his great Lord of Grace  
To pitie him and confort to him send  
His earnest praier cleius heauins starrie face  
And at *Jcus* throne for mercie did attend  
Whoe bends his gracious eyes on mortalls race  
Vicuing their woes their waiknes weill he kend  
The splendour of his glorious countenance (hence)  
Cleir's heaune and earth and chaistd hells feinds fare

Earth fred of such a sinfull Burthen vild  
Begins to smill on heauins all glorious sphear's  
When from the Prince all sorow was exyld  
Confort from heauin to his sad soule repair's  
His faich had broght from his deir saueour mild  
Assured hope of what his soule requear's  
Now to that place he goes the neirest way  
Wheir he appointed all his men to stay.

When bright *Auror* her treasures had furth sought  
She edgd the siluer clouds with freing's of gold  
And hangs the skies with Arras rarely wroght  
Powdred with Paarle and pretious stones vtold  
Then roses reid and whit from inde she broght  
And strou'd heauins floor most glorious to behold  
Yet weips she for she thinks it all to small  
To welcum great *Apollo* to her hall.

Ere *Sole* could shine his way did him restor  
Wheir *Edward* and the *Douglas* did abide  
With all his troups that scattred wer befor  
With whome the Prince doth secretlie prouide  
For to assalt his foes so proud of yore  
For them he cairles kneu disperfed wide  
Disordred quite and scatterd heir and their  
Nor for him wold they look nor for him care.

P

Ther

They all agree yet thus he wold them cheir  
 Braue frends (quod he) behold this happie day  
 That shall the clouds of oure disasters cleir  
 And bring the *Garland* from oure foes away  
 Me thinks I see fair victorie appeir  
 To crowne vs that *triumphs* on their decay  
 And their hot blood rich *trophes* vs aduances  
 Borne on the points of oure *victorious* lances.  
 Me thinks vpon oure glistering creste I see  
 The glorious *garland* of the conquest worne  
 Whill fether-futted-*fame* before vs flie  
 Vpon the golden wings of Honor borne  
 Altho nor ours their numbers greater be  
 Yet fear them not *Je-houa* heighe hath sworne  
 To yeild them in your hands that ye may sleip  
 Your thirtie blaids in blood whill as they sleip  
 This said from heauen reflected on his face  
 A lightning beame bright shining pure and cleir  
 His countenance shind with such heauilie grace  
 As lightned all about both farr and neir  
 A *Martiall* furie in his breist took place  
 Whoes sparkling did his eies with lightning cheir  
 So that his gallant port and gracefull looks  
 The bold confirms the faint with shame rebukes  
 A *Guide* he got whoe broght him wheir they lay  
 Encamped in a fair and open plane  
 And or the glorious soun could guilt the day  
 Four hundred he had wounded hurt and slane  
 For these before the camp a litle way  
 Within a village cairles did remane  
 Yea eu'ne the camp at last they did persee  
 And their with slaughter did the fight renew  
 The fire yet stay'd within his assie coath  
 When they began the camp for to inuaid  
 Sleip rest or silence eurie one did touch  
 And heir and their they lay disordered  
 Some were a sleip of wine that drunk too much  
 And some with cards and some with dice wer led  
 Some lasie lubbar's quaf'd carrouis deip  
 Till eurie drink began an endles sleep

Whill thus they ly thois warreours enter in  
 Too strik iustitars for to pairt the fray  
 The wine and blood both foorth togid der rin  
 From bak from brest or side eu'ne as they lay  
 Half words confosd their hollow throts within  
 Made billowing nois their blood their breath did stay  
 Somesife to strik some op's their mouth to chide  
 Those fall and these with blood chokt gasping died  
 Thus whill eche sword dislodg'd a hundred liues  
 Braue *Bruce* made knowne his rancour wrath and ire  
*Squadrons* he kills cuts cords and tents he riues  
 And for reuenge enflam'd with hote desire  
 To ouerthrou them all alone he strius  
 To kill the men and set the camp on fire  
 And foreward still allone he Murthring goes (blooe  
 giuing more death then wounds more wounds then  
 But as a hungrie *Lion* for his foode  
 Kills thousand beasts mo then he can deuore  
 So thou stout *Edward* doth their liues seclude  
 Whom thy braue Brothers haist had past before  
 And treading proudlie on the multitude  
 Thou seemest sad becaus thou findest no more  
 Whereon to exerceis thy valor so  
 Wishing eche trunk could raise a stronger foe.  
 Now at an vther Parte doth enter in  
 The conquering knight that dreidful slaughter make  
 So from the west the drying winds begin  
 To cleir heauins cloudie front and stronglie braks  
 The spoungie bann exhal'd vp by the *Sunne*  
 Furth of the *Germane* laik which *Aioll* takes  
 Vpon his wings and mousters forth in host's  
 Wheir with he threats to droun the northern coists.  
 Eu'ne so this campiou driueth bak by force  
 The multitude of armed *Squadrons* strong  
 His warlik wepon kill's without remorse  
 His eies such fire splendor dairts along  
 As burns their hearts but fear concealls their lose  
 All turning baks forget to venge their wrong  
 And cairles of their shame their fame their fall  
 They lose their liues their honor hope and all.

And he that to gaine stand will proue so bold  
As not to flie but brauelie beare it out  
Soone lyis he breathles tumbling on the mold  
Which in the rest confirms their fear and doubt  
Thus foreward none his furie can with hold  
Till with his Lord he meits wheir all the rout

Assembled were and weareid nou with killing  
The souldiers disperst the tents were pilling,

But *Scots* greate king who saw them cairles, care  
More for their gaine then conquest to prolong  
Causd sound retreat least some neu force repare  
And bring the conquest backe with shame and wrong.

By this the *English* Generall did prepare  
Of armed knights aboue fise thousand strong  
But this braue Lord in time retereid his crew  
Whill as they had no lust for to persew.

The worthie *Bruce* thus haueing payd his foe  
Of that disgrace which he had lair receau'd  
He was both lou'd and fear'd and hatir so  
As the iust worth of his greate deids had crau'd  
Yea *Englands* warlick Generall thoght in woe  
Extold him much when he his worth perceau'd  
Swearing by *Joue* that heauins decred to raise him  
And in the midst of hate was forced to praise him.

Wheirfore he breaketh vp his camp that night  
Letting his Soldiers to their home retere  
The mightie *Scot* to *Carrick* marcheth right  
And sojourns their the deade time of the years  
Wheir nocht befell him worthie to reciet  
Saif once he went a hunting of the *Deare*  
For their hee thoght no foes could harme afford  
Since all that land obeyd him as their Lord.

Now being much delighted with that sport  
His warlik knights were neir about him still  
One day vnto an forrest they resort  
The hart and hind with *Grew* hounds for to kill  
And he allone sta'd in a priuat fore  
With two swift hounds aboue them on a hill,  
Till all the rest were scattred farr and niere,  
Rousing the woods to bring him in the deere.

Whill

While here he staied, three men he did espie  
Come from the wood with awfull countenance,  
Each bends a bowe and thus doth him desie,  
To venge the *Cummings* blood is our pretence  
Braue Sirs quod he then, first I praie you trie  
Me with your swords, if I can make defence,  
Thrie one to kill so farre were endles shame  
So Cowards fight, the ualiant hates such game!

At these his words, their bows awaie they threw,  
And with their swords they sharply him assaile,  
His hounds he loof'd, his sword he quickly drew,  
And many bloes on either hand they deale,  
The hounds that sie such foes their Lord persue  
One by the gorge vnto the ground they haile,  
One of the other two by this he kil'd

Then kills him whom the hounds at ground still hild  
The third who fears such guerdon for to trie,  
Staied not, but soon betakes himselfe to flight  
Whom when these Heauen-ordained hounds espie  
They follow both with kien and aufull might  
And in a Trace they force him by and by  
Most furiously vpon the ground to light  
Their Lord at last from them did him reswme  
And strik lie giv's him his deserved doome.

When all his knights returnd they wondring view  
How heavens their Prince from danger had preserv'd  
To God they gaue greate thanks and Praises dew  
Reioysing that so braue a Lord they serv'd -  
This did his fame throu all the land renew  
All wish'd him now what his great worth deserv'd  
Whoskap'd so many Dangers they conclude  
Must be reserved for a greater goode.

*The Argument.*

*First at Stenroill doth Scots renowned Prince*  
*Get victorie aboue the English foe*  
*Douglas at Ederfoord with valiaunce*  
*By fourtie doth a thousand overthrow*  
*Then Pembrok sews for Battrell with pretence*  
*To frie the land from longer warr and so*  
*To Lowdon-hill he brings an armie fare*  
*But vanquish, fleis the land in greute Dispare.*

P liij

Cap

*The famous Historye*

Caput. 12.

**W**hen in his goolden *carroush* *Sol* returns  
 From *Zenith* bake into the northern starr  
 The *Ram* growne proud with am'rous heat so burns  
 That with his horns he seimis too make him warr  
*Hils* turns in *tearis* their milk whit *Robs* and murns  
 To se them selfs so strip'd by *Sol* afarr  
 Who too redresse that wrong is quicklie seen  
 For *ermis* poore to cloith them all in green  
 The *Gardens* pranckt with rosie buds still spring  
 Whill *Flora* dalleis in her flowire bed  
 Whom *Zepheir* Cowrts and swit to her doth sing  
 Wiping away the *Tears* *Aurora* sched  
 Whoes shril sweet notts throu all the Forrests ring  
 When *Meids* with grafe and *Woods* with *Leavs* are cled  
 So that the *spring* thus following *Phabus* treace  
 Made ewre thing to look with cheirfull face  
 When *Bruce Scotts* hope their comfort and their Ioy  
 With all his knights doth too the feilds repeare,  
 Stout hardie *Eduard* feirles of Annoy  
 And fortunes knight braue *Douglas* als wes there  
 Whom *victorie* did sewintie tymes convoy  
 Crownd with the *Garlands* of her golden hare  
 And many mo all knights of highe renowne  
*Pillars* of *State* and *Pearles* vnto the *Crowne*  
 Thrice nyntie knights their number were at most  
 All marcheing furth with cheirfull Countenance  
 Whoes worth was knowne so to their Enemeis cost  
 As their brave Generall feard not to aduance  
 With these against a great and mightie host  
 And hazard all vpon a Battells chance  
 Thus marcheth he and wold with these begin  
 To conquer all or lose what he hath winn.  
 This warlik Lord when as the night drew nere  
 Camps on a hill a strength by nature wroughe  
 And as the second morning did appeare  
 The watch a *Woman* had before him broght  
 In beggers weid whom he did straight Inqueir  
 What her Intention was or what her thoght  
 That way to come She answerd to betray him  
 And that his foe wold presentlie Essay him,

*Pembroks*

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

I. Booke

*Pembroks* braue *Erie* (saide she) within a myll  
 Is come with thousands five thee to surprise  
 That *Scots* and *Englishe* are and swears the whill  
 That they triumphing on thy death must rise  
 I hope quod he their hopes shall them begyll  
 The right is ours and with the word he crys  
 To arms to arms and in a moment their.  
 All cled in dreadfull arms to fight prepare.  
 The Prince without the Camp his armie drew  
 In thrie Battalions or Squadrons strong  
 The vangard gave he to the *Douglas* trew  
 Vnder whoes standard Sixtie marcht along  
 Expert in Arms that feats of warrs well knew  
 The reir ward too prince *Eduard* did belong  
 Which also did consist of Sixtie moe  
 That faint fearis ghostlie house did neuer know  
 The King him self the greate Battalion led  
 Wherin ther stood thirye fyftie borne too fight  
 There *Scotlands*, constabill, in arms was cled  
 The worthie *hay*, a bold and, fearles knight  
 There *Lerax* faithfull er'le his ensigne spred  
 There *Walcrus Boyd* and others scorning flight  
 All Soldiers old all weill apron'd at arms  
 all breathed warr and conquests loud allarms.  
 Be they were ranckt and well in Ordre sett  
 A cloud of men of horse of spears and scheilds  
 Comes from a *Wood*, a heard of *Deir* besett  
 By hunters keim to fearfull flight so yeilds  
 Whoes horned heids a ratling noyse begett  
 Such noyse their lances made when all the fields  
 Were hid with Troups and ew'ne as flights of *Croes*  
 Sing throw the *air* their haist such sounding shoes.  
 But to the *Scots* when they approached nere  
 They stood Amazd to sie there good Array  
 Till their Curagious Genrall did them cheir  
 With hopfull words of Conquest spoill and Pray  
 Lo what are those said he which you sie here  
 But Robbers which dare neuer vew the day  
 Outcasts and not trew *Scots* whoes warlik force  
 You oft before haue tryde vnto their lose.

P. iii

ARG.

And tho they were there Nations flour and choise  
Yet are they but a handfull vnto you  
Gainst eu'rie one let ten them selfe oppose  
So they beneth Oure conquering sword shall bow  
At these braue words the Armie foreward goes  
With schouts and clamors greate and with a show  
A front the *Douglas* troupe they giue the charge  
Whoe was too few against these squadrons large,

Yet make they neither murmur noise nor Dinn  
Saif Armour's clash and death resounding blows,  
Till they had peartst these squadrons wide within,  
One curie hand a streame of blood forth flows,  
That o're their Man-made bankes to swell begin  
And on their freinds they helpe to venge their foes.  
For such as wounded cold not stand for paine,  
Falling vntimlie, were both dround and slaine.

The conquering Knight with his victorious band  
That now hade brokin all the ranks well niere,  
Beholds the *Clifford* that still fighting stand.  
Whose valors, worth, he cold not but admire,  
For by that gallant Earls strong conquering hand  
Some slaine, some hurt, some forc'd were to retire,  
To him for iust conceaued hate, he hies,  
And him to bloodie mortal fight desies.

Now firste when as the *Bruce* his foes did view,  
Vnder an ensigne al to march in groe,  
He chargd his Troups their distance to renew,  
And leaue more ground twixt eu'rie batel foe,  
In seu'rall parts they did their foes persue,  
One chargd a front, one to each flanke did goe.  
And each a solem vow had made with all,  
Mid-waie to meet, or by the waie to fall.

On the right side since *Edward* gaue essaie,  
Whose courage hote cold scarcely be refrained,  
By those more cold by his braue Troupe to staie,  
And yet the vallor of his foes constraind  
Faie Victorie aboue them both to plaie  
With doubtful wings, till at the last detaind  
By his all conquering hand beneth his sword  
They fall yeld, flie and tremble at his word,

But *Scotlands* famous Champioun the while  
Whoes chaige he knew was their left syde to charge  
Brak throu the ranks with long and bloodie toill  
And to his troupe he made an entrie lairge  
Whill th' *Englishe* Generall chusd their force to foill  
Fieue hundred strong, with lance, with sould, with target  
Whoes armed ranks he settis into the way  
Of *Scotts* renowned king his force to stay

These at the first so feirclie doe assail  
They brak the *Scotts* with wrath and heigh disdain  
Who yeelding straight begins to bend and reill  
And braik their ranks nor could from flight refraine  
Which th' *Englishe* captane *harringtone* sau weill  
By whoess braue hand aught deid the nint neu slaine  
The standart bore: which winn he loudlie cryis  
The victorie is ours who yeeldis not dyis.

*Scotlands* great campioonn who this while had fought  
Amidst his foes and left his men behind  
Rushd throu the throng and this stout captane sought  
Whome got his head he from his shoulders twind  
And wan agane that standart deirlye boght  
With which he forward goes wheir he did find  
His men disperd but with his cheirfull words (swords)  
They rank them selfs and march with conquering

The victorie recouerd thus with pane  
And raerlie wroung out of the *Englishe* hands  
Earth's brauest Prince leads on his troups agane  
The standart still he bears and throu the bands  
Of his proud foes he looks if they contane  
Some obiect worth the hyir of his demands  
He shaiks his sword wheirat the *Englishe* quaike  
And shrunk oway and out of order brak,

Then he espyis a littel him before  
*Lennox* stout *Erle* and *Hays* vnconquerd Lord  
And famous *Boyd* all thrie assailed sore  
And hemnd in by their fois, he much deplord  
Their danger great, and valors worthie store  
They shou, for to be tane they still abhord  
And all the ground to strou it seems they strue,  
With woundit men half deid and half a liue,

*The Famous Historye*

Not fare from them he also might espy  
 When as the conquering knight with *clifford* stood  
*Clifford* was strong but fought too furiously  
 And now groune faint with sheidding too much blood  
 His cairfull band to saist their Lord wold try  
 Thrusting betwix him and the *Douglas* good.  
 Yea all at once him furiously assail.  
 But his unconquerd valor doth preuail.

All this the Prince of warriors did behold  
 And as a *Lion* new cum from the wood  
 Roring for pray espyis a shepherds fold  
 His hungry *Whelps* still follow howling loud  
 Whoes sight and sound effraies the headmen bold.  
 Thy *lie* that fearfull foe resistles proud  
 Who killeth all, tho one wold serue for food.  
 His *Whelps* by his example feids on blood.

Euen so he cumis with scarled cullored bield  
 His conquering crew, encourage by his sight  
 Before whoes terror threatening face they fled  
 Yea euen greate *Pembroke* yeelds him now to flight  
 This vprore such a greate confusioun bred  
 The *English* throws away their armour bright  
 With still sad murmurs *Scotts* perseu their foes.  
 And noght was hard but dying Groans and bloes.

From *Erebus* blak darknes takis her flight  
 And spred her wings aboue ou'r half of Ground  
 When th' *English* aided by the freindlie Night  
 Ow're *Hills* and *Dalls* dark wais for saistie found  
 And of their Native soill to haue a fight  
 The greater part by solempitous was bund  
 For noght they fand in this oure barren soill  
 But death and wounds in stead of wealth and spoill.

After this victorie so rai he got  
 The choise of Princes with an humble mind  
 Gaue thanks to God for his successiue lot  
 And holie vns vnto the Lord enshrin'd  
 Then marching furth in haist he setteth nos  
 Till all the western cuntreis were inclin'd  
 To his meik reuil and with aduise more staid  
 Kill, *Cunningham*, and *Garrick*, him obay'd.

*Of The valiant Bruce.*

*I. Booke*

Whill in the West he regnd as conquerour  
 Sir *Odmer* was greiud at his succes  
 And thought he had dissolud his strongest pou'r  
 Seing his oune atcheuements fortunles  
 Yet fortun on ane vther wold not lour  
 An vther captaine whoes greate worthines  
 Had giuen good proufe in many a bloodie fight  
 A *Scotts* man he, sir *Phillip mubray* hight

Him wold be neids imploy vnto this fare  
 And to his chairge commits a thousand horse  
 With these to vieu *Scotlands* greate Kings estate  
 And wait aduantage to imploy his forse  
 But mightie *Bruce* exper'ence had of laist  
 That strenth shall oft of craft receaue the worse  
 And being cairfull vigilant and wise  
 Preuents his craftie foes lie interprise.

With fortunes knight tuye tuentie furth he send  
 To vnderstand and knou the foes desings  
 Who haueing searchd and traueled far in end  
 His way him to an narrow Passage brings  
 On eirie hand did mightie crags ascend  
 On eirie side beloue deip marras springs  
 And of this place he sitlie maks a choise  
 For to ganestand or to assalt his foes

Long staid he not when all his foes drew neir  
 For by that way they neids must onlie go  
 Stout *moubray* then his warlik troups did cheir  
 Whill they curagiously did chairge their foe  
 And as on *Neptuns* humid sky so cleir  
 Sterne *Berius* to the land the walls doth blo  
 Till waue on waue brak on the Baltic shore  
 Whoes dying voice ou'r all the land doth re.

So eirie Rank on Rank is beaten bak  
 By that braue count and his resistles crew  
 Their ranks in Ordour ordourles they brak  
 They kill the bold and fliers faint persew  
 All gois to death they none to mercie tak  
 And with meir strenth and valor overthrew  
 Their foes at last and forced all with might  
 Nor can their captaine stay their fearfull flight,

Qij

But

Called the  
 Bolderford,

To wit the  
 Douglas,

Wm



But *Moubray* stout wise valiaunt featles bold  
Whoes words nor deids lets not his men to flie  
Scornd such a flight, nor could his foes with hold  
His Resolution Acted constanthe  
Forththrou their ranks he doth his wey vnfold  
Wher much blood doth his sterne wrath satisfie  
At last he lost his brand and shund the fight  
Els had he yeildit captiue to their might,

His fanting troups fled home the way they came  
Which when he vied vpon the vther side  
Such raige and furie did his breist inflame  
As he wold neids returne and wold abide  
Gainst all his fois but that could no way frame  
For want of wapins fort him turne aside  
Whill as the count whoes deids ar eu'r glorious  
*Triumphing* to his Prince returns victorious,

His Prince that nou was vnder *London* hill  
And all that cuntrie to his Peace had broghe  
These Losses all great *Pembrok* ear's did fill  
And sets fierce rage on edge for this he thoght  
If *Scottlands* King had fortun thus at will  
*Englands* intendit Conquest turns to noght  
Wherefore this motion has vnto him sent  
By which their wraith should soone or neu'r be spent,

He bids him vnder *London* hill prepair  
To giue him Battell on the tenth of may  
And if the Conquest fell to *Scottlands* shair  
*England* could quite the land that verie day  
And neu'r returne to clame a conquest their  
But if the *English* wan without delay  
Then yeild he should vnto fair *Englands* Prince  
And at his sentence stand for his offence.

To this the graue wise worthie *Bruce* agreis  
And for that day great Preparation maks  
But with greate foresight wiselie he foreseis  
How that his mightie foe aduantage raks  
Of multitudes of men and lairge suppleis  
Whoes endles numbers his meane forces braks  
For which thrie walls he raises wondrous hie  
Eune their wheir as the battell fought should be.

And

And in the midst he leaus a Plaine so wide,  
As hundreths siue might march & feight at ease,  
At euerie ende laie *Marrasis* beside,  
So at their back, they could no forces raise,  
Thus onely here he wold his foes abide,  
Let Fortune, froune or fauour whom she please,  
But twise three hundreth march'd with him along  
Altho his foes were full seauen thousand strong.

*Syr Odomer* the bold doth keip the day  
And marched brauelie vnder *Lowdon* low  
He puts his warlick armie in array  
Whill as the king of men him self doth show  
With his small pour his passage for to stay  
His hardie knights the art of warr did know  
These oft approu'd so oft had tryde their might  
He neids not to encourage theme to fight

Yet Earths great Warriour restles still did raunge  
Now here, now there his restles troups among  
Kindling their breasts to hote and new reuenge.  
Of olde done Deeds, and long receaued wrong,  
The Captains of his troups he need not chaunge.  
For these were matchles, hardy, wise & strong,  
The worthie *Douglas* and the valiant *Haye*,  
*Edward* the firc impatient of delaie,

Whoe with his troupe did first assail the foe  
For his fierce wrath could brook delay no more  
How soone this angrie Prince him self did sho  
Terror and feare went sadlie him before  
As when strong winds doth caus heighe tyds to flo  
Whoes brackish waus still beat the brokin shore  
Seas smoth back rold before with gentle breath  
In brissels set, spits forth his foamie wreath.

Soe after furious *Edward* all the plaine  
Was ouer-run with Ranks of spears & shields,  
Horse, armour, weapons echos aye againe  
The dreadful noise that Drumme & Trumpet yeilds  
*Sirise*, *Terrour*, *Rage*, follow both Hoasts, anon  
Death softens armour and strong weapons weilds,  
*Furie* and *Sirise* stalks through the hoasts with fire  
Of deadly wonds kindled with blood-blown Ire.

Q. ii.

Now

Now both the armeis insteling roodlie met  
And spears and sheilds gainst spears and sheilds opposd  
Strength answerd strength & wound for wound they get  
Swords targets piks with piks swords targets closd  
Then *Tumult* comes to heauin her head she sett  
And from her throt a thousand sounds she lousd  
That throu the *Air* confusdlie larring roar  
Such sound greate waters send from brokin shoar

Or as when Raine by nights blak tempests borne  
Doun from heighe Rocks and mountans to the plane  
Stons earth and treis vp by the roots hath corne  
Till streams and all in one pit fall agane  
Whoes bullring noyse when cums the pleasant morne  
The herdmen frights that with their flocks remane  
Such sounds their conflict yeilds and throu the aer  
Sends clamors groans and all th' affects of fear.

But thou braue *Eduard* was the first did wound  
And wounding kild and killing did affright  
Thy Enemais whill through the troupe redound  
The neus of thy greate deads, which raise on hight  
Thy soldiers hairts; their valor did abound  
With aufull strenght resistles still they fight  
And thou bold *Hay* aduentroulie did venter  
Heuing a way nixt for thy troups to enter

The woes *Hay* wrought, an English lord their brings  
Whoe wonders at his deids, at last in wrathe  
A darte he sends that to his labors sings  
And weill neir broght with it a haistie death  
Perfing his Curace from his breist out springs  
A streame of blood neir wheir his life took breath  
Wheir with the throuer call's, now do not bott  
If thou has kild, thy blood appease their Ghost.

My blood quod he cums from an honord wound  
But this kei dait from ane deceitfull hand  
To tell me of thy treason it did sound  
And vows to ayme more right at my command  
By this the English campeoun was bound  
With chains of death no longer could he stand  
Death child his blood and strenght within his vains  
For so the Schaft send bak had perst his breans.

The

The warlick English Generall seis him fall  
And thrusts vnto the front or face of fight  
His brand he shaks so dreadfullie with all  
That many fanting schrank out of his sight  
But oure bold *Hay* wold not his steps recall  
Whoes honord matche reproou'd their shamefull flight  
And for him self he wissheth death were ny  
So that braue Imp of Englands race might dy,

The conquering knight this while had march'd so fare  
And led his troups so brauelie on his foes  
That their they yeeld vnto the chance of warr  
Their ranks sore shakkin now much ground they lose  
Bak went the first their ordour quite they marr  
And then the *Scotts* with clamours hudge arose  
Some stuffs the chase whoes breists with curage boild  
And other some drew furth the deid and spoild,

Greate *Odmer* of all this nothing knew.  
Whoe being woundit by the valiant *Hay*  
Enraged like a sauage bore he grew  
And with a fureous blow he doth him lay  
Senceles to ground, and off his helmet flew  
Yea surlie this had bein his lairest day.

But that he saw his side go to the worse  
And turns to stay their flight his en'meis force.

He haisteth furth and shaems to sie their foill  
Whoes cheirfull count'nance maks them all returne  
Against the *Scotts* whoe still dispyd their toyll  
And thikning their instructed pour's they burne  
With hote desire, of their expected spoill  
And in that verie place wold they sojurne  
Whill as the light was pent vp in the skyes  
With swartish clouds of dust that did aryse.

Eu'ne as in Mills wheir Graine is ground non may  
Stand neir for dust blowne vp by breathing aer  
That turns to paled hew their bright array  
So from returning troups and squadrons faire  
The clouds of dust sited the *Scotts* in gray  
Now fights the *English* fierlie to repare.

Their faults; the *Scotts* wold keip what they had winn  
Both sides bands firme and freillie doth beginn

Quay

Bold

## The famous Historie

Bold *hay* recovered of his trance agane  
With angrie shame did venge him of his foes  
Searching for him that left him so in paine  
Many their lifes for their lordes fault did lose  
Whill he on werid killing did remane  
And gainst wholle trowps he doth him self oppose  
Whoes good example cheirs eche englishe band  
And to their bold lordes work they boldlie stand.

Weill bakt with trowps this *Mars*-like man coms in  
Whos deids strook feare through all the *Scottish* host  
Who losing ground to flight doth nou begin  
But *Edward*, *Douglas*, *Haye* and *Boyd* doth cost,  
Along their trowps and here and there doth rinn,  
Praising the bold and cowards still they boast,  
Yet their braue deids preuaileth more then cries  
In leaders deeds, the souldiers confort lies.

But worthe *Bruce*, their harts with courage fills,  
A cloud of Knights with spears & shields he brings,  
And as when shepheards sees from tops of hills,  
A cloud broght from the sea on *Eurus* wings,  
Amazd they stand, and gaze against their wills,  
While heauen on earth a smoakee darknes wrings,  
Which drawing neire to them, affrighted then,  
They dreue their heards into some couert den,

So darkning Earth with spears, with swords, with shields  
They came, and in their breast a tempest broght,  
To whose apparent wrath the English yeilds  
For they had seen what these before had wroght,  
Of their left wing they quite had scourd the fields,  
Thus quickly they resolute, and with a thought,  
All yeilds to flight, and down their weapons threw  
*Scotts* kill and chase til night her conreins drew.

### The Argument.

*Bruce* fallerh sick neir to the Northern Shore  
Tho *armie* mutines for his sore diseases  
Whom at that instant beuins to speich restore  
His all haddyt his speich doth all appease  
They fight with *Buchans* Erle and thence they bore  
Their Lord in sight of foes their camp they raise  
Auld-Meldrums *Bartell* brings his health agane  
He wins *Saint Iohn Roun* with a subtill trane.

Capit

### Caput. 13.

Lights cheirful dame in *saffron* Robs did shine  
Whoes siluer beams through eurie pairt disperst  
Of this *Terrestrial* Glob did nou refine  
The thikned air and leauie forrests peirst  
Wher hills *Groius*, dens, and valeis, deip decline  
To nights dark showis thoes shadowis broune it shert  
When to the camp of conquering *Bruce* aspired  
Greate trowps of *Scotts* of *English* thral dome tir'd,  
And all that land soone to his peace was broght  
Bold *Odomer* inou like to burst for wo  
To *Bodwell* flies and then to *England* soght  
No more to *Scotland* wold he proue a foe  
Thus was the thrid pairt of the Kingdome thoght  
Trew homage to their natue Prince to sho  
The rest for Lord the *English* King did know  
By threttie thousand *English* held in ow

Greate enemies had oure farr greater King  
In the greate north that natue *Scotts* ware borne  
Their *Buchans* mightie Erle did proudlie regne  
That *Cummernalds* reuenge had deip lie sworne  
*Brechins* greate Lord like vengeaunce coueting  
And with them *Sir Iohn Mowbray* they suborne  
With many more that by the *Cummings* factioun  
Held many boundles Bounds in greate subiection.

To quail their pride and tame their tameles wills  
Directlie north our dantles Prince doth go  
Crossing these farr renoumed toples hills  
Of *Grangebene* that *Scotland* pairts in two  
His euer famous name these regions fills  
With feare and terror of ensewing wo  
He led his famous captains with him all  
Saue *Douglas* whome he left for to recal.

Trew *Scotts* to peace and wrakfull foes restraine  
who did so much by valor witt and Grace  
*Fedbrughe* and *Etrik*, *Foerests* fertill plaine  
With ceasles warr he forst to timlie peace  
And *Douglas* tour which *Clifford* had againe  
Boolded & mand his conquest did increas,  
The *Garesone* and captane both he slew  
The Tours vnto the ground he ouerthrew.

R

Strife

*The Famous Historye*

Strife Discord Varr now in the north did wyve  
A bloodie Wob with hate Reuenge and fear  
Most mightie mindit Bruce wold neids depriue  
His foes of itrent heu'ne wheir they reull did beare  
To his most royall camp their did arriue  
A gallant troupe of youths addrest for warre  
The bold Lord *Frazer* led this gallant crew  
His cowl'ing deir and to him alwaies trew

But whither change of soyle or change of air  
Or climats cold or rat her heauins decree  
Has bene the caus, but earths best camp'ioun their  
Feseik int o an feirfull *Lithergie*  
For which the soldeors made such dooful care  
That raige with sorrow throu the camp did flie  
All rose in factiouns non regardith reasone  
Ech vther wrongfullie accusd of treason

Some *Lennox* Erle some *Edward* did accuse  
Some *Frazer* vthers *Boyd* and vthers *Hay*  
Sum say that his Phisitioun did infuse  
Poison in drops nor wold they thus delay  
But headlongs led with furious loue wold vse  
A strange reuenge All woldt hey kill and slay  
This tumult rose to such a fearfull hight  
That nocht but drums & trumpets hear yow might.

Thus whill they stand them selfs for to destroy  
With blood to glut reuenge suspected wrong  
*Buchans* bold Erle and *Breckens* Lord conuoy  
Eu'ne in their sight an Aarmie great and strong  
Who haueing knowledge of their strife did ioy  
To sie the time which they expected long  
Yea this one day had made a wofull end  
Of all but *Yow* from heaune some help did send

Not vnto healk but vnto speich the King  
Was at that instant wondrously restorde  
His Lords praise God and furth they did him bring  
Whoes eies bent vpuard first heauins aid implorde  
A purpell Rob about him wreth'd doth hing  
A croun not him but he a croune decord  
His sceptered hand proud maiestie doth threat  
Berne by four Lords vp in a Royall seat.

A moorine  
in the Armeie  
for the Kings  
diseas which  
thous their  
loue to him  
worthie to  
be noorish.

His

*Of The valiant Bruce.*

1. Booke

His couquering hand his scepter shakes allone  
Thus he to all the armie shous his face  
Wheir maietties cleir lamp of Glorie shone  
Then with I know not what a heunelie grace  
A *Mars* like voice and *Angells* shaip put one  
First softlie to him self he groand allace  
He lookt his looks mou'd all with staitlie feare  
Silence fleu furth and seis'd on euerie care.

What words be these we hear what threats quod he  
What noise of Arms who dares these tumults raise  
Wheir ar we honord wheir your fear we sie  
Not your obedience, shall oure reull this cease  
Of oure diseas is this your memorie  
By wrong surmeid offences vs to please  
Whoe daries of treason think against their King  
No no you can not thus excuse the thing.

Mak not so side a cloik of publ. & wrong  
To priuat grudge if grudge we may it call  
If loue, to vs tak head your selfs among  
For in your lius your weills your saistis all  
Consists our health nixt heu'ne who will er long  
Restore oure health and wounted strench recall  
O can the head a pleasant heclth enioy  
Whoes members still eche vther doth destroy.

Ah sie yow not oure proud Imperious foe  
That seeks oure fall oure ruin oure Decay  
No Treason to oure persone heir we kno  
None in oure Armie that wold vs betray  
But these ar rebels to oure croune and lo  
These wold put violent hands in vs to day  
Brethren in arms go then your King defend  
Let not oure want vnto oure foe be kend.

Hereafter we will think on this your loue  
When heaune to wonted health shall vs restore  
Whill thus he spak the lightning beams did moue  
Of maiestie his sparkling eies before  
That all the armie whodid lait approue  
*Wraith folie Raige*, sheams with repentaunce sore,  
Bak to his tent he goes his soldiers kind  
Cry all go too go too to fight inclind.

Rij

By

*The famous Historye*

By this their proud and mightie foe drew neir  
Whoes number ten to one did them surmount:  
Yet march they on whille ech did vther cheir  
Nor neid their captans do as they had wount  
Their to menace or to encourage heir  
But rather forced to stay by wise account  
Their too too forward haist for still they cry  
Let eurie One a rebell kill or dy.

The rebells se them disappointed clein  
Their hearts begin to faint their hands to faill  
The royall armeis trumpets soundet bein,  
And valiantlie they gan for to assaill,  
The fois so great a Multitude ver sene,  
They shame a handfull should their curags quail;  
Thus eche on vther rustit with furous might (fight)  
First wounds then blood then death aproch'd their

Greate deids of Arms on ether side were shoune  
Till *Phobus* piteing such vnkindlie warre  
Shrunk down anone on siluer skyis were throng  
Dark sabill clouds that thikned all the air  
Than by the rebells the retreat was bloune  
Which made the royall hoist seim fade with cair  
Nor wold retein till by their leaders au  
Their forced within their tranches to with draw.

Four daies within their camp still they remand  
Four dais their foes encamped in their sight  
No day did pas wherein they once refraind  
From skirmish hot and many singil fight  
At last the royall armie was constraind  
To raise their camp and for to marche fourth right  
For victualis in their camp were waxing small  
Nor *Physick* helps their kings diseas at all.

He in a glorious chariot richlie wroght  
Goes in the mids they marching round about  
In Battell rank and all their Baggage broght  
Within the foremost ranks thus all the rout  
Still reddie was to fight if their to fought  
Their foes perceiud their resolution stout  
And for that time they thocht not good to moue the  
But follou still at vnwarrs to proue them.

*Edward*

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

*I. Booke.*

*Edward* the fierce whill his deir brother lay  
Ou'r all the royall armie did command  
Wher with he maricht a soft and easie way  
By Citeis faike through mony a fertill land  
At last he cauld the armie for to stay  
In *Marrs* renowind schire wher as he fand  
A willaige situat one a pleasant plaine  
Wher walthie *Ceres*, treasure doth remaine.

This famous toun *Enurrie* heght to name  
Famous for that greate victorie obtaind  
By *Bruce* vnto his foes eternall thame  
For in this toun for health whill he remaind  
*Buchans* bold erle still thrilling efter fame  
From vrging Battell could not be refraind  
Within two mylls besyid old *Meldrum* long  
Vpon a hill he lay encamped strong.

A chosin band with *Brechins* Lord he send  
At vnawarrs his Princelie foe to find  
Whoe of his long diseas began to mend  
Whoes haughtie mind was neu'r to rest inclin'd  
His armies forward at the village end  
Encamped lay of foes that had no mind  
Whill *Brechins* Lord against their wills wold will them  
Battell to giue or in their tents to kill them.

But he and all his chosin crew discry'd  
Hade bene by them when neir to the'n he drew  
Whoe fand not as he hopt faire *Scotlands* guyde  
Vnwars nor yet vnreddie to perfew  
These that espyd him for the fight prouide  
All rankt in ordour furr h their wapins drew  
And tho their foes were farr the stronger might  
They boldlie byde the Battell and the fight

But these so few that could not long indure  
Wer forc'd with lose for to retein at last  
Whill swift report with Information sure  
Of their succes vnto the King had past  
Which did his wonted enrage so procure  
As vp h'arois and calls for armour fast  
His Lords wictheld him till he cryed aloud  
His healtch was only gaind by thretningis proud,

*R. iii.*

*His*

His owne cheif Guard he with his brother send  
To hold them play till he the armie broght  
Whoe boldlie met them forcing them in end  
To flie and by that meins their saistie soght  
He following to their camp did them attend  
Wher *Buchans* erll still fretting in his thoght  
Ledd furth his troups vnto a valey wyde  
Wher stronglie rank't, the batell wold abyde,

By this the King was cum whoe thoght it best  
Eune then to loyne and giue a furious charge  
Him self aduancing fare before the rest  
Let *Horror, Terror, Fear, and Death* at large  
Wherwith the rebells hearts were sore posselt  
Dismaid they fant their deutie to discharge  
They flie, his looks prents feir in euerie harte  
Euin to our stars their influence doth imparte

Few was their left vnkill'd vnto the chaife  
The erll and *Moubray* vnto *England* fled  
But neu'r returnd whill for their worthines  
The King gaue *Buchans* schire thus conquered  
As soldiers pray wher plentie did increas  
Such store of wealth from thence the armie led  
As eune the poorest soldier for his shair  
Boght lands and ritche possessiouns to his heyre,

All the greate north now to his peace was broght  
Erlls Lords and Barrons were his liegmen sworne  
Touns Citeis Castells strengths vnto him soght  
And still their oaths with presents ritche adorne  
Benorth the famous *Grangeben* was noght  
One schire but his myld yok had glaidlie borne  
Then bak to *Anguse* he his armie guyds  
And to reduce that pleasant land prouids.

*Forfars* strong hold did *Frazer of Platane*  
Recoier from the *English* by a traine  
Then all trew *Scotts* to shew them selfs begane  
And with some worthie seruice peace t'obtaine  
*Arholls* bold Erll *Brechin* both Seigd and wane  
And broght that Lord vnto his Prince againe  
Thus both the *Merns* and *Angus* did obey him  
No foe was sein from conquest for to stay him.

Then

Then sodainlie to *perth*, he marchid and raisd  
Strong men made walls about thoes walls of stone  
Wher with encompass round they stood amazd  
Yet did resolute to yeild at last to none  
Ther pouer was such as all ther feir apeasd  
Ther strength was such as broght ther curaige one  
But this their pouer and this ther strength agrie  
To bring them to ther end with infamie.

For being two within for one without  
And heaving so impregnabill a hold  
They sedd securitie and banist dout.  
In wain greate *Bruce* had spent his soldiers old  
Who had rencud th'assault ther walls about  
In thryce seuine dayis full sewintie tymes, so bold  
As, of nyne hundreith thryce, he with him broght  
Six hundreith soldiers he had lost for noght.

Wher for by offering peace he tryd their might  
Since nether strength nor force culd them surprisse  
Their Walls was built of such a wondrous hight  
On which strong, *Tears* their entrie still denie  
The *Duches* war so brode and deiplye dight  
Wher in *Tayis* flood vp too the brinke did rise  
Still in thoes *Touris* and all thois Walls along  
War armed men aboue five thousand strong.

Then after he two months had staied before  
The walls in haist he raisd his seige at last  
Wher with the *Citizens* with threatnings sore  
Wold brag and taunt the armie as they past  
But *Scotlands* campeoun wisht nothing more  
Then this their insolence and noght agast  
With silence he reply'd nor minds to stay them  
For ten to one he hops or long to pay them.

Thrie dayes the armie marcheth to the west  
Till they arriue within ane Forrest faire  
And ther the King commands greate *Treis* to cast  
Wher of they ledders mak and doth prepare  
Bake to returne thus secretlie they past  
The way they came by night nor whispering are  
Of their approche let furth the meanest sound  
Till they arriue hard at the ditch profound,

R. iiii

Weill

Weill knew their Lord the way that they should go  
For he him self had markit it before  
A schald he found into the ditch belo  
And he for to encourage them the more  
First wyderh ou'r and on his shulders two  
The longest and the laigest *Ledder* bore  
His shulders bred lump with the waters crop  
Yet ou'r he goes and setts his *ledder* vp.

This Frensh-  
man was  
Thomas of  
Longouell.

Eche one admeird and woundring prais'd the deid  
But most of all a *Frenshman* standing by  
And all the water leapt with speid  
Raising their *ledders* to these walls so hie  
The King first montis with weill deserwing meid  
All mounted then and none did them discric  
For all securelie sleipt nor feard offence  
The doubtfull night yet had not parted thence,

Their Glorius *Ensigns* on the walls they spred  
Then to the dreadfull work of *death* thay fall  
*Death* that throw eurie *Street* his troups furthled  
Whom by their names heighe *Tumult* furch doth call  
*Sorrow* in *Sabill Clouds* all muffilled  
With cankred *care* came murning first of all  
Then Infant *pitie* weiping then *Dispare*  
Then *Horror*, *Terror*, *Error*, *Pain*, and *Fear*.

*Fear* that ran witles heartles bloodles faint  
And trembling like ane espin leaf did quaik  
Base *shame* and drousie *Slouth* that gape and gane  
Sadnes that set in secret wyes hir wrak  
And thousands mo in nature discrepant  
Eche one from these and all came heir to sack  
The wofull *Towne* their greedie pansche to glut  
And *Warr* to eurie one his *Morsell* cut.

*Warr* that with her led laules leud *Enormitie*  
*Rapt*, *Reiuing*, *Wrong*, *Raige*, *Discord*, and *Impietie*  
*Sakt*, *Sacriledge* and *sin* in one conformitie  
*Atheisme* dispising *Faith* and scorning *Deitie*  
*Wrathe*, *Anger*, *Hate*, and monstrous *Deformitie*  
That *Law*, *Airs*, *Manners*, *Marrs* and braks *Societie*  
Poore *Puertie* and waittfull *Desolatioun*  
Left turnd in bloodie *Deaths* sad *Transmigration*.

These

These fill the toun and send a dreadfull sound  
Vp to the heauine with clamors rapt and crys  
Tears mixt with blood ouerflo the streits a round  
*Warrs* bloodie arms lift clouds about the skyis  
Of deid groand sighs, delighting in eche wound  
Her looks as lightning from her eies that fleis  
Her *Iron* seitt shak *Touns* and *Tours* asunder  
The roaring of her voice is dreadfull *Thunder*.

All night this fearfull *Massacre* did lest  
Till *Titan* cround *Olimpus* top with fire  
Then *death* and all this hellish creu addrest  
Them selfs to flight to darknes they retire  
And in a sabill cloud them selfs they plac'd  
Then to the west they fle with *Night* their fire  
And all the way they went they left a track  
That did infect the air with vapors blak

This they once gone both blood and slaughter ceas  
All that wold yeeld was then to mercie tane  
*Stratherns* old Erle got by his tones request  
His Princes peace tho he wold not abtane  
To help the toun for with the King at least  
His sone remaind nor wold from him refrane  
And then the toun was leuelled with the ground  
The walls war raized the ditches fild around.

*The Argument.*

The feild of Cree seince Edwards praise beginn  
He beats with fiftie fiftie hundredh foes  
The thrid time Douglas doth his castell winn  
Then Bonkill, Randolph Hunleis Lord doth lose  
The bloodie and the cruell fight of Linn  
The first two Douglas takis frse Gordone goes  
Greute Bruce doth Lorne to his obedience bring  
The virgin-Tour is Randolphs conquesting.

Caput. 14.

Shrink not deare *Muse* nor rest thy restless *Team*  
Tied to the labor of this endles storie  
Pend in the narrow path of treuths poore theam  
Wind in these *Laborinths* yet be not sorie  
Because that *Phebus* baies thou dares not cleam  
Nor range abroad for gaine nor hunt for glorie  
Nor with smooth *Venus*, sweetest songs can sport the  
But heir rude *Mars* harsh iarring must confort the.

S

Thou



Thou art not heir sit in an open plaine  
 Wheir as thou may in eutie paine be bold  
 To wantonez or like the horse of *Spaine*  
 Who burits the helter erst that did him hold  
 Scouring the medous heir and their amaine  
 Coruets and leaps with curage vncontroll  
 Nor drinks thou heir of *Heliconian* fountains  
 But walks throu barren creeks and bo'ls of *Mountains*.

Be north the banks of Sea-like *forth* did bow  
 All in obedience to their natue King  
 When in *Brigantia* called *Gallo'way* now  
 The *Engl'sh* raige and mightelie did regne  
 Wherefore the ferce knight boldlie dorh auow  
 That cuntrie in subiectioun for to bring  
 And thither with his brothers leauc he goes  
 Small was his trine but many war his foes.

When he ariud within this pleasant land  
 Eune all with sword and fire he did distroy  
 He hight that our the *Engl'sh* did command  
*Sir Ingrhame Omphraueill* whoes greatest toy  
 Was still his foes by battell to with stand  
 Whoe ay vnto the *Scotts* did much annoy  
 Experience long had made him wise and bold  
 Cuning in feats of *Warr* in counsell old,

Furth then this mightie man the *Engl'sh* broghe  
 And did a mightie Armie soone provide  
 Of which when *Edward* hear's he feareth noght  
 But on the banks of *Free* wold them abide  
 Tho thy were ten to one that to him foght  
 Yet cair'd he not for these whom he did guide  
 Wer worthe men whoes valour weill he knew  
 With ten of whome he tuenie wold perfew.

At this fair flood his foes he neids wold stay  
 The stream was to his bake a rampier strong  
 The soothern now at *Butell Castell* lay  
 From which they broght her armed force along  
 Wife *Omphraueill* still marcht in good aray  
 Fearing some traine thoes hills and daillis among  
 Whill *Edward* choos'd betuix the toure and stream  
 A valey fitt for bloodie *Mars* his geame.

To wit  
 Edward.

Free a water  
 or reuer in  
 galway.

And

And when the warlick *Engl'sh* cumms in sight  
 Fearce *Edward* furth his bands to battel brings  
 Tho fey yet famous whoes greate valors might  
 My long spent Muse groune hoars but harshlie sings  
 Both sids approcheth furiously to fight  
 Their bloodie raige throu all the *mountains* rings  
 Send furth by *Drums* and *Trumpets* roaring crys  
 Which *Roks* and *Mountains* Echoes throu the skyis.

As two stout *Rams* when *felous* hairs infus'd  
 En their hote *Renis* a front two fleissie floks  
 Meit with their horned heads to pushe inu'd  
 And rush on other with still ceasles knoks  
 So meits those armeis and with bloes confus'd  
 Their arms resounds and with tempesteous schoks (bers  
*Earth* rius but when dread *Wrath* ber drouth remem-  
 Sche's drunk with blood & cled with marterd mebers.

For the fierce champion gius so fierce a chaarge  
 His foes vn able longer to resist  
 Shrink bak at last and brak their ranks at lairge  
 Some fleis some falls some fight some freinds assist  
 Altho their warlik Gen'ral did dischrage  
 A gen'ralis pairt yet neids he not c'nsist  
 For nather words nor martiall deids at all  
 Could hearts from fear nor feit from flight recall.

Whereat he tak's such Indignatioun great  
 That shameing of their deids and scorning flight  
 He last abyds and with a braue dispote  
 Assalts his foes with onresistid might  
 With him a corner staies for to indite  
 Their feilous shame in their death-wishing fight  
 And their braue Lord with this small band assisted  
 His foes fierce wrathe with manlie brest resisted,

But as a bush of *Saplings* tender crops  
 Is soone cut down by *Pesants* vnder takin  
 Eu'ue so their gilded casks and ploomed tops  
 Fell down like blasted leas all winter shakin  
 And yet their Lords braue valor vnder props  
 Their yeilding strench their dieing spreits, t'awakin  
 But hemmid in with multitude at length  
 All deis that yeilds not to such pourfull strength.

S ij

Then

This was  
 the generall  
 of the *Engl'sh*  
 arme calid *Sir*  
*Ingram omphraueill*.

Their Generall non that seis no help at all  
Scorns to betan and maks a worthie choise  
Frie must he go and leue or die he shall  
Dieing the best with him his life must loise  
Thus all his strongest pouts he doth recall  
And braks furth throw the thickest of his foes  
Hewing a way for four that folloud still  
Whoe by his valor skaipt deachs endles ill.

Fierce *Edward* come eune as they took the flight  
Who being loth they should escaip so frie  
Still follous them but now they cam in sight  
Of *Buttell Castell* to the which they fle  
This strength Inpregnabill they wan ere night  
Yet for to force them lthe immediatlie

He cauld some troups beneth their castell wall  
To bring away their heards their floks and all.

But all avails not their they must remaine  
Till *Englands* King with forces them releue  
Bold *Edward* seiged the castell but in vaine  
In thrice two weiks he could them nothing grieue  
Till *Englands* mightie King at last did gaine  
Sir *Odomer de Wallange* to reuiue

Old hate, and came in *Scotland* to reuenge  
Long passed harms but doth his oath infreng

He onlie fiftene hundreth with him broght  
To rais the seige and to releue his freind  
*Edward* gatt word of his intendit thoght  
Whoes armie skant but hundreths thrie conteind  
The choise of which but fiftie furth he foght  
With these weill horsd his foe he thus preueind  
Ten leagues from thens within a forest learge  
He staies at onawars his foe to charge,

Tims restless hours vndoes the Gates of day,  
All quikning bright *Apollo* wold be gone  
Whoes golden tressis gilds with glistring ray  
The toples tops of famous *Lebanone*  
When *English Odomer* was on his way  
And being come within the wod anone

Fierce *Edward* wold haue charg'd such was his rage  
If noght with held by graue aduise of age.

Buttell Ca-  
stell a strong  
hoild in gal-  
laway.

As hungrie Rauening Wolfs that do intend  
To pray on flocks by Schipherds call'd to fold  
In Paths vnkowne their silent way they bend  
Their fetherd feitt by winges of hope made bold  
Farr of they follow warlie till in end  
Occasioun quiklie by the top they hold  
So follow these their foes vnto the plaine  
Whoe still securlie marcht nor feard their traine.

And on them now they sett with curage stout  
With shouts and cryis they mak a fearfull sound  
Their first assalt disfordred all the rout  
With lancis stiff they bore them doune to ground  
Who feard they were an armie great no dout  
So suddan furie doth the thoghts confound  
But their braue Lord *sir Odomer* suspected  
Their craftie gyll the which he thus detected.

Ah fear them not quod he I know their trains  
I know their craft I know their force their might  
We twentie ar wher one of them remains  
Ah villans this is but a fillie flight  
Come yow shall haue your weill deserued pains  
In your owne nets your selfs ar taine full right  
Com we ar for yow come receaue your bloes  
I sie yow long your wretched lius to lose.

Nou nou oure swords shall all those wrongs amend  
Bold *Odomer*, with visage sterne cryes out  
And findrie of his troups with him contend  
To force them bak but they with curage stout  
An ansuer sharpe on points of launces send  
Who broght by this an vther course about  
Fierce *Eduard* then with suord and sheild so hollow  
Cuts down their ranks whō blood & death did follow.

From his sterne looks his fearfull foes withdrew  
Their eies that winkt which clouds of night bedims  
Their fanting hearts distills a bloodie dew  
Deaths thriefold horror through their ears still swims  
Their feit seme light to fle fant to perfew  
A shevering cold throw all their bodyis climis  
Yea at his verie sight his foes resemble  
The Seggs or reids in fens with wind that tremble.

And now no more their captane they obey  
His aw seems nothing to their aull foe  
Altho them selfs were willing for to stay  
Their legs, hearts hands vnto their will said no  
All go to flight and heir and their doth stray  
Their Lord altho vnwilling neids must go  
He shams to *England* whill he leafts with speid  
That he had brok his vow for such a deid.

Victorious *Eduard* to the Seige retorned  
Whill omphrauell that hears this ouerthro  
Knew that proud fortun now her bak had tornd  
Whoes smylls were chaingd to frouns remeidles we  
Wherefore he yeilds the strength wher he soiornd  
With passage frie in *England* for to go  
To this ferce youth now all the land obeys  
None his commands nor his behests gainseys.

Whill thus he raignd and rewled ouer all  
His valiaunt brother that all conquering King  
The Lord of *Lorns* old hate he did recall  
Which all in one his angrie pour's did bring  
His Heralds gius the camp but leasur small  
To *Lorne* to *Lorne* their proclamation sing  
But all this time the worthie *Douglas* goes  
Victorious still amongst his armed foes.

*Douglas* strong tour effais he first of all  
And fiftie load of hay in saiks weill bound  
He cauld to driue hard by the Castell wall  
The Captane hoping victualle to haue found  
Ist with his troups whome or he did recall  
He seis that conquering knight so mouch renound  
Betuixt him and his strength who now with might  
Wold force him ather for to flie or fight.

And thus the *Scotts* assaill with raging mood  
Whom long the *Englisb* valiauntlic withstands  
Till like a *Lion* wet with luke warme blood  
The *Douglas* stops their ranks and braks their bands  
He heauid his sword aboue their heads wher stood  
Both life and death that vrgd him with demands  
But as his furie led him all to kill  
Fear led them for to shun remeidles ill.

This capten  
heght wob-  
roure.

Wobtowne

*Wobtown* him self dyit by his valiaunt hand  
*Wobtown* that captane was of all the rout  
The rest from him that fled no mercie fand  
All dy't, yea eune the fearfull with the stout  
Nor wall nor tour nor Castell let they stand  
All throune to ground the durckis fild about  
Greate *Douglas* fame now fleis ou'r all the land  
All yeilds to him ou'r all he doth command.

All *Douglas* Daill and *Etrik Forrest* faire  
And *Jedburgh* to their natiue Prince then soghe  
But the Lord *Steuart Bonkills* only heyre  
A man that valors rairest fructs furth broght  
Was chaiged by *Englands* King for to repare  
Gainst fortunes knight for this great wrongs he wroght  
Whoe with him broght the valiaunt *Randolph* furth  
And bold *Sir Adam Gordone* much of worth.

With these and fiftie more he came to view  
The land and how the people stood affected  
But worthie *Douglas* of their cuming knew  
Their secret drifts to him were all detected  
Then after them he soilie did persew  
And folloud them a fare still vn suspected  
Till they at night reteird vnto ane Inn  
Was itchie bult vpon the banks of *Linn*.

Then round about the house his men he set  
And threatned fire till they came thronging forth  
With bloodie fight then both the parteis met  
And both did proue the vmost of their worth  
Thus *Scotts* against the *Scotts* were hardlie set  
Nor was their anye their of *Englisb* birth  
Greate is the heat and furie blouis the fire  
Wher freinds against their freinds ar moued with Ire.

Greats pitie was to view this wofull fight  
Still was the killer kill'd yet none wold flie  
The *Douglas* partie was of greater might  
Yet still the vthers fight and fighting die  
At last when death and slaughters at the hight  
Of fiftie none was left aliue but thrie  
That with the *Stewart* came and *Douglas* lost  
Of fiftie twise neir sixe six all most.

This wob-  
town was in-  
ioynd by his  
mires to  
keep thee  
vnterous  
Castell of  
*Douglas* an-  
zeir befor  
the wauld  
fauour him  
which in  
Iunck tione  
was found in  
a letter got-  
tin on him  
when he was  
sleane.

The Lord  
Stewart of  
bonkill ri-  
sib agent  
the douglase

A crewell  
fight.

S. iii

Bonkills

*Bonkills* bold Lord that could no more defend  
With *Randolph* and with *Gordone* steps aside  
And sounne was horst to flie but lo in end  
The *Douglas* did so weill for that prouide  
Their way was stept what course so eu'r they bend  
Sir *Adame Gordone* leads and was their guide  
Who with a disperat hazard braue and bold  
Braks throu his foes and saiff his way doth hold,

The vther two did to the *Douglas* yeild  
Who intertaind them as his freinds most deir  
He manie days theirafter kept the feild  
But sawe no enemie at all appeir  
Yet neu'r lrt he armour for to weild  
Wherefore vnto his Prince he wold reir  
Who now was on his Iournay *Lorne* to vew  
Yet to the Camp he came are any knew

Eu'ne to the royall Tent swift fame had borne  
The news of his approache vnto the King  
Who from his throne rose like the glorious morn  
And to him says my thoghts were combatting  
If my loue'd Erllie did leue, or died forlorne  
And with his arms about his neck did hing  
Whill as he kneild my gracious Prince said he  
I leue if in your grace, if noght I die.

Much more they said at last the knight presents  
His prisoners vnto his royall Prence  
Whoes loue, his Nephew too too sounne preuents,  
With speiches proud and spit full conference  
But wisdom myld and graue withraige conuents  
And staid wrath haiting death for his offence  
Yet *Bonkills* Lord and he's to prison sent  
Where they must stay till *Lorne* new warre bespente

But now the Lord of *Lorne* that cleirly knew  
Of their approach so weill did him prouide  
By schip him self on sea the fight wold vew  
And left two thousand on the land beside  
That to a montans tope them self withdrew  
Which did that cuntrie by it self diuide  
And vnderneath that hill the passage lay  
So that the arme's forst to pas that way.

The King that of them had intelligence  
Sends *Douglas* furth with him a chosen band  
Who with much paine but schort continuance  
Had winn their baks by hid wais which th'y fand  
Now comes the armie to the strait and thence  
They sie their foes about all armed stand  
On crags, and hurld down mightie stons from hie  
And thence they lat their clouds of arrows flie,

Wherefore an vther chosen band intend  
With valiant *Hay* to giue the chaige before  
Of these the stons broght many to their end  
And some returnd leamd briusd and wonded sore  
Yet to his foes bold *Hay* did still ascend  
Still formest to encourage them the more  
And tho but feu in spight of all their foes  
They wan the montains heighest top with bloes.

But surlye their eche one had losd his life  
Their foes to hudge encompass them about  
If *Douglas*, who with labor pane and strife  
Had not arriued with his resistles rout  
But then o then bloes, wounds, and deaths were rise  
Long faught they long was victorie in dout  
But *Douglas* now gan on his men to froune  
Becaue they were so long yn ouerthroune

Then with the strongest ranks it faireth worce  
His sword their maks a wide and bloodie laine  
He treds them kild and wounded by his force  
Who yeelderh leius, all that resists ar slaine  
So kill's a hound the cur without remorse  
That bits when he that yeelds his life doth gaine  
Oure knight still kills the armed with best assistance  
And scorns t'assaill but where he finds resistance,

Good valiaunt *Hay* that through the rout furthwent  
Fand matchles *Douglas* dealling deaths anew  
And to his side he stept incontinent  
A hardie freind bold constant wise and trew  
These two once mett were all sufficient  
A greate and mightie Armie to subdew  
Yea thogh bold *Hay* had bidden from the fight  
*Douglas* allone had put them all to flight.

At last discomfite all doth flie away  
Downto a tumbling riuer deip and read  
They past a bridg that our this riuer lay  
Which they wold cut of danger to be freed  
But of their work they did them quiklie stay  
And gaue so fierce a charge till thence they fled  
By this one bridg the Armie past the flood  
And stand from thence that no man them with stood.

A wondrous strength was their *Dunstaffage* heght  
The vanquest rebells mand this fortres strong  
But with a Seige inuironed hard and straight  
They forced ar to yeeld it vp or long

The Lord of  
Iorn was  
sone to the  
Erll of Ar-  
gill.

*Argills* old Erle a man of wondrous might  
Got peace whoes sone had done such endles wrong  
Then all submit them selfs the King before  
Eu'ne all the Lords along the western shore.

All faithfull *Scotts* reioise of his succes.  
And fort to shew their iust conceald Ire  
Their craftie foe by craft they wold supres.  
Still when occasion winkd at their desire  
Amongst the rest that shew his willingnes  
A contrey suaine their duelt in *Lithgo* shire  
That was both fearles hardie strong and bold  
He to his natue Prince some seruice wold.

A peill or strength by *Lithgo* lake their stood  
That held in aw the countie round about  
A hundreth *English* with their captane good  
Comands the strength well fortified about  
This contrey cloune, oft for their horses food  
With prouender and hay came in and out  
Biue sones he hade as bold as was their fire  
Thrie brether borne and bred in *Mars* his ire.

And these weill arm'd within a wane he set  
And cuninglie he conerd them with *Hay*  
Then driueth furth his wane straight to the gate  
Whier he arriued with the morning gray  
The porter rose and in the wane he let  
This driuer *Bunny* heght who made no stay  
But to the porter lepr and soone dispatchd him  
Then furth he lets the rest whill nothing fashd him

And

And soone them selfs they throw the chambres spred  
Some sleipt some armd and naiked some they fand  
But all their liues at length they quiklie red  
None that resists could their rude rage with stand  
Thretien were to the captains chalmers fled  
Who with him tho vn armd thes houses mand  
But tours nor walls could not preuent their smerte  
Mild pitie dualls not in a *Curish* heart.

The King returnd from *Lorne* did weill reward  
This binnie for so hazardous a deid  
Then of his nepheu *Randolph* heith regaird  
For still his loue his Anger did exceid  
*Morais* great Erldome he for him prepaired  
Of whom hereafter he might stand in neid  
And sure his worth is wort helie renound  
A brauer knight neu'r tred vpon the Ground.

Whoe being to his vnclie reconceild  
Wiskd oft within his haughtie heart, to sho  
Some peice of rarest seruice in the feild  
Whoes fame his former faults might far outgo  
Fortun eu'ne then did fit occasion yeild  
Whereby the King his willing mind should kno  
Nine prouinces with *England* yet did stand  
Besout the siluer *Forth* eu'ne all the land.

Obeid to *Englands* King but onlie thrie  
*Scabrughe* and *Errik* and fair *Douglas* dail  
These by the mightie *Douglas* conquerd be  
Gainst whose all couquing arme none could preuail  
In all these lands braue *Randolph* weill did sic  
Many strong holds and castells to assaill  
Amongst the which was one whoes strenth exceld  
The *Virgin*-tour or *Maiden*-castell cald.

Of that beigh crag this beautifies the top  
Whereon the famous *Edinburghe* doth stand  
And that fair touns frie liberteis doth stop  
So prouclie doth the *Garesone* command  
Whoes wills to tame their insolence to crop  
His vnclie puts the charge into his hand  
Which he obeis and being furneishd out  
With a strait seige he sets the walls about.

Tij

6

## The famous Historie

The name  
of the Galscon  
was Sir Pier  
le bald.

A *Galscon* captane cheif was of the hold  
Whome straight the *Eng'sh* tak and putt in bands  
And of them selfs they chusd a captane bold  
That valiantlie their enemie with stands  
Who in continuall labor doth them hold  
By new assaults with freshe and warlik bands  
Yet still with lose he's forced for to reter  
So resolute and bold his foes appeir

At last he seiks for to obtane by flight  
Wher strenth did faill and wher no force preuailis  
For sure it was vnpregnable by might  
In vaine with warlik force he still assails  
*Sir William Frerish* or *Frances* lo he hight  
Whoe comes one day to him and thus reveills  
To winn the hold my Lord I know the way  
Nor all their force my subtile craft can stay.

My lustie youth I spent within these walls  
As captiue whill my father did comand  
My loue within the toune as oft it falls  
To whom by night a secreit way I fand  
Tho dangerous to *Bankets* *Masks* and *Balls*  
I went for loue O what can loue with stand  
I shall you lead vp throu the crag by night  
Vnto a wall but scant seavne cybits hight.

Glade was the erle that he did thus deuise  
And promeist him a fair and ritche reward  
When pitche clouds then muffills vp the skies  
With thrittie and his guide the count repaird  
Hard to the rock and mounting doth arise  
A thousand faddoms height without regaird  
For fearfull danger could them nought with hold  
Vnder the wall at last they rest them wold.

When straight aboue them doth the watche repare  
And our the wall one throu a mightie stone  
The which a corner of the crag did beare  
Hard by them els they died had curie one  
Fie traitors fie quod one I fie you their  
But with her dreadfull waill blak night allone  
Had couerd them by heauins heighe prouidence  
Els with a thocht ther sowlls hade painted thence.

The

## Of the Valiant Bruce.

f. Books

The watche that hears nor seis nothing depairts  
When to the wall they sett their ladder straight  
And *Frances* first assends that knew these pairts  
*Sir Andro Gray* was nixt a valiaunt knight  
Then mounts the erlle when with curagious hearts  
The watch returns that now had got a light  
Of them and treasone treasone loudlie cries  
Wher with they all awaekd in arms arise.

Then that braue Lord and his two knights persew  
The watche with such vndinted curage stout  
That all of them they quiklie ouerthrew  
When all the armed garsone cumms out  
The *Scotts* or then got vp all doth renew  
A deadlie fight whill Blood flow'd round about  
Their bloodie swords oft giue a glomeing light  
Still made more fearfull by the dreadfull night

Greate was the Number of the *Eng'sh* foe  
But many hearts were ceas'd with foddant feare  
And yet their Captane did greate valor sho  
With whome as yet them selfs they brauelie beare  
A hardie *Scot* doth to the Captane go  
That *Setone* hight a knight that knew no feare,  
Graue wise and old whoes counfall's stayd eff. &  
The worthie *Randolpb* held in greate respect.

Thrie sones he hade that with him self furth speids  
And when he seis the Captans murdring Ire  
My sones quod he let this bold knights braue deads  
Be bellows for to kindle angers fire  
Perrells and dangers hard, ar honors seads  
Fame worthie prase to perrells still aspire  
His tender whelps so leads the *Lion* old  
Furth to their pray and whits their curage bold.

The youths stept soorth and with their hardie father  
The warrlick Captane furiously persew  
The old knight hits him on the helme but neither  
His armour pearst he nor his blood forth drew  
Whoe nocht affraid but enraged rather  
His brand with blood of honord aige r'nbrew  
Quite throu his gentle brest the brand he thrust  
Whoes life and blood both at the wound furth burst.

T iii

The

A pious  
sage.

*The famous Historye*

The youngeſt ſone that ſeis his father ſlaine  
Holds vp his dying fire with both his hands  
But o poore pitie, kindnes o in vaine  
In vane for help he calls, for his demands  
Ar ſoone cut of, and with them cut in tuaine  
His arms, that links about his Sire like bands  
Doun fall they both Both bid the reſt adew  
Both kiſſing die; Ah wofull fight to view:

Two brether now was onlie left aliue  
And yet tho both aliue both twice were ſlaine  
In theſe two deaths yet both againſt him ſtriae  
But nather could his furie greate reſtraine  
The breſt doun to the bowells he doth riae  
Of one the vthers head he cleſt in twaine  
The noiſe and tumult of this haples fight  
Brought *Randolph* for to view this wofull fight.

He rudlie brak the preaſe and came in tyme  
To tak reuenge but too too late to ayd  
Ah woes me quod he ſhall you, his fair pryme  
Be thus diſtroyd and wiſdoms wealth decay'd  
Whoe durſt commit ſo in humane a cryme  
Whoe hath ſo fare from reaſons center ſtray'd  
He quod the Captane whoe dars ſeall his deid  
With thy hor blood and on thy heart darr's feid.

For rage and wraithe the count could not reply  
But ſtronglie thruſts his ſword furth him before  
Quyte throug his breſt, the wound he ript t'eſpy  
His cruell heart which his left hand furth tore  
And wrong furth blood ſprinkling on theſe that ly  
But neulie dead, if this can bak reſtore  
Your lius, he proous a *Pelican* quod he  
If noight let this appeaſe your *Ghoſts* from me.

And noight ſuffeild with this reuenge at will  
He wraks vpon the multitude his wraithe  
Ther Captanis blood ſuffeild him not vntill  
They rane in heaps to flie ſuche crwell deathe  
Some leaps ye craige ſome runs out our ye hill  
Theſe breaks there necks thoſe cruſhd to duſt beneath  
So headlong flies a flight of ſimple dous  
When from her way the princelie falcon bous.

Q

*Of the valiant Bruce. I. Booke.*

Or then night fled to let the lightſome day  
Vnfold her works of murder death and blood  
The ſtrength was wune no ſoutheron their did ſtay,  
Nor ſaw they anye that their will gaine ſtood  
The *Gascon* Captane that in priſon lay  
The Erle releaſd from bands and ſeruitude  
Then fullie was that prophesie perſited  
Which *Candmoirs* Sanct-like Queen theirin indyted.

*The Argument.*

*A meſſinger vnto the King doth ſcho  
Sad news that doth incenſe his wrathfull ire  
From Roxbrughs towrs brane Douglas beats the ſoe  
Eduards bold anſwer Quens ſhe his brothers fire  
To view the Engliſh camp doth Douglas go  
The Scots obey their Princes luſt deſire  
Few men they ſend but valiant fierce and bold  
Chus de furt of eurie Region vncontrold,*

*Caput. 15.*

**S**corlands great King that all this tyme had gone  
From toun to toun from citie ſtrength and tour  
Throug *ſiffe*, *Strathierne*, *Merns*, *Angus* one by one  
And *Goureis* cars which all vnto his pou'r  
Did glaidlie yeild, and he eune he allone  
Their native Lord was their greate conquerour  
But he to *Edinbrughe* returnd at laſt  
Till ſickles his chilling breth furth blaſt.

No greater pompe, Solempnitie, nor glorie,  
Magnificence, Praise, ritches, nor renowne  
Got *Ceſar* as records the Romane ſtorie  
When as he made the weſterne world bow doun  
To Rooms proud reull whei of he might be ſorie  
Nor entred he more brauelie in that toun  
Then oure greate Lord when fiſt he enterd heir  
Whoe was more lou'd whom all as much did fear.

Whill heir he ſtayd admeird feard lou'd of all  
To him braue *Randolph* did the Caſtell yeild  
Which to the ground he raizd both tour and wall  
That their his ſoe agane ſould haue no bauld  
And on a day ſet in his Princelie hall  
He to his knights and Lords his will reueild  
When ſtraight a meſſinger doth to him bring  
Tydings of ioy whei of new troubles ſpring.

I iii

The

*Queene Mar-  
garet that  
was canno-  
neidſe the  
chaſt wrye  
vpon the  
wall of the  
chappell  
Garde vous  
to François.  
with ane mā  
ſlimming vp  
alledder on  
a new wall  
which is  
meint by  
France. that  
was the caus  
of the wa-  
ring of the  
Caſtell.*



The Messenger vpon his face doth fall  
And sayis great King and my most Gracious Prence  
All praise be geune to God that doth enstall  
Vpon oure throne thy worth thy excellence  
God grant that in thy seid he may recall  
Thy glorie and resume thy greatnes thence  
Thy brother *Eduard* humble greiteth thee  
And warns the thus of what is past by me.

*Rugleins* strong peill is tane by *Eduard* bold  
That warlike toun *Dundie* by him is winn  
And also royall *Stirling* vncontroll  
Gladlie receau'd his conquering armie Inn  
But that inpregnable and matchles hold  
*Stirlings* strong Castell wold not once begin  
To heare of peace till famein forced at last  
They parle thus, and thus their peace is past,

A yeir to keip the hold he them permits  
And if within that tyme greate *Englands* King  
Releius them noght but carles them omits  
Then in his hands they shall the place resing  
Sir Philip *Moubray* their in reuling sits  
He's gone to *England* Succor thence to bring  
And now that mightie King prouids we heare  
By Gaine and gold to bring all *Europe* heir.

For he by proclamatioun great hath sworne  
Through eu'rie kingdome cuntrie toun and shire  
That *Scotlands* name by him shall be out worne  
He will distroy that nation in his Ire  
And all that comes of vther nations borne  
To keip that day shall haue what they desire  
And of this Kingdome greate without extorsion  
Eche equall to his worth shall haue his portion,

Greate multitude of straungers day by day  
Brought by these means in *England* doth arise  
So that they think ritche *England* scarce may  
Find store ynuch to keip them all aliue  
Besids those cuntries greate that him obey  
In *France* all Princes his confedrats strue  
Whoe shall the best and greatest armeis raise  
As willing seems all *Europe* him to please.

And

And thus in time your grace wold neids be ware  
To sue with guifts the angrie King to please  
Or giue you mind to try the chance of *Warr*  
Prouide in time your forces for to raise  
Wher with the Kings eies brunt with wraeths reid sta  
Should we his Iyre with guifts quod he appeale  
Why villane what bale fear so timorous  
Ere till this day hath thow espy'd in vs

Haue wee till now sustaind such endles pane  
And storms of *Warrs* sad tempests hath out worne  
Oure Kingdome croune and cuntrie to obtane  
And raid oure self in spight of *Englands* scorne  
For braggs thus for to fold with shame agane  
When *Fortune* to oure foot the *Ball* hath borne  
No heuains forbid such clouds of fear and shame  
Sould so obscur our mornings rising beame.

Whit tho the pride of oure impetuous foe  
With euer soll destruction doth vs bost  
Oure forces mene his multituds doth kno  
Yea tho a world of men augment his host  
Oure mite increflecth with his talent lo  
The widous oill when blid tho leist was most  
He must be many still and still be glorious  
And fev we must be still, and still victorious.

Let him bring furth his *England*, *Ireland*, *Waille*,  
With *Britange* *Gascon* and fair *Aquitane*  
*Poitew* and *Gusan* and all cuntries els  
With *Scotlands* better pairt yet all in vane  
God vs protects gainst whoes strong arme preuaille  
No Earthlie pour in him oure hopes remane  
Trew *Scotts* we bring and brings this prais with all  
Gainst *Scotts* allone all *Europes* thocht too small

Thus spak the King whill all his Lords and peers  
Reioisd thereat and hoped in heuains reuenger  
Whill he not onlie fearles bold appeirs  
But also ware and wyissie weis the danger  
He for each captain sends who sone compeirs  
Consulting all how to bear af the straunger  
The conquering knight came their whoes worthie after  
My rird quill mends and my dull Muscawais,

V

How

How soone the King returned was from *Lorne*  
And progres took through eurie regione faire  
To view the land wheirto him self was borne  
As righteous King iust Prince and onlie heire  
*Douglas* that rest and ease did euer scorne  
Did bak vnto the south agane repair

Wheir he the *English* oft did ouerthrou  
But *Roxburgh* how he wan Iyll onlie shou.

And thus it was on fasting euins dark night  
Thrie feoir he brings in armour pitchie blak  
All on their hands and feet doth creip out right  
No noyse no sound no word bewraid their track  
The watch them seis but so as in their sight  
They seimd a heard of bews and this they spak

This night good *Rodger* lets his heard at learg  
Whereof er long blak *Douglas* may tak chearg.

He smils to see their sight disceaued so  
But hard below the wall arriv'd at last  
In goes the watch, such thundring tempests blo  
*Ledhous* a *Ladder* made of *Tonis* vp cast  
Whoes cleiks of iron foundeth with the thro  
Yet full of curaige he ascendeth fast

This ingine he deuistd wherebe to gaine  
Him self sume glorie and his foe sume paine.

The Sentinell that hears the sound espies  
*Ledhous* ascend and quiklie to him goes  
Who doth not only on the walls arise  
But kills him too, then down the carkas throes  
When all was mounted *Douglas* quiklie hyis  
Down to the hall for to assaill his foes

Who now amid their feastuall loyis var caght  
Sum play to death sum drink their leatest draght

With lyfdevoring swords the *Scotts*, arise  
That *Douglas Douglas* cryis whoes verrey name  
So dreadfull seimd, that few for wapins strine  
But flei to saue their lius not cairing shame  
Or day thrie hundreth they of life deprive  
The caprane with the rest them selfs reclame

In an strong tour but *Douglas* kept the feild  
Till samien forced them all at last to zeild.

And

And then braue *Douglas* they intreat for peace  
To whom anon they render vp the hold  
Them selfis their liwes and all vnto his grace  
Who was as wise and mild as feirce and bold  
Them of that bondaige streight he did relace  
And send them home with all their wealth their gold  
And then to *Edinbruche* his cours he bent  
Wheir warlik *Bruce* for al his Lords had sent.

Their *Edward* their greate *Stewarde* might he sie  
Trew *Marr* wife *Lenox*, *Hey*, and *Randolph* strong,  
With manie more graue counsalours that be  
To their braue Prince who satt them all among  
All silence kept he maistd with maiestie  
Whill one his throne he satt att last of wrong  
Acuist his brother who with reuerend fear  
Too this his wife and solid words gaue ear.

Brother what haist what raschnes did you guide  
What folie causd you giue so long a day  
To *Englands* mightie king for to provide  
His forces greate when weill you know he may  
Bring furth for euerie one vpon our side  
A hundreth warlik knights in good aray  
How could yow think that we culd him gainstand  
Who yet most parte of *Scotland* doth command.

Yea thocht he wold no vther forces raise  
But onlie *Scots* for to releiue the hold  
Eu'ne these can ouermatche vs if he please  
Much more with *Irish English Welshmen* bold  
With *Almans Frenshe* and *Dutchis* by all these  
Whom in subiection he in *France* doth hold  
All these shall come and with a world of men  
Shall we be able to encounter then.

Surlie you had no foresight heir at all  
And to oure rising state you wronged much  
What we haue conquest yet is verie small  
Nor ar we siure of these, the commouns such  
Inconstant minds do beare, and so oure fall  
Is neir, if one the brokin reid but tuche,  
Better had bein we neu'r had soght with paine  
To clim so hie so soone to fall againe.

Vij

His

The capra-  
ne high  
Guillame  
Fermis whe-  
reby it ap-  
pears he was  
a French  
man.

*The famous Historie*

His brother answers heauens forbid that so  
Should fall, what I haue done we can not mend,  
Not neid we much to feare oure mightie foe,  
Thoght he bring armeis from the worlds end,  
His *Sunne* is at his *Summerr Syste* lo  
And neids he must returne for to discend

*Fortun* must *Froune* when she too long hath smild  
Who surest hopeth oft is oft begild.

Yea tho he had a hundreth Kingdoms more  
And could a hundreth *Englands* bring to warr  
By heaune he shall haue Battell once before  
He come to *Stirling* if to come he dare  
This spak bold *Edward* whos bold words restore  
The shining light of *Glores* darkned *Starr*  
In many hearts which to greate loue doth raise him  
His Brother in his heart doth greatlie praise him.

But grauelie thus agane the King began  
My Lords my captains and my chiftains all,  
I gladlie wold we were assured when  
Oure foes should come, and when oure troups recall,  
For oure meane force must be made stronger then  
To catche occasion and giue vantage small  
Then *Douglas* saies my Lord let one be sent  
That warlie can perceaue whaat's their inten.

And surlie I my self the man must be  
Iyll slie walk through all their squadrons braue  
A *Frensh* man of a *Scot* they all shall sie  
Wich *Almans Frensh* and *Dutch* I can disceane  
I knou their Lords and Princes of degrie  
Through all their camp the secrets I will haue  
Iyll raise my beard and bazane mak my face  
Iyll change my voice my gesture and my Grace.

Eoth was the King that he should vndergo.  
This fearfull task he for him self prouids.  
But neids he wold be gone at last and so  
Disguised like a *Frensh man* forth he rids  
His face straik with ane oile no paint did sho  
Of his first Grace his countenance it hids  
The accents hard of *Frensh* he sounds so right  
That eue the *Frensh* them selfs mistak their sight.

The

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

*I. Booke.*

The worthie *Bruce* his tyme not idlie spent  
Bat forth to muster calls his men of warr  
Furth to the flourie banks of forth they went  
Vnto a pleasant *Medow* lairge and squair  
Deir *Muse* tho time hath in obliuion pent  
These wortheis names that heir did armour beir  
And made their of springs nams to differ fare  
Thou knows bothe what they were & what they are.

But what they were, were longsome to repeat  
Onlie as they ar now to vs vnfold  
That tho their names be some what changd of laie  
Yet we may know them for the of spring bold  
That yet remains stand not on points of stait  
But lat eche land eche prouince be enrold  
With their Lords name and these such *Tinktor* lend  
As mightie time nor age may efter spend.

Vnto the camp their worthie King forth goes  
Their King their Captane and their Gen'ral greas  
Whill all the commoun soldeors arose  
With Ioyfull shouts and signs of Loue perfyit  
Pleas'd with their salutations sweit, he shoes  
A cheirfull smyle, their loue for to requir,  
Then gius comand against the following morn.  
Their glorious standarts should the plaine adorne,

No sooner *Titan* Burneist *Neptuns* vawe  
And spred his beams ou'r *Earths* enameld brest  
When forth the wortheis warlick bold and braue  
Came all in shining *Steill*, their glistering crest  
Adorn'd with plums, their armed horse whoes show  
With stait he prausing seemd with pryde possest,  
Before their Lord, he from a rocks proude heighs  
One eurie troupe doune bent his curious sight.

Now *Eduards*, *Douglas*, *Randolphs* troups remaind  
About the King nor marchd they to the plaine  
And all on *Douglas* absence much complaind,  
But most of all his owne men thoght in vaine  
A sight be of the *English* camp obtaind  
Nor feard he oght nor wold he turne againe  
Whome to his fortun leaue we now to sho  
These troups that marchd vnto the plaine belo.

V. iii.

From

## The famous Historie

From *Skie land orknay Caithnes* faire and wyde  
Furth stretcht to the great north theis, cuntries lyes  
Came furth two thousand led in martiall pryde  
By two bold erills of Antient families  
That long these cuntries lairge did wislie gyde  
And tho far of they ly yet they aryls  
To help their noble prince ther minds so hautie  
Showing therby their faich, loue, zeall ther deutie.

The erills of  
orknay and  
caithnes.

The erills of  
fother land  
and ros.

The fraisers  
Grants and  
Glenhauch.

Erille of mo-  
ray.

Erille of mar-

Erille of  
Atholl.

Erille marchel  
his first for-  
bier at the  
battel of ar-  
broath slew  
camus Prince  
of duns for  
which he gat  
gray landes  
and was ma-  
de Marchell  
of Scotland.

*Ross Sutherland Stranaxer* nixt to them  
As many men as braue as stout as strong  
Led by two worthie erills of auntient fame  
Greate *Sutherland* and *Ros* right famous long  
Of *Irish Scotts* in clan ns th it kept the name  
Five hundreth thrice their chieftans broght along  
From all these montane cuntreis north that ly  
And pleisant shoirs that coasts the *Irish* sey.  
*Randolph* broght forth all *Morrays* shire almost  
These wait on him he waits vpon the King  
The men of *Buchane* thogh their Lord was lost  
To shew their loue and ductie forth did bring  
A thousand bold broght from that pleisant coast  
That still beholds the *German Ocean* spring  
For *Graine* a fertill land for pastor good  
The men a people of *Bellonas* brood.  
From *Marr* two thousand came of warlik fame  
Led by that euer famous erille of *Marr*  
Whoes faithfull heart whoes much redoubted name  
Yet neuer left his Prince in *Peace* nor *Warr*  
Whoes *Starr* of *Glorie* euer casts a beame  
Which still Illuminats both neir and far  
The men of *atholl* then their *Ensigne* spred  
A thousand by their gallant erille forth led.  
From *Merns* their came of Squiers and of knights  
A thousand warlick, hardie, fearles bold  
Led by their Erille traind vp in marti all fights  
Their erille whoes worth my *Muse* can not vnfold  
Whoes great ancestors shind still glorious lights  
And whoes first father did the land vp hold  
From bondage wild for which they still command  
As onlie greate Lord *Merschalls* of the land,

But

## Of The valiant Bruce.

I. Booke

But *Angous* heght the *Region* nixt that lyes  
A famous fertill fair and plefant land  
From which two thousand did in arms aryse  
Led by greate Lords that by them selfs command  
As *Ogiluy* and *Brechin* bold and wyse  
*Montrois* greate erlle that led a valiant band  
But he that led the most pairt of that host  
Was *Crausards* mightie erlle who reuled most

Lord Ogill-  
uy.

Lord of  
brichme.

Erille of  
Montrois.

Erill of cra-  
sard.

The discipa-  
sione of the  
erills of  
goules.

Nixt *Gouris Caris* a plefant cuntrie lyes  
Vpon the northerne banks of famous *Tey*  
And to the *North* the *East* and *West* aryse  
Pleasant grein hills vp to the cloudie sky  
That like a wall impregnable defyes  
The boasting foe or foragene enemy  
Streaching their ragid arms aloft ascending  
The plefant plains from tempests still defending  
Wher *Barlie Wheat* and all the sorts of Graine  
That plefant cuntrie plentefullie yeilds  
In all the valeys meids and eurie plaine  
The frutfull *Treis* ar strou'd through all the feilds  
The *Regions* round about that doth remane  
Ar still suppleid from thence wher plentie weilds  
By *heau'ne* and *nature* greac'd with all thinges  
That eu'ne the famous *Normandse* excel's.

The port or entres to this plefant land  
Is strong *Dundie* weill cituat and fair  
Betuixt it and the *German* lack that stand  
Wher as *Tays* mightie fload with murmur'ing cais  
Like *Tagus* rolling our the golden sand  
Doth cast him self away as in despair  
From this fair land came forth a thousand good  
That in their cuntreis caus wold spend their blood.

By mightie *Erroll* wer these troups forth led  
Whoes greate begining glorioussie was wrought  
When as the bloodie *Danes* their ensigns spred  
Heir to distroy oure nation whill they soght  
As endles swarms in thousands *Bie. hyus* bred  
Such endles swarms these rude *Barbariens* broght  
Of armed sauageis tho still with stood  
And filld the land with *Famine Warr* and blood.

Erille of ar-  
rall his first  
forbier at the  
battel of ar-  
broath slew  
camus Prince  
of duns for  
which he gat  
gray landes  
and was ma-  
de Marchell  
of Scotland.

V. iii.

But

But when their *Moone* was full their *Tyde* at high  
Oure *Eb* so low that hope and all was lost  
Thy first forbe'r stout *Hey* came to the fight  
Who with two sones allone their fortune crost  
Whoes valours onlie put them all to flight  
O wonder thrie our cums a mightie host  
But so *June* wild that from so fair a spring  
Scorlands greate *Constabill* his streame should bring

Then fertill *Fife* nixt musterd forth hir brood  
A land by *Nature* fair and ritche by *arte*  
From *Tay's* great streame to *Forth's* cleir cristall flood  
She gathers furth her bands in eurie parte  
Erilles Lords and knights they all ar horsmen good  
Thrie thousand chosen men of heighe defarte

Erille of ro-  
ches and the  
Lord lindsay  
with others.

*Roth's* greate erlle and many erlls beside  
Amid these troupes spred furth their *Ensigns* wide.

Lord Setone  
erlle of wen-  
con.

Thrie thousand more came furth of *Louthean* fair  
All Princes Lords and knights and men of fame  
Wher *Setons* Lord eune *Wemtons* erlle did bear  
Not meanest reull with vthers of greate name  
*Angous* greate erlle and *Morton* bothe was their  
Tho other cuntries fair might them reclame  
Wher they bore reull with many barrons more  
As *Gems* doe ringis whose worths that land decore.

Lord living-  
ston erlle of  
Lithquhow.  
Lord el-  
phinstoun.

Then *Lithgoes* schire and *Stirlings* pleasant land  
Seauin tims five hundreth men of armes forth send  
Their *Livingston* our *Lithquhow* did comand  
Lord *Elphinstoun* his aid did likewaies lend  
*Monteiths* old erlle broght furth a chosen band  
A gallant rout on *Erskins* Lord depend  
From *Cyde* that cam all thes and many mo  
As floods to *nocean* to their foueraing flow.

Lord drum-  
mond erlle  
of perth and  
Males then  
erlle of itra-  
thern Lord  
murray of  
Tullibern  
erlle of ball-  
quhadder.

*Perth* and *Stratherne* two regions fair and bred  
Send furth the two thousand hardie knights on horse  
*Strabern* and *Diamond* erlle of perth furth led  
The greateft part of all this martiall force  
And h is the *Murrayis* tuth ther ensigne spred  
Who from *Moravia* bring ther ancestors  
A doughtie race of people bold and sterne  
Led by that valiant Lord of *Tulliberne*.

And

And *Bunkills* Lord their cam, that *Stewart* might  
Whom *Douglas* with braue *Randolph* took of yore  
When *Hunsles* mightie Lord by honord flight  
Eschaip't from *Jedward* as you hard before  
He broght a gallant troupe and wrought so right  
That to his Princes peace he did restore

Lord Ste-  
ward then of  
Bunkill.

This *Adam Gordone* huntles noble Lord  
With virtue and with valour much decorde,

He in the *Mers* a mightie reull did bear  
Eune he of whom heauns maker had decred  
Such Branches still should Spring as should vp rear  
That house to such a height as now his seid  
Ring's in the *North* nor can tims aig out weare  
Their greatnes worth and vell deseruing meid

Lord Mar-  
quis of huan-  
tie,

Nor can it be amife for to repeat (feat.  
From *South* to *North* what cauld them cheange their

This Lords braue sone in *Mars* his bloodie feild  
Inspight of thou sand's of his armed foes  
With conquering suord made *Atholls* er'll to yeild  
That in dispight of *Scotlands* King arose  
And to the English foe became a shield  
Till they the secound time procuind new woes  
For which braue deid his Prince did him declaire  
Lord of *Strathbogie* fertill region faire.

This fir Al-  
lexander  
Gordone  
fought the  
feild of keil-  
bline againe  
the Erle of  
Atholl who  
took part  
with Englad  
which Erle  
the said fir  
Alexander  
flew with his  
owne hand  
for the which  
he gat the  
lands of  
Strathbogie.

His race ay since oft mixt with Princelie blood  
In the greate *North* doth worthelie com and  
From *Bogys* stream too *Speys* great famous flood  
And famous made their name in manie a land  
And to their Prince hath done suche seruice good  
As in the hight of Glorie still they stand  
So hill springs of fair cleir cristall fontains  
Become greate floods and suell ore toples montains.

From thence greate Lords arose, whoes virtuous rare  
Might well by fames eternall beayes be cround  
Of whom our cuntries vriters ar so speate  
That in obliuions floods their deads ar dround  
Whoes worth greate woloms cold not all declare  
Deseruing well for ay to be renound

Yet vriters bleamles ar eas may be seine  
For of renoune all *Scott's* hath carles beine.

X

Which

Which makes them yet vnto the wordle obscure  
So th t most parte Of *Europe* doeth not know them  
Altho their woorthie actions might procure  
Our all the Earth in glorie for to shou them  
What *Homers* paines can make their name indure  
Prais them aliuie lett death quite ouerthrow them  
They scorne their wealth should herish learning trees  
And after death to look for payment deu.

George Lord  
Gordon Erie  
of enzye.

But soft my *Muse* faint not for all they paine  
This famelic doth for the wordle prepare  
A youth who seiks too waish away that staine  
From this greate hous with *Magnanimious* care  
Whoes *Marriall* heart heauen neuer fram'd in vaine  
Like to his valiant Syres that might compare  
With fortunes knight for happie succes still  
So fortune shall his braue desings furth fill:

O this is he that most one day propine  
Me with the flowing subiect of my song  
Vpon whoes brow such glorie greate shall shine  
O *Muse* my zeall inflame with furie strong  
His character to paint with tinktor fine  
Transparent neate and cleir my laies among  
All mistereis thou knowis beneath the skies  
Then lead me in whear his rare fortunes lies.

What is he then O bodlie may thou say  
In his ritch Soull all faculties inshroud  
Whoes sweitt complexion beares a mutuall suay  
Of all the elements in peace conioind  
With such a loue and fraudles sinpathie  
As all commands yet all obeis the mind  
His temper fine doeth moddell furth aparte  
The rare ingine of nature heaune and arte.

Time shall not cheange his purpose soleid ground  
His course no course shall let or bear awry  
Fortune in chains his fortitude hath bound  
Nor Iudgements sharpest cleir and subtile eie  
Can pry whei danger once his heart shall wound  
His matchles mind is Eleuat so his  
Yea *Nature* of her *Treasure Wealth and Store*  
Gives him the key and lets him opp the dore,

But

But o how am I thus with pleasure led  
Amide the wildernes of his perfection  
Where hauing thousand sondrie waies to tred  
My self may lose my self without derectiō  
From such a laborinth I most be fred  
To hold my wandering wits in some subiectiō  
Their wher thou left deir *Muse* retourne in haist  
When *Gordons* Prince him in the North had plac'd.

He did not leue by south his seatt so beare  
But of a younger brother is discended  
From that same Stook a race whoes virtuous rare  
Hath worthie still bein iudg'd to be comended  
But pardon me that stands for to declare  
The race of which I not so much intended  
Yet if I bring more from obliuions brink  
What reasone ist they should in *Lethe* sink.

This *Huntlies* Lord greate *Gordone* with him broght  
A thousand horsmen clade in glistring arms  
All these cast of the *English* yock and soght  
After the deadfull sound of wairs allarms  
From *Huntlie* and long *Gordone* some all hoght  
The *Mers* obeid and feard greate *Englands* harme  
But lo *Argill* coims with their Erll whoes lone  
Yet to repent his wrongs had not begone.

*Scotlands* greate Iustice is that aged knight  
And oure the *Irish-Scotts* greate reul he beir  
These men ar active nimble quik and light  
Light is their raiment armour none they weir  
At all tims reddie for to flie or fight  
Weill made weill fauord cleinlie smooth and fair  
Their som what rude yet mild if mildlie vsd  
Most cruell in reuenge if once abusd.

Of these two thousand Archers broght he furth  
And with tuo handit-suords and schirts of mail  
A thousand more of much redouted worth  
Fiue hundreth horsmen bold tor to assill  
Barrons and knights all sprong of noble birth  
Guards him gainst whom his foes could not preuail  
These Gallants braue were much to be commended  
All of his name and of his line discended.

The Laird  
of Lochin-  
warre.

The Lord of  
Lorne was  
sone to this  
Erll of Ar-  
gill.

A short dis-  
cription of  
the *Irish*  
Scots

Ties war the  
barrons of  
his name as  
the leard of  
Londy Glen-  
urche Cadel  
and others.

Xij

And

Stewart Erll  
of Lennox  
Duke of Ar-  
banic.

And from the west came furth a valiant band  
Which did consist of twise five hundred horse  
Quik, agill, reddie for to chaige at hand  
With sword or lance all of approued force  
From *Lennox* and *Dumbretons* plesant land  
Whoes flourie Maing still seimeth Amorous  
Of tumbling *Clid* whoes Billous striue in vaine  
To wond the bossome of the western Maine

These to obey their gallant Lord was glade  
*Lennox* good Erle that neu'r serud in vane  
The last braue troupe was also brauelie led  
A thousand horsmen they did weill contane  
By *Glascow* fruing and *Ranfrew* wer bred  
These men, in *Scotts* strong Ile did some remane  
Scotland's greate *Stewart* was their Lord and heght  
Walter by name wise valiaunt bold in fight

The greit Ste-  
uert of Scot-  
land.

These ar the troups and bands that heir wer broghe  
And all were bred so neir the artik Starr  
That cold keips in the heat whoes pours hark wroght  
Strength in the heart and then vnited ar  
Which maketh them fierce curagious bold for oght  
Marcheld for bloodie *Mars* and meit for warr  
But yet seaune Erles and threttein Lords did sho  
Them selfs in Arms to aide the *English* foe.

Yea manie Lords and Erlls haue I forgot  
That to the mightie *Bruce* assembled heir  
Whoes gearnes vntill now no pen did not  
*Englands* good fortun did so weill appeir  
Whill *John* him self did fauour still their lot  
Wherefore they wiselie did them selfs reiteir  
As cannons fire gois bak that earthe may wonder  
When they aduance, their all durtroying thonder.

So these inflamd with fire of hot disdain  
Reteird with greif with hate with lose with ire  
That with the greater force they might againe  
Aduance their lightning wraths-consuming fire  
And then a shundring tempests wold they raine  
Crusht from the fuelling clouds of their desire  
Which to the King and all should weill declair  
That barren treis could now both buds and bare.

Now

Now passed was eche troupe eche Squadron strong  
When to the camp their Prince his course furth bene  
And all his Princes go with him along  
To hold a counfall in the roy all Tent  
Meane while the *Douglas* all his foes among  
Walkt for to kno their number, pour intent  
At *Bernick* fair he had arm'd vn-sein  
For their this mightie host did all conuein

*The Argument.*

The *English* armie furth before their King  
To *Malver* comes and all their foraigne aid  
Doug as returnd recounteth euerie thing  
Ditchis t' intrap his foes greate *Bruce* hath made  
Randolphs rare fight fur conquest first doth bring  
*Bruce* Beumout kills the *English* dooth vphraid  
The *Scots* with tants two Biabanders defend theme  
For which the King vnto the *Scots* doth send theme.

Caput. 16.

**S**trong *Bernicks* toun on Scotland's fronteir stands  
Their wheir with siluer streams the Riuier *Tweed*  
Driyds oure kingdome from the *English* lands  
And wasts his waus t'enitch the Ocean flood  
Heir broght the *Monarch* all his warlick bands  
At whoes great name all *Europe* trembling stood  
And euerie Lord and euerie Prince and King  
Some gold some gifts and all greate aid did bring.

This mightie Prince his poure assembling sought  
To kill the *Scots* or send them all in rout  
O're whome he stretchd his Emphyre with a thought  
Not for to work the thing had anie dout  
*Douglas* his way eu'ne at that hour him broghe  
When this hudge armie *Bernicks* walls about  
Incamped lay and when to sie eche crue  
The regall throne reard on the walls they view.

Him self in glorie sat vpon the throne  
A diademe vpon his head he wore  
A pail aboue of gliftring gold cloth shone  
He trod on carpets, ritche in prations store  
Poudred with stones the robs which he had on  
And streight in ranks repeared him before  
His armed guard, thus set each troupe he knoes  
Whilft on the plaine there *Martiall* glois flocs.

X iii

Their



*The famous Historye*

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

*I. Booke,*

**Walls,**  
**Cornuall,**  
Their Squadrons first the cheirfull *English* shoes  
In thrie Battallions eche a seu'rall guide  
By *Seuerns* streams from *walls* and *Cornuall* rose  
Some threttie thousand stronge that did prouide  
Armd with their piks swords targets to oppose  
Their thretning force against their foe deide  
By *Monmouths* hardie erlle this host was led  
He raignd, he reulled in his Princes sted.

**England.**  
And fiftie thousand horsmen soldiours good  
From *Trent* that parteth *England* lutt in two  
To *Thams* and thence vnto he *British* flood  
These rose in glistering arms a warlick sho  
Like *Mars* him self eche breathed warr and blood  
Whoes sight wold vanquish eune the boldest foe  
Led by two Princes of heighe fameleis  
Greate *Arrandell* old *Oxford* graue and wise.

To *Humbers* tumbling waus from siluer *Trent*  
And thence to pleasant *Tueds* cleir cristall streams  
Came fiftie thousand Arches with Intent  
To die or win in midit of most extreame  
All these were of approued hardiment  
These *Englands* most triumphant conquests cleame  
As theirs; and this greate host commanded be  
By *Glocester* the bold and *Hartford* sie.

**The mers & manie of all the deale borders and much of the Wastland.**  
From threttiein regions fertill fair and good  
Of *Scotlands* Kingdome which did yet obey  
To *Englands* King and held in seruitude  
By his ail conquering force vntill that day  
Came fise and tuentie thousand warriors rude  
All Horsmen braue and bold for eche essay  
Sir *Ingrhame Omphrauell* led these along  
A subtile warriour craftie wise and strong.

**Ireland.**  
Nixt vnto them came fiftie thousand more  
Grose men of shaip weill limd both strong and tall  
They croc'd the seas from *Irelands* craggie shore  
But slightlie armd sum weirs no arms at all  
Their cheifelt strenghts at woods and montans hore  
The *English* deput was their generall  
And vnder him *Fitzgeralds* cheif kil-deir.  
With greate *Oneill* and *Desmont* reull did beir.

Then came his subiects and confed'rats greate  
Whoes limits stretch along the *Baltick* coast  
And these ritche cuntreys *Charls* the fift did quite  
To his deir sone but soone that reull was lost  
By *Spanish* turrany which heigh dispite  
All *Europe* since her deirrest blood hath cost  
And warr that els wheir doth distroy and waist  
Their both ciuilitie and wealth hath plaic'd.

Allong the foote of *Piriane* montans faire  
A ritche and fertill region doth remaine  
Famous by that greate Bartell lost of aire  
Against the Infidells by *Charle maine*  
His famous Nephew *Rolland* lost he theire  
Still famous made by *Ariostos* vene  
Furth of this land vpon their oune expence  
Ten thousand cam to aid the english prence.

That land that west from *Tours* doth stretch along  
To wasche his feet within the *Ocean* Sea  
Whoes Induellers take much delight among  
The Moorish fens to sie ther falcons flie  
And in their montans woods and Forrests strong  
The Princelie Game of hunting vsed be  
That pleasant land that *Poitue* hecht to name  
Send to this warr fise thousand men of fame.

That land which *Loir* from *Poitou* doth diuide  
From whence the *Britons* erst the *Gauls* displac'd  
And changd the name from *Armorick* beside  
To *Britannie* and all their laus defac'd  
Wheirin thrie sundrie languages abide  
And *Masteius* for sanct *Molais* Guard is plac'd  
From thence to aid their great auncetors old  
Come fise thousand warlick soldiours bold.

From that most frutfull orchard fair of france  
Which *Rollo* great and his *Norwegians* stout  
Of simple *Charls* got for Inheritance  
Of them it still yet bears the name about  
From thence a galland did him self aduance  
And conquerd *England* with a warrlike rout  
Of thousands ten: heigh heauns such wonders wrought  
Like number now to *Englands* aid was broght.

*Charls* the 5  
graued the 17  
lands to his  
sone *Philip*  
King of  
spaine long  
after this  
tyme.

The Countie  
of *Gallon*.

*Poitue*

*Britannie*.

*Sanct Molais*  
hauing a  
grote strenght  
is guarded  
by *Masteius*.

*Normandie*.

Zeland is a li  
Islands with  
him the sea  
which the  
sea sum tym  
overflowed as  
appears by  
Andrie good  
arguments.

Ho Hauē.

From that ritche land whoes chalkie swan like schoirs  
Fair kent beholds best when the Sune goes doune  
Whoes cheif toun vieus fair *Doners* cleif and gloir's  
To sie the tours that her fair front doth croune  
And thence wher *Cesars* monument restoit's  
His neuer deing memoreis renoune

Came thrice ten hundreth soldiors to this warr  
Bold strong and braue that neuer dreamd of fear.

From that fair land wher smoothlie flying foam  
Waters the medous and the pleasant plains

And from that citie wher two floods do come  
T'vnload their waus from euer springing vains

Seu'ne thousand warlik soldeors came and some  
From that old famous toun that yet retains

Pairst of the *Guseane* famelie and thence  
Sprong that greate houses glorious excellence.

From *Henolt* came five thousand men of fame  
Led by their erlle in whoes greate might they gloird  
From their cheif toun eune *Mons* that hecht to name  
Four hundreth came with shining arms decorde  
All these were youths not moud with fear or shame  
That gaird the persone of their mightie Lord  
And came to spoyll the Garland of the Maine  
But few or none at all retorne agane.

That land which hath within his borders plac'd  
The holie *empe's* Marquesad of old  
By Skeld, cutt of, from *Flaunders*, in the west  
Wher on stands *Antwerp* glorius to behold  
This land the *Mais* so louinglie hath grac'd  
She in her bossome doth the same enfold  
From whence the hope of gaine and praise did bring  
Ten thousand Soldeors to the englishe King.

This warr on *Europ's* fairest Erldome calls  
Wher stands vpon the banks of Skeld and ley  
That toun so hudge in cutt of hir walls  
Famous for that but famous more for why  
That euer famous monarch which apalls  
*Ronoune, Fame, Glorie, Praise, and Victorie,*  
As his Iust dew, was their both borne, and bred  
Thence to his warr, was fourtene thousand led.

From

From these strong *Illands* made so strong by arte  
Gainst *Nepum* who still proous their greatest foe  
Be caus his floods ouerfloud the greatest parte  
Of all these lands as some thinks long ago  
But when els wher his swelling streams conuert  
The lands to seas these lands the sea did sho  
Six thousand thence vnto this warr was send  
Vpone the *Englishe* Monarch that depend.

Their lyis a land along the *Germane* flood  
Throu which the *Mais* and *Rhine* their course doth hold  
Vnto their Lord whoes rage is still with stood  
By sandie douns els all shold be enold  
En waues, thus sand that els wher eats for food  
The fatest soill, heir serus for bulwarks bold  
Of cuntrie-men and wageit soldeors thence  
Come fiftine thousand to the *Englishe* Prince.

When these greate regiments all were past and gone  
Doun from his throne, the monarch did descend  
Inuirond round with Lords and knights anone  
Vnto a royall tent his course he bend  
That stood in mid't of all the camp allone  
Without the walls and did him their attend  
And their him self first by him self was plac'd  
Then all his Princes at a royall feast.

All that was past the *Douglas* weil espyis  
Now throu the camp from tent to tent he goes  
Hearing straunge rongs but straunger harmonyis  
Of drums and Trumpets which to heaune arose  
He hears their brags their braues and their desyis  
The *Scotts* were now their slaws and not their foes  
And oft he hears him self condemn'd to die  
A crwell death in shamefull Infamie.

He smild and to the royall tent agane  
He turnd, assembles greate greate neus affoords  
The feast was done and to the counsail then  
Set was the King with Princes dukes and Lords  
He could haue wishd to heir them but in vaine  
No cuning sight could mak him heare their words  
For round about the tent the gaurd did stand  
And none from thence Approcheth nearer hand

Y

Where

Boloigne  
wher their  
is and old  
strong Tour  
built by  
Cesar to be  
sein at this  
day.

Picardie.

At Amiens  
two vther  
rivers dis  
charges their  
Burdens in  
the foun.

Henolt.

Brabant

Flanders.

Genethought  
to be the last  
gest toun in  
Europ, wher  
charill the 5  
tha. famous  
Emperour  
was borne.

*The Famous Historie*

Wherefore for ought that he could find at all  
 By conference with *English French* or *Dutch*  
 He leis to trains nor flight they wold not fall  
 So proud they were of strength their force was such  
 This Kingdome lairge by lots too greate and small  
 Was geuen, nor would of *Scotts* be left so much  
 As one, that monarchs wraithe was so extream  
 From of the werie earth too raise their name  
 The counsaile rais and furth the heraulds went  
 Charging that spacious hoist in arms to be  
 Raising to morrow with a full intent  
 To march directlie to their enemye  
 The *Douglas* heirs and would their haist preuene  
 From thence that night departing secretlie  
 Vnto his Lord he haistelic with drew  
 Longing too shou all that he learnd or knew  
 Thus furth he ryds through silence of the night  
 Fair *Cynthia* seemd to fauour his intent  
 Wrapping her self and all her beautie bright  
 In duskie clouds which oft in two she rent  
 Where throu she pri'd to sie iff he were right  
 Oft wishing him vp in the firmament  
 Beside the whirling *Pole* their stelles yd  
 His bright aspect might gile her swartish side  
 When golden haire *Apollo* first did light  
 Earths better half then could he weill discry  
 The *Scottish* camp which enterd once he might  
 Perceau the soldeors giue a ioyfull cry  
 Heir drums and trumpets their ror's furth on high  
 His ioyfull welcum thundert throu the skie  
 All to the royall tent did him conuoy  
 Whom his good Lord receaud with woundrous ioy  
 Vp was the King that night no rest he got  
 Such sad confused thoughts his brains did fill  
 Of greate effairs and many mightie plot  
 Of *Douglas* he had dreamd and fearing still  
 His Lords and Princes round about did not  
 His leueto him and loy'd in his goodwill  
 The knight kneld doune and kist his Princes hand  
 Who read him vp and thus did him demand,

Where

*Of the valiant Brute. I. Booke.*

Where haue you bein why haue you staid so long  
 What haue you veind hou faires fair *Englands* Prince  
 My royall Lord quod he at *Berwike* strong  
 I stayde til *Englands* armie came from thence  
 I veind and walkt their squadrons all among  
 I saue that monarchs greatt magnificence  
 Whoes *Royall* pomp and nightie pouer in warre  
 Surmonts all, *Europian* Princes farr.  
 The number greate of that so mightie host  
 Passeth thrie hundierth thousand as I think  
 They couer all the land from coast to coast  
 They spoyle the cuntreis dry the floods they drink  
 Thither all *Europe* gatherd is almost  
 And if proud vaunts be deads they scorne to shrink  
 But in a word such their confussion is  
*Tene* be our aid they shall the *Garland* mis.  
 For of the greatest part of all their bands  
 Both horse and fute their discipline is small  
 They keip no ranks their captains stil with stands  
 They knou no drum nor trumpets found at all  
 Naked vn armd their wapins few commands  
 Onlie the *English* archers bold and tall  
 All valiant men so weill traind vp in warre  
 Or pace should raigne from heauin they'll tear the flacks  
 And their istwentie thousand horsmen more  
 That alway on the King him self auair's  
 Earth can no brauer men then these restore  
 The rest of *English* knoes no war lik feates  
 Nor were they euer vsd to warre before  
 But hope of Lordships rents and heigh estaits  
 Hath broght them furth for all this Kingdome greas  
 Is geu'ne and *Scotts* by thoght destroyed quit.  
 And that your grace should not eschape their hands  
 Two knights vnto that mightie King hath sworne  
 Dead or alie to bring yow bound in bands  
 Tabid what Death he list impose in scorne  
 Of your new croune, which each of them demands  
 In meir disdaine their trophes to adorne  
 Greate *Gloucester* is one as doth apier,  
*Sir Henrie Boem* the vther night I heir,  
 Y ij They

*The famous Historie*

They to your brother and my self apply  
Greate torments too for our so bloodie mind  
This said furth from the Princes angrie eies  
Flew sparks of wrath flames from his face furth shined  
Praise be to god quod he our enemies  
He blinded hath and that Kings hautie kind  
He hardnes still with *Pharaos*, so his shame  
And fall I wish may glorefie his name.

Now stronglie were the *Scotts* encamped their  
Where *Banoghes burne* mongst shaddie bankes doeth plaie,  
The *Torwood* neir within a valley fair  
And for the battell their they neids wold stay  
Whill as this worthe Generall did prepair  
To stoppe their foes least they should find away  
Them to encompass round, which threatning storme  
Their multitude might easilie performe.

Wherefore eune their where their great host should stand  
With ditches deep the plaine he overcl d  
Wherein sharp Staiks were pited at his command  
Then cuninglie againe alcouered  
The enemy by this was hard at hand  
Whoes squadrons lairge ouer al the land was spread  
When their for-front was at the valeis end  
Their last Battailion did thrie leigues extend.

Wherefore the King his matcheles *Nephe* sent  
With him five hundredth *Marshall* men of war.  
Doun to a way that throu the valey went  
To sterling castell and would neids debarr  
That hold of aid yee he would still preuent  
His foes great flight or strength thus broght from face.  
But this his foresight did the sootherne know  
That would ou'r shoot him self in his oune bow.

*Cliffords* braue Lord a bold and warlik knight  
They sent before the hoist a mille and more  
With twice four hundredth horsmen swift and light  
That choos'd from all the armie marchd before  
Ane other way to *Sterling* go they right  
*Bruce* seis and sends *Randolph* this chek full fore.

Thy, Garlands, cheifelt flour is lost this day  
If those haue past the way, wher thou doest stay,

They

*Of The valiant Bruce.*

*I. Booke*

They craftilie escheud wher he did ly  
Nor feard they him nor anie erthly foe  
But they another secret way wold try  
And by him were they past er he could know  
Yet he his vnles bitter tant doth wey  
Which stung full deip but he concealls his wo  
His silence shews he bears a generous mind  
That of a lust reprooff best fruct will find,

For with his band he follous hastelic  
And ouerraichit them like a storme of wind  
They scorne from fewer then them selfs to flie  
And for to giue them battell turns around  
One knight ambitious of some victorie  
That for his valour had bein much renound  
Before the rest him self did fare aduance  
And challengd *Randolph* for to brek a launce

Gladlie the erlle accepts and furth he goes  
A strong stiff launce into his hand he bore  
Swiftlie their steids bore furth these noble foes  
Yet their desirs farr swifter came before  
As *Boeas* brok from erthin prison bloes  
Eune from the Toples heights and craggie shore  
Of *Caucasus*, the clifted rocks a sunder,  
Such furie bring they, Earth-refounding vnder.

*Sir William Haucourt* hight the *English* knight  
Wheres speir too weake to harme so strong a foe  
Beaks on his breist but his stif launce doth light  
Beneth his curas sklenting vp ward so  
As from his head of heuines it got a sight  
His helme then lights vpon the earth belo.

Furth at his croune the spears point lookt and thence  
Bears him to earth then breks with violence.

This deed prouocks the *Scotts* aduancing light,  
And doth inflame the *English* all with ire,  
A shout the *Scotts* encourage to the fight,  
Of *English* wrath still silence blous the fire,  
Braue *Randolph* cairs nor fears nor all their might  
Nor for his men wold stay nor once retire

But throug the rout he breaks with wondrous force  
And stronglie bears to earth both men and horse

Y. iii.

Rudie

My Author  
saies ane h  
deri h but al  
the cronick  
les agre on  
five hodie

My author  
calls him  
Haucourt  
but I tak it  
rather to be  
Hauort.

*The famous Historie*

Rudlie both Syds togidder rushith in  
And blow on blow they giue and wound on wound  
*Death Horror Blood* from rank to rank doth rinn  
Yet nather side wold shrink or lose their ground  
Whill *Scotts* thus strue to keip what they had winn  
And *Englsh* to repair their lose new found;  
The valiant *Bruce* was sodainlie assaild  
With in his camp yet his awin worth preuaild.

And thus it was the wantgaird of his foe  
Still marcht two leagues before that mightie host  
Straight towards him they cume or he culd kno  
Who sheam'd within his trenchis to be forst  
But in the plaine him self did quiklie sho  
Drew forth his bands in haist no cyme he lost  
Nor could his foes refrean from fight at all  
Still as they marcht for battell still they call.

Yet did the rest of this great armie stay  
Two leagues from thence encamped one a plaine  
The King comandit so, so they obey  
The day neir spent to fight war all in waine,  
The wantgard knew not of this new delay  
Nor with such strength duris leasie dout remaine  
One hors and foote they fiftie thousand wer  
Led by that mightie erlle of *Glocester*.

The *Scotts* broght furth by their braue worthie *Prince*  
His cheirful looks did conquests hope restore  
Encuraging each one to mak defence  
From band to band he rode the ranks before  
The *Englsh* knew him by his countenance  
A Mass Or Brasen staf in hand he bore  
Whill thus he rode Sir *Henrie Beome* espi'd him  
And to performe his pomeis past he tri'd him.

This was the one that should him tak or kill  
And furth before the host he doth aduance  
Toward the King he bent his course so ful  
He hops to mak him yeild beneth his lance  
But quiklie doth the King auoid this ill  
And with a more then manlie countenance  
Gaued with his Brasen staf so hudge a blo  
As kild the knight and brak the mass in two.

*Of the valiaunt Bruce.*

*I. Booke.*

In th' *Englsh* that hath sene their campeon fall  
*Disdane* and *Wrath* with *Shame* and feir contends  
*Disdane* and *Wrath* for dread *Reuenge* doth call  
But *shame* and fear bewrays their want of freends  
That they were thus allone now knew they all  
A spur to haist both *shame* and fear it lends  
Thus in amazement long they stand in dout  
If they should flie reiteir, or fight it out

Yet heighe disdain did fearis faint strok rebate  
Now they wold force the *Scotts* to fight or flie  
Eache to him self these words doth ruminat  
Oure number farr exceedeth theirs we sie  
But lo their leader strenghtrepins their at  
Softlie reiteir and keip your ranks quod he  
Oure last commissioun is expird of right  
We had in chairege to martche but not to fight;

Wheir with the *Scotts* so fircelie doeth perfew  
As they war vrgd a forced retreatt to take  
And scattered in disordered flight with drew  
When wislie *Bruce*, his galland troups drew bake  
Ill to preuent, deceare for to eschew  
He thinkst, to tymlic fortune to awake

Haist wanteth witt, rashnes, shall loose his winning.  
And maks greate lose attend a fair beginning,

Now wer the *Scotts* reiteird and lest their wrathe  
When all the Lords thus to their King doth say  
What may this natioun look for els but death  
What may this Kingdome look for but decay  
In yow consists oure being life and Breath  
Yow gone we die yow lost we'r lost for ay  
Yet yow your self and ws in yow expose  
To *Danger* full and hazards all to lose.

To this was answerd ah my Lords quod he  
I broke the brauest staf that eue was made  
I must confes : O wisdome worth to sie  
On golden wings of fame for euer laid  
This answer seim'd no answer for to be  
And yet theirin both witt and patience stayd  
He clois'd their mouthes ere half their speech was down  
For what he did vnkild, he could not shune.

Yea he the daunger braulie did avoid  
And Iust praise merits not vniust reproof  
He deim'd no lose, if he had kept his rod  
But all this tyme *Randolph* without releif  
Inuiron'd with his mightie foes abod  
Which to the worthie *Douglas* bred such greif  
That when the King refus'd him leaue to aid him  
To brack furth throu the camp in raige it made him.

But as he neirer to the Battell drew  
He saw the *Englishe* bands begin to reill  
O then quod he it wer noe freindship trew  
To reau'e the glorie thou deseru'st so weill  
Then stood he with his band a fare to view  
The will of *Mars* and works of cutting steil  
*Mars* blid him oft that wapins first inuented  
But *Pride* cur'd and wish'd him oft tormented.

At last he seis then whollie put to flight  
And bak vnto their camp they haist with speed  
The *Scots* for to perfew them seim'd not light  
So werrie they so fant so much they bleid  
Many of them were wounded in the fight  
Tho none but one was kild and for that deid  
Thrie hundreth foes lay dead into the place  
Or eu'r their fellous wold the flight embrace.

Lo onlie heir trew valor might be seine  
Blew *Theetis* boundles arms did noght contain  
More worth in warr more strength more curage keim  
Then in thoes gallant *Englishe* did remaine  
No falt in them: no conquerours to haue bein  
One earth to strue with fortune is but vaine  
What *Mars* requeris, was theirs without Intrusione  
Only ou'r matcht in constant resolusione.

These loses through the *Englishe* camp do flie  
Whill *Terror* fear and *Conscience* leads the way  
Confusioun follous after spedelie  
Of these when *Courage* hears he maks no stay  
Furth from the camp he stellethe secretlie  
And to the *Scots* he came er brack of day  
But *Pride* and highe *Disdaine* behind abaid  
That all the world could to destruction leid.

Yet heir and their in twoes and threis they go  
Their leaders conscience large accusing thus  
He wold an antient natioun ouerthro  
A frie crowne reau'e, O this is dangerus  
7one fights for them Gods thundring wrath we kno  
What heart so bold but heaune maks timerus  
If heir we fall as we must surlie fall  
Heigh iustice dealls with vs with them and all.

Vthers that on *Disdaine* and *Pride* still fed  
Thus say, tush *Scots* what ar these *Scots* to vs  
Meire dunces grose by simple outlaus led  
Wild sauage naked poore and barbarous  
Their Lord a montain climber oaslie cled  
More like a cloune then King victorius  
A hundreth thousand doth adorne our hoast  
In whoes sterne face he darrs not look almost.

No sooner we shall in the feilds appeir  
When they in *Caves* and *Dens* them selfs shall hide  
Ganst flights of *Egills* darres poore *Crows* compeer  
Or sillie sheip the dreadfull *Lions* bide  
Dare a poore band of cuntrie swans draw neir  
Vnto a world of martiall soldeors tride  
In bloodie fights, no no if we but fight them  
Oure veray drums and trumpets shall affright them.

Thus brage the *Englishe* whill two courteous knights  
Whois chaist ears still abhord vane glorious boists  
Replied, these *Scots* whome your cleir day benights  
A handfull ay compaird with your greate hosts  
Poore sauage simple whom your neame afrights  
These many hundreth yers hath kept these costs  
And throu the wordle haue wone a famous name  
Their trophes darkning oft your gloreis beame.

And sure these *Crows* do merit double praise  
That beat the Princelie *Egills* from their nest  
These scheip aboute all beatts them selfs doth raise  
That tear the *Lions* which ditturb their rest  
If a poore band of fermors nou adais  
Of conqueits wrong, great Kings hath dispossess  
Eune in dispight of such great strenght so neir  
Th-y merit most whoes worth doth most appeir.

## The Famous Historie

As for the Bruce whome you so much disdain  
And rather termis a ruffian then a roy  
We heir that he but with a simple traine  
Eune Englands mightie armeis doth destroy  
And tho the Scotts them selfs be him againe  
He conquers still a Greik in midst of Troy

Ah if he be so worthles as you mak him  
Why trouble you all Europe thus to tak him;

In Brabant borne these knights were both that mak  
Their parte so good whome yet they neuer knew  
Such indignatioun heighe the English tak.  
Both Sids leap furth to arms and wapins drew  
But soone commanders wisethair furie brak.  
And both wer broght to that greate Monarchs view  
Who when he hard what they had boldlie said  
This haue punishment vpon them laid.

We chaarge you quiklie from oure camp quod he  
And presentlie vnto the Scotts repare.  
Their hinder what you can oure victorie  
Both with your counsaile valour strenth and care  
And who soeuer too morrou lets vs see  
Their Scottish heads cut from their trunks I swear  
Gainst eurie head a hundreth pounds to see.  
And think the dead good seruice to oure state.

The Scotts  
house booke  
ded in hand  
warga whe-  
rein Bruce  
Portrait and  
the Scotts  
Arms was  
set.

Then wher the Scotts encamped were they go  
A guard of horsmen did them their conuoy  
When greate and worthie Bruce their cause did know  
He did receaue them with exceiding Ioy  
And when the battell endit was did sho  
Suche bountie high as ritche without annoy  
To Antwerp they returnd and bulded their  
In honor of the Scotts a Mansion faire.

Each Armie now for battel sterne prouids  
Each on their Lord and maker loudlie call  
Long time the Scotts in zealous pray'r abide  
Before the Lord in humble wise they fall  
That Faith that Trueth that Right and Justice gide  
In which they pray him to protect them all  
Whilt heavins gold spangled Canope was spread  
And silent Morphew broght them to their bed.

## The Argument.

Both Armeis Ioyne in long and doubtfull fight  
And threstie thousand in the ditches die  
King Edwards desdencourage eurie knight  
And Scotts for to preuent their victorie  
Is forced to Ioyne with them in Singill fight  
When th' Argentine greate Bruce hath ki'd they flee  
Their King abide and wold the flight restore  
But seis new aid and flect his foes before.

## Caput. 17.

When bright Hiperions goldine cart arose  
Both armes soone were cled in glittring armes  
Whoes golden splendor gainst the Sune furth shoes  
Earthes lightning hote the Aers cold region warms  
Firsteche braue Scot to diuine seruice goes  
No trumpets blast was heard nor drumes allarmes  
The sacrament they take to heaume vpflis  
Eche humbled hearts best pleasing sacrifice.

The English Squadrons marchd vnto the plaines  
And all the land with arms doth ouerflo  
A iust half moone their battells forme contains  
Sharp to eche point brod to the mids they gro  
In battells fine their mightie Host remaines  
Two on the right and on the left hand two  
Of their greate King that in his battel large  
A hunderth thousand horsmen led to charge.

Greate Arrandell nixt him on his right hand  
The chaarge on fiftie thousand Archers bore  
Those English wer all come from English-land  
No brauer warriors could the earth restore  
Nixt vnto him did valiant Haurtsford stand  
On horse and fitt that led as many more  
From Scotland, England, France, and Ireland broght  
With Sheilds, with Launces, Piks, & Swords, they foght

Nixt on the left hand valiaunt Oxford stood  
That fiftie thousand footmen broght to fight  
All these did seim approued Souldiors good  
With dairts sword Piks and vther Ingins wight  
And Glochester nixt him that thrists for blood  
Had in his battell many warlick knight  
Like to the vther wing his wing was pleac'd  
With arms and curage bothalik ar greac'd



*The famous Historie*

In the greate battel with the King abod  
Henolis greate Erle and many Princes mo  
On his right hand that warlick campioun rode  
Whoes fame so much our all the world did go  
Of *Argentine* sir *Giles* that gaine abroad  
So many conquests our the pagane foe  
Greate *Pembrokys* Erle on his left band did stay  
His sūstie onlie in their valors lay.

Sir Giles of  
Argentine &  
Sir Odomer  
de vallange  
rode on ea-  
ther hand of  
the King.

And then greate *Bruce* came to the plane at last  
And this new moone thus for to perse essayis  
First brod behind his battells forme was cast  
Then stretched furth to a point Pirameid wayis  
Seuin thousand warricours in the vantgard past  
With the feirce knight in warr more bold then wise  
Whome *Scotlands Stewart* seconds in command  
His feirce and fire nature to withstand.

Manie braue knights vnto this battell drew  
Bold warlick ferce and men of worthie fame  
And then the second battell did ensue  
Morais stout Erle them led whoes famous name  
Shall neuer die and many werthick crew  
With him: whoes hearts did fleet in valors streame  
Their number like the first and these did beare  
Spears Pikes and Swords and all Ingins of warr

Randolph.

the Valiant  
Douglas

the Earl of Ar-  
rol

The conquering knight the third Batallione broghe  
Seauin thousand also did this host containe  
*Scotlands* greate *Constabill* vnto him foght  
Braue *Hay* and these that did with him remaine  
The Boid and vther Lords still worthie thoght  
But last of all did marche vnto the plaine  
The greatest battell which the King commands  
Wher fourteen thousand armed warreors stand.

Many of all the noble men ware their  
And all the host on fut did march to fight  
To eunie battell did the King repair  
Whoes quik cleir eies send furth a cheirfull light  
His visard vp he mildlie doth declair  
The price of conquest punishment of flight  
And with a countenance which wold haue made  
Euen cowardis hardie thus into them said.

My

*Of the Valiant Bruce.*

*I. Dooke,*

My freinds quod he behold this glorious day  
Wheir in the heauins to croune oure loys hath sworne  
Let none of yow their multituds effray  
Gainst God and querrellis Iust force seims forlorne  
In *Scotland* fiftie thousand yet doth stay  
Meit for the warre whome we haue all forborne  
And yow we chuid whoes hearts could neuer fail-yow  
Nor could base fear of death, at all assaill yow.

The Bruce  
his oratione.  
Multitood  
masks no vic-  
torie.

The worst of yow his Gentreis will declair  
And of his reputioun still will boist;  
A Gentleman may with a Lord compair  
But what is he if honor once be lost  
And heir on honor waiteth ritches fair  
These two that all the world so much do cost  
Which if yow wish, do now but cair for fame  
He neuer deis that winns a famous name.

The Scots  
wer all cho-  
sen Gentil-  
men no com-  
mons among  
thems.

What is that armie which yow now behold  
But eune a new raifd *Rebell* of confusioun  
The Soldeors mistak their captans bold  
To colonels reull the captans mak intrusioun  
Thus eunie one by vther is controll  
And larring foundeth forth a ghostlie visioun  
All kind of beasts wold in one heard confound  
Their reullers wit with their confused sound.

Besids they came oure natioun to destroy  
And from the earth to roote and rais oure name  
Look not by flight your life for to enioy  
But rather thousand torments most extreame  
Your *Maids* and *Wys* to death they shall convoy  
When in your sight they rauelshd ar with shame  
Yee all must die and they inioy as theirs  
What yow haue buld or planted for your heys.

Then if yow wold preuent their crueltie  
And endles praise and endles wealth obtaine  
Let eunie one of yow mak one to die  
So one triumphand conquest shall we gaine  
As for ten thousand which among yow be  
We know such valor doth in them remaine  
Eche shall kill two: and whos of yow beis lost  
We sweare his *Airs* their wards shall nothing cost.

Z iii

Yea

Yea what I seik yow may performe at will  
For what at they a Chaos heap confuside  
Naiked or slightlie armd and wanting skill  
To till the ground and keip their flocks more vsd  
How can their King preuent their following ill  
When feare and Ignorance hath reull abusde  
In danger who wants skill hath courage lost  
One coward discomferts a mightie host.

King Edward  
his oration.

The English King (his armie in array)  
Thus by him self and by his Trinshmen spak  
If I were not so weill assurde too day  
Of victorie and of these Dastards wrak,  
An other forme of speache I wold essay,  
But Bruce that Fox now may not turne his bak,  
God doth him thus within this feild inclose  
That we may giue what death we list impose.

King Robert  
head 2.  
brether  
taken priso-  
ners who  
were both  
slaine.  
\* King Ro-  
bert and  
Edward his  
brother.

His brether by oure Princelie Syir wastaine  
And iustlie punishd were as they deserud  
\* And onlie but these two doth yet remaine  
By ws it rests they should alike be seru'd  
These Scotts which yet their small host doth containe  
At noght but Robbers poore and hunger sterud  
These ar not they that hath so oft before  
Fors'd oure bold English from the northern shore.

In this long warr all these ar spent and lost,  
Noght but the dregs remains run is the wine  
Dittroy them kull them scatter all their host,  
We sie them els to fearfull flight incline,  
This kingdome, fair and lairge from coast to coast  
Tak yow for eu're; Noght but the name is mine  
Dare one poore slaue gainst thousand Captains fight,  
No no oure shad shall put them all to flight.

Whill thus he spoke the Scotts on kneis down fall  
And prayd to Christ, whill as they did espy  
His Croce reard vp on hight before them all  
By him that could Sanct Androes Priorie  
Sie quod the King how they for mercie call  
Wher at the English armie gius a cry  
But thus that Antient Graue and warlik knight  
Did answer him Sir Omphraue that hight,

Your

Your maiestie indeid bath spokin trew  
They call for mercie to the Lord of grace  
But at your grace they do no pardon sew  
Nor will they flie this mightie host a space  
The more their wounds the more their strength renew  
To sie their blood their valor doth increes  
But if your maiestie wold ouerthrow them  
Vie this devise for surlic best I know them,

Before them let your armie seim to flie  
And yow shall sie them brak their Battells strong  
None with his Captane will commanded be  
Thus quyte disordred shall they be er long  
Tush quod the King, I scorne they flight should sie  
When both our force and valor is too strong  
Let these that feare them vse such craft or flie them  
We mind if they darr fight at all, to sie them.

Thus marching on the English armie goes,  
The Scotts enflamd with furie hate and Ire  
Wold giue the Charge, but their wise Lord that knoes  
Their hant doth Carb and brydill their Desire,  
Vntill the pits prepared for his foes  
They could not shune; and then he bloes the fire  
Of their feirce Courage, when his will was done;  
And both the armeis rush togither sone.

It was a wondrous straunge and dreadfull fight,  
To sie these squadrons meit vpon the plaine,  
How curie soldior Captane Lord and knight,  
Straue endles praise and glorie to obtaine,  
The Scotts schriff trumpets thunders furth the fight,  
Their foes send furth heaune deafning sound againe,  
Both armeis seim two woods their leas that east  
When Winter foorth his bitter breath doth blast.

Both sides appoche their blooddierage to glut  
And terrible the coward seemes to be  
Hote furie flammes within and burnes without  
Blood heates their heart fire from their brests do flie  
Trew Courage and Desire had banishd Doubt  
Their hand and foote stroue with their thoght and Eie  
In gesture thus they were alreddie ioynd  
By thought their triumphes all were quickly ioynd.

*The famous Historie.*

Earth shrinkes and aer was darkned with the dust  
Tumult ascendes whill thunder shaekes the ground  
Both armeis rudelie meet and brauelie iust  
Braue yet in show till terror beautilie dround  
Swords sheeldes and helmes glistred like heaune almost  
Horror it self seemd first with pleasure cround  
Blood had not garde their armes, caskes keep their head  
No members cutt, nor murdred heapes lay dead.

But as in *Autumns* first and fairest *Prime*  
The angrie wrath of heauins reuengefull King  
For hell bred sinns, furth of sterne *Boreas* clime  
Scharp shours of hail with bluttring winds doth bring  
So heir the shours of arrous lairger tyme  
Darkens heauins face whill throw the air they sing  
A heaune new framd of yron cloudes they view  
Whoes pearling beames the vitall blood furth drew

Ther stormes poudr doune whoes haell wer yrone stinges  
And funde no earth but couerd horse and men  
And eche a wakning wound or death furth bringes  
Heaune sends doune suddane harme noi know they whe  
Chance seemis trow fate hape killith hopes disignes.  
But arm the archer spends no shaft in vane  
The brauest kills triumphing our his foe  
But he is kild of whome he doeth not kno.

*Scotts* worthie King that seis the harmefull wrong  
Done to his men by *English* archers kene  
Fieue hundreth horsmen sends freshe hardie strong  
Led by the euer famous *Kith I* wene  
Who goes about and at their baks ere long  
With stiff strong launces all in reast were sene  
Through all their ranks they brak with furious might  
And beats them to the earth with sad affright.

*Scotlands* greate *Mershall* heir suche *Valor* shew  
As maks h's glorie leue in endles fame  
For more then seauntie tims he did renew  
Vnequall fight with *Danger* most extream  
Greate *Arandell* in fight h- did subdew  
And by his onlie valors lightning beame  
Foyld fiftie thousand warlik men of pride  
Whill sears fife hundreth did with him abide.

Thus

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

I. Books.

Thus whill the fronts of both the armeis fight  
The greate *Battalion* of the *English Host*  
Fourth ouer the couered ditchis maichith right,  
Wheir more then threentie thousand horse almost,  
With groning Earth doth shak, and turns to flight,  
But such dreid *Thunders* earths wid bowells toll  
As tumbling in her brest, doth yaune a way  
To suellow them in darknes hid from day

Some break their necks legs arms their horse below  
Some smoidr some crushd to Death with vthers weight  
Some horse and men with shairp pitroks perisid throw  
The liueles trunks semis carued stone in sight  
This fearfull accident doth ouerflow  
Their fellous hearts with *Horror Fear* and *Flight*  
They stand: not maitech amazd they look at lairge  
Till their bold foes gaue them a furious charge.

Thronging throu ranks & ech wheir strous their way  
With *Horror Terror* Slaughter blood and *Fears*  
In harvest so reapers reap without delay  
A feild of *White of Oars of Rie or Beare*  
And raizeth all the pleane nor maks no stay  
Till want of *Corne* mak them their task forbear  
And *Ceres* locks cut down in heaps doth ly  
Such heaps the *Scotts* still kills and passeth by.

Their angrie King that led them this doth view  
And brauelie from his troups doth furth aduance  
And wheir his steid he turnd or sword he drew  
The kild fell down, hurt fled his counrenance  
From his fair eies dread Maiestie furth flew  
Manie fell down struk with the lightning glance  
But better he whom he had kild before  
For these with reith and fest his curto tore

And their were killed by his Princelie hand  
Seuin valiant knights whoes names hath time forgot  
From rank to rank he maiched from band to band  
And whome he meits death sure must be his lor  
*Stratherns* old Erle their deid beneth his brand  
Whoes sone with sorrow prickd with furie hote  
Did ferslie him assail but all in vaine  
Death made him soone forget his fathers paine

A

Now

The Erle of  
Strathern  
and his sone  
both kild by  
the King of  
England

This was the  
Lord Mer-  
shall & heght  
Robert  
Keith.

*The famous Historie.*

These two  
war sir  
gents of ar  
gentine an  
sir adamer  
de vallange.

Now I almost forgot the wondrous deids  
Of these bold champions set on ather hand  
Of this greate King who after him furth speids  
When first he left his bartel garde and stand  
And still on death on blood and murder feids  
Marching from troupe to troupe from band to band  
Yea these thrie champions fearles bold and strong  
Cut furth thrie bloodie lains their foes among.

So doth thrie mightie *Cannons* shot at once  
A front an armie standing all in gro  
The heaune with lightning earth with thunder grons  
Eche fire bullet cuts the ranks in two  
Heir lyis the head and their the helmet shions  
A furlong thence the Bodie fells a foe (man)  
*Scheilds Arms* and *Legs* heir monts and their doth  
And mak wid windoes deip in curie rank.

And now the greate *Battailon* which they led  
Wher yer remand thrice twentie thousand horse  
By their example all encouraged  
Rushd forward on their foes with wondrous forse  
And in a moment all the plaine was cled  
With corps whereon they tred without remorse  
Proud fortun seimd to froune vpon the *Scots*  
And *victorie* to croune the *Engl. solor.*

Now seimd the *Scots* too waik against their foe  
Squadions of barded horse still beats them down  
And these thrie champions that before them goe  
Thrie Wonder-wirkers conquering a croun  
Greate *Bruce* espyis this *Danger wrak* and wo  
With noble wrath Ielous of their reuoune  
Wold with the strongest cop by fatall chance  
And to the *Argentine* doth furth aduance.

A gallant  
fight betwix  
the Bruce &  
the argen-  
tine.

O who had sene that fight so bold and strong  
Their was the *School* that taught the arte of warr  
These *Masters* were and had the *Loureat Long*  
Nor *Mars* nor *Pallas* could the fight for bear  
Wondring on earth the mortalls all among  
To find their wo as eune them seifs wold fear  
And think if these two onlie took in hand  
To conquer earth none could their force gainstand.

These

*Of the valiant Bruce.*

I. Booke.

These matchles Lords these warriors bold did weild  
Two heaune masts rather then lances strong  
Two horse of *Spaine* furth bear them trough the feild  
With force alike they meit amid the throng  
O sacred *Muse* some golden praises zeild  
Tenrich my verse and guild my lais along  
Make of these lines a heaune reard throne renound  
Where lett this famous fight for aie be cround.

The furious stroke made all the earth to quak  
And Woods and montains echod bak the found  
Yet could it not these valiant champions shak  
Nor beare them from their seat nor force a wound  
In fleinders flie heir spears their horses brak  
Their necks, and both the tidars lay on ground  
Yet vp they they flie with swords they soone addres  
By death warrs dreadfull found for to suppress.

Both swordes weill couch'd eche at his ward dorth ly  
Their eies their handes their feit they wiselic guide  
Then ceasles stroakes thrustes foines and bloues they try  
They wardetraverse retein marchd leape a side  
Both giues and both receaues both falselic  
Both shunes and both lyfe garding wardes prouide  
Both oppin stand for death like despairat louers  
Which craft in th'one the others art discouers.

The Prince on fute was readie swift and light  
And could with stand the *Argentins* bold sute  
Who was on hors more skilfull in the fight  
But he more stong more quik to execute  
Sir *Gilles* had more art and cunning flight  
The King more painfull keim and resolute  
More fearce he was his toe more could and flie  
And yet in arte both seimd a like to bee.

The Prince vpon the *Argentine* wold enter  
Shuning his down-right blow his strength to teame  
Then at his heart the *Argentine* doth ventre  
Which whill the Prince strikes by he doth reclame  
And paintes his brest too cuning was the painter  
For show of blood floues furth a bloodie streame  
Which so inflamed the King with curage fire  
Arte now retein shame binges reuenge and yre.

A a ij

This

This knew the knight but would not seeme to know  
Whill as greate *Bruce* his brest to daunger laid  
Whereat the *Argentine* soone reacht a blow  
But left his syid quite naeked to inuade  
The worthe King first shunes his furious throw  
And then a wound both large and deip he made

This his reuenge the prouerb old belied  
Heir cunning Arte and furious Raige agreid.

Whill thus they striue and double wound on wound  
Bolt *Edward* matcht with *Pembrocks* Erle in fight  
Of whome fames sweet shall trumpet shall resound  
From *Jude* to *O* *kades* their praise their might  
Deseruing weill with Glorie to be cround  
And in all age to shine with glorious light

Their woundrous strength their *Curage* ech did shew  
But nather side aduantage yet doth know.

Now *Englands* King not one darres match at all  
Whome blood and death attends throu all the feild

But woorthie *Hay* his curage did appaill  
No daunger maks him shrink or fear or yeild  
*Aleides* club with more strength did not fall  
Vpon that mightie *Tirrant* *Brouseers* sheild

Then on the helmet of this dreadfull King  
The Erle his ferce and furious bloes doth bring

Eune their wher goold and perll and prarious stone  
Vpon the Prince his curious helm was wrought  
He lightis and cleft the cask which brightlie shone  
And to his horses crest his head doune brought  
For paine th'iraged King sendes furth a grogne  
Trembling for lie whill dreid reuenge he soght  
And on his helme he gius a blo so rood  
That from his noise and mouth lsh crimsone blood

But to repay him when the warr-lik knight  
Hade lsh his sword gone was the Prince in rage  
Still where his furie ledd him through the fight  
No generall ought a combat for to waige  
But all this while in equall bailence right  
Both armeis stand conquest departes the staige  
But in the left winge with the *Douglas* bold  
Great *Glocester* a bloodie fight did hold.

This

This was the man that swear to *Englands* King  
To bring the *Bruce* capteiw in chaines and cordes  
The *Douglas* fand him aiming at the thing  
A band of knights with him thairto accords  
But furth to combat *Douglas* did him bring  
In sight of all these Sold'ors knights and Lords  
A squadron strong at his command had foght  
With them and both almost were brought to noght

These champions strong thus fought a Battell bold  
*Troy* neuer vied the like in all her wrack  
Their Skill their Strength their valor to vnfold  
My slender *Muse* darres noght in hand to tak  
But sure I know the worthie *Douglas* wold  
Noght leane the fight till his proud foe he make  
To yeild his nek beneth his conquering bled  
And for his fault his guiltie blood he shed.

This done he marcheth throw the host at last  
Working new wonders still wher euer he goes  
Close ranks he breaks and oppins as he past  
Before his face still fleis his featfull foes  
He seis braue *Randolph* halting conquest fast  
And craftie *Omphrauell* beat by his bloes  
Steward the great with *Hartesford* striuing standes  
Whoe first should gett a kisse of conquests handes.

Long foght the knights but neither side wold yeild  
Equall their hope and equall was their feare  
Spears helms & swords were stroud through all the feild  
Heads arms and legs by headles bodeis were  
Some dieing look to heauin leans on their shield  
In deaths pane some blood from their wounds furth tear  
These ranks to marche reter or chaige that minds  
Trod on the bodeis of their slaughtred freinds.

Their horses kild lay with their masters dead  
And he to deark that did his foe persew  
Now in his bosome laid his heauie head  
The conqueror by him he ouerthrew  
Is prest to death and findeth no remeid  
O're all confusione tumult and terror flow  
Their nather silence was nor noyse persite  
But sounds of *Death* paine pitie rage dispyght

A a iii

The

The *Glorious* arms that lait did glistering show  
Now blood and dust and myit had dinid their beams  
*Fear Horror Terror* on twch hight dorch grow  
That sullen pryde sunck doune no honer clames  
Her glorie throud vpon the earth below  
O'reall her beaunie blood fiones furth in streames  
Now *Grief* and *Sorrow* beats *Delight* fra thence  
And all doth look with wofull countenance.

Earths rairest King that all this while had fought  
With his fierce foe and geuin him many a wound  
Yet doubts who thence with conquest will be broght  
Such valor greate was in that knight rencound  
At last to kill or die him self he thought  
And with a strength far more then erst he found  
He thrustis againe and from his side furth tore  
A deadlie stream, a flood of blood and Gore.

Ah matchles Prince when thouw hes knoune the man  
Whoes days by the mult now be broght to end  
Thow shalbe like to burst for sorrow then  
No confort shall thy conquest to the lend  
He was thy frend thy deir companioun when  
In th' *Englishe* court thy youth thouw hapt to spend  
No *Fauor* he at all to the did sho  
But *Vertuous* minds lous *Vertue* in their foe.

The *Argentine* char seis this bloodie fight  
Bath'd in his louk-waime blood him self doth stay  
Ire in his fanting hart prolongs his might  
Feble his force for to renew the fray  
*Furie* *Disdaine* and *Raige* maintand the fight  
For strength was gone and *Curage* was away  
Lyfe leaues his toure and in the breache remaines,  
That death shou'd giue so braue a hold disdaines.

Vnitting his spent pours a blow he sendes  
The Prince, that woundes his head and cuttes his cask  
With whoes lait force and weyght doune he discendes  
Death winnes the breache, begins his endles task  
Furth from his hippes lifes aged Syre he sendes  
Then on his face he spreads his doolfull mask  
Yo neaune his soulle fleis throw the cloudie *Air*  
Whoes greate name som tyme all the *East* did fear.

In

In thrie set Battells thrice he did with stand  
The *Saracins* and still with conquest cround  
And twice beneath his all victorious hand  
With chains of death their cheifest Lords he bund  
But now when endles sleip did him command  
No longer durst proud *Fortun* their be fund  
Where *English* fight but she and victorie  
Rankt with the *Scotts*, vpon ther enemeis fle.

The *English* Irckt and wiered then disfrank  
All the yea eu'le the boldest yeilds to flight  
Their *Cullors* throune away with thankles thank  
Threats *Cryes* and *Plaints* redoubles their *Affright*  
Their King still threats but still away they shrank  
For yet with him vnbrokin byds the fight  
Whole tuentic thousand horse with whom he wolde  
Their *Fight*, or *Die* or *Conquer* vncontold.

But as the seas when tempests past and gone  
That told her combling waus vnto the shoars  
Of lait past storms retanes some shoues anone  
And their and their sume swelling Billow roars  
So thought faint feare triumph'd o're these allone  
Some sponks of their spent *Valor* hope restors  
Whereon sustand their task they new beginn  
But wound on wound and death on death doth ring.

The *Carriers* of the *Scottish* camp arose  
And see their Masters still mantane the fray  
Both *Laks* *Carters* *Wemen* *Slaves* and those  
That carage kept, came in their best array  
And disperatlie wold assaill their foes  
So al should winn or al should lose the day  
Long napkins white vnto their staues they bind  
These seru'd for *Ensigns* wauiug in the wind.

Whill thus the *English* fighting loth to fle  
Eune suddandlie appears into their sight  
An armie freshe that seim'd in arms to be  
With th' eir their siluer *Ensigns* wauiug bright  
They haste their pace and with a shout they fle  
That these curagiousslie intend to fight  
Disconfeir quite they now resist no more  
But sees that wold haue fled long time before.

As a

The

The Scotts perfew them in a dispirat fort  
Some through the plains some to the montans flie  
Wher eu'r their headles fear doth them transport  
A whirll wind seems to beare them haistlie  
Thousands the tumbling forth of iyte cuts shore  
And thousands mo in flight their foes our hy  
Base deaths they seek but fleis the death which lend  
In *Glorious* fight a fare more *Glorious* end.

FINIS.



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